PERFECT JEWELS

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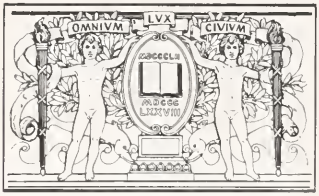

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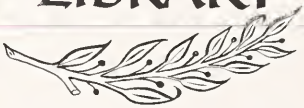

Presented
To
By

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

PERFECT JEWELS:

A COLLECTION

OF

THE CHOICEST THINGS

IN THE

LITERATURE OF LIFE, LOVE AND RELIGION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE MUSIC OF HOME, COUNTRY AND HEAVEN.

Beautifully Illustrated by the Best American and European Artists.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "CRUMBS SWEPT UP," "AROUND THE TEA-TABLE," EDITOR OF "SUNDAY MAGAZINE," AND PASTOR OF BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

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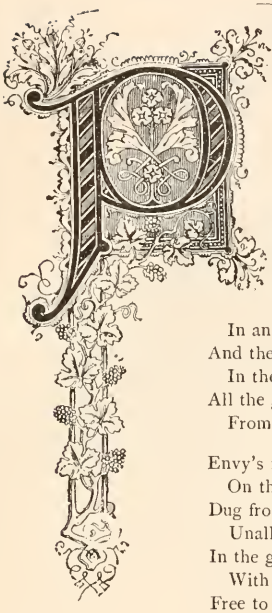

PERFECT JEWELS! Gems resplendent
Gathered from the mines of ages:
Gems of brilliancy transcendent,
Won from poets, seers, and sages.
Jewels brighter, purer, fairer
Than the ones to mortals given
By the earth; but richer, rarer,
Flashing with a light from heaven.

There are mines where never reaches
Light of day to cheer the miner:
There are mines of light where each is
In an atmosphere diviner.
And the jewels of the spirit
In their lustre far excelleth
All the gems which men inherit
From the realms where darkness dwelleth.

Envy's features scowleth never
On the ownership of treasures
Dug from mines of mind; but ever
Unalloyed are loftier pleasures
In the gems of spirit-mining,
With their clear-cut polished faces
Free to all, and ever shining
In all times alike, and places.

Happy he whose spirit burneth
For their light in hours of gladness:
And in darker hours returneth—
Finding solace in his sadness.
Here are gems of purest lustre,
And whose brightness never waneth;
Perfect jewels in a cluster—
Perfect casket here containeth.

WILLIAM DENOVAN.

PHILADELPHIA, *October*, 1884.

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MAKING HOME HAPPY: A WORD WITH THE READER.

FEW books are published nowadays that appeal to the old-time sentiments of the fireside or garner with generous hand the perfect jewels of the old-time Home. In the persistent struggle to furnish the people with only that which is new, that which is old and standard in our best literature is overlooked. Certainly this is a fault. We produce much to-day in poetry, but countless jewels of other ages are to-day unmatched.

For this reason, in this collection, the compiler has made long explorations in the lines of song so that the reader might have a daily feast of reason that shall be appropriate to every changing season of the year, appropriate to every shifting humor of the heart, appropriate to every joy or sorrow. The old favorites, the standard poems of centuries are here elbowed by the latest sighing of the Muses. No poem has been included merely for its author's name, no poem has been rejected because its author is unknown; a desire to furnish a complete treasury for the fireside—a book that shall gladden the home on each and all occasions of Life's changing round—has dictated the compiler's preferences. And in the arrangement, while marked divisions have not been made, the reader will find the poems classed according to sentiments. The music has been chosen to round out the general design of presenting the public with a complete home-book.

No home is a real home without the divine influences of poetry and music—music,

> That softer on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;

and poetry, which carries the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a pure element and to breathe into it more

profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, strengthens our love of our fellow-man, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold of future life.

The world is full of poetry; the air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.

In this spirit, then, this compilation of PERFECT JEWELS from many books of many lands is submitted in the hope that it may carry sunshine wherever it penetrates.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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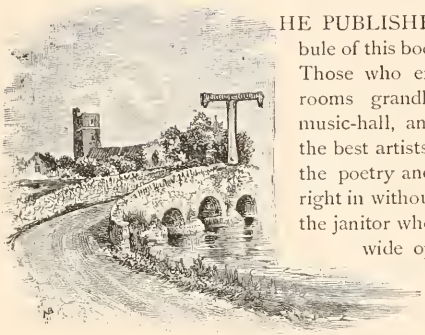
INTRODUCTION.



THE PUBLISHERS wish me to stand in the vestibule of this book and open the door for the people. Those who enter these portals will find three rooms grandly furnished, a picture-gallery, a music-hall, and a library. The pictures are by the best artists, the songs by the best composers, the poetry and prose by the best authors. Pass right in without stopping at the door to talk with the janitor who lifts the latch of pearl and swings wide open the gate of "Perfect Jewels." Three great wants are met by this book. First of all, I am charmed with its portable Luxembourg, its Louvre in miniature. We all need pictures, and get them we will to glorify our dwellings.

We will gather up the wedding fees which ministers generally give to their wives, but always borrow the next morning, and purchase one well-executed painting. But all the rest you can buy with less money than you spend for a one year's segars. In our house we will have pictures, such as you can cut out of the weekly journal or the penny newspaper—home-scenes, with a streak of nature in them. Never mind: you may have your walls hung with pictures of fine ladies and troubadours and boar-hunts that cost five hundred dollars each. On mine I shall have the engraving of "Boys Coasting," "Workman Asleep and Mischievous Lad Tickling his Ear with a Straw," "Grandmother Knitting"—child with a towel about his neck going through the tortures of having his hair cut.

Some artists seem to think that nothing smaller than a mountain or a shipwreck is worthy of their genius and would not stoop, like Rosa Bonheur, to the study of a dog. I speak not now of your grizzly cur, which seems to contain the transmigrated spirits of a dozen snappish, snarling scolds, but such a dog as I once owned—honest-eyed, long, silken dew-laps, no hypocrisy in the wag of his tail, playful if you are playful, sad if you are sad. Such a dog never fails his master. It picks him out of the snow when overcome by the ice-blast; it comes howling through the darkness at approaching peril, dashes in the stream to bring ashore

your child that is about to sink the third time, when the two violets would never again have opened to the sun; lies on the door-mat with his head between his paws when his master is sick and gets up as the doctor comes out, hoping to go in and have another patting before that hand is closed forever. His master dead, he howls the night long and will not be quieted, and, when the day of sepulture comes, walks under the hearse, head down, to the grave, moving when the procession moves, halting when the procession halts, until, with both paws on the bank of the upturned sod, he stands, yawning and uncomforted looking, into the opened place. Condolence for others, but no word of pity for him. The kennel will be dark tonight. None to pet him now and call him with sharp whistle to the porch and take him up, cleverly holding the soft pad of the forefoot. It is nothing but a dog. I would rather have a good, hearty picture of the loving Carlo, who grieved himself away because of my protracted absence from home, and refused to eat or drink, till his wasted skeleton was thrown into the stream and he sank with unoffended but imploring look to those who would put him out of his misery. Yes, I would rather have a good, hearty picture of him than a whole houseful of Italian representations of stupid Abbot and fat Friar. Pictures are chiefly to be admired for what they can make you feel and think of. I have no pleasure in looking at a farm-scene unless I can look right through the canvas and hear the corn-silk rustle, and the calf bleat, and the horse neigh, and the hen cluck. You get a letter from a friend. You care not much for the handwriting, but for the sentiments expressed. So I look upon the execution of a picture chiefly as the handwriting by which the artist conveys to us and to the eyes how the sea frothed at the lip, and little Mary got drowsy among the hollyhocks and went to sleep with her head on her fat arm and the back of her hand lying in the sunlight laughing with five beautiful dimples. While with small means we might fill our homes with utmost suggestiveness of nature, men without taste will give vast amounts of money for something they call the work of one of the great masters. Every little while I am called into somebody's parlor to see one of these works by the great masters. While a connoisseur can instantly detect the deception, there are many people who suppose they have one of these masterpieces, not knowing that there is a Yankee down East whose business it is to take modern paintings and bake them until they look sufficiently old and then furnish them as Raphaels, for a few dollars a dozen. Remember that pictures are a constant education to your household. Not so much the books your children read as the pictures they look at will make indelible impression. I read many books in boyhood, but my most vivid remembrance is of the spelling-book pictures—the boy in an apple-tree and the old man telling him to come down or he would use something heavier than grass, and the bear that upset the bee-hive. In this day of pictures, if you would have your children grow up with cheerful disposition, do not cover your wall with "St. Bartholomew's Massacre" and the "Burning of the Steamer Henry Clay," but set up some happy scene like the pictures in the art gallery of "Perfect Jewels."

Next I am charmed with the portfolio of music found in this book, music consecrated with the tears and laughter of the last half century. The world would be a failure without melodious voice and instruments of sweet sound. If we cannot afford a Steinway Grand, perhaps we can a guitar; if not a guitar an accordion, and that is about the last thing a man can have—just one is enough for a whole neighborhood. Some time you will happen to have a dull party. About ten o'clock every one will get talked out. The guests will gradually freeze to the wall, and some one in a state of mental and physical exhaustion will make a prophecy as to the next change in the weather, and some one will reply, "Indeed!" And after a while to break up the silence the hostess will go "Ahem," and some one who has been sitting with the right foot over the left will vary the scene by putting the left foot over the right; and having revolved his thumbs one way will change to make them go the other way. Oh, then, for music, if it is no better than a jewsharp, and some one to sing tra-la-la-la-la. After screwing up our courage to the sticking-point we offer our arm to the performer, and after much urging it is taken, and though she cannot play without notes and is all out of practice, and there is a dear little bruise on one of the fingers and added to all a bad cold, in a moment the whole party are roused up, jokes snapping, tongues chattering, and the wall-flowers broken from the trellis by the swift sweep of the notes, "tra-la-la-la-la."

Do you tell me that the piano is nothing but a dead instrument? Dead! is it? Its pulses flutter to the touch of your fingers. I have heard it tremble with every grief, and warble with every gladness, and groan with complete agony. In stirrup of pearl it dashes to the cavalry charge and lifts its voice like a storming party. But if you insist that it has no positive life, then I say that the keys are the white surf of the great sea of infinite harmony breaking on the shore of the soul. Its wires stretching back under the cover are the wire-bridge on which our imagination walks but looks down into the great chasms of eternity. There are times when no other instrument can accurately express our feelings. Perhaps we have had a rough time in the world, and friends have betrayed us, and our fortunes have failed, and we think how those who once sympathized with us have taken up their residence in the better country, and we gather around the piano, a few weather-beaten and world-worn men, with aching brow and disappointed heart, ready at the first touch of the instrument to drop the tear as prophetic rod smote the rock into waters, and we feel just like being soothed by our mother now dead and gone many a year, and we sing with broken voice and moist eye while the instrument accompanies—

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight.
> Make me a child again just for to-night."

This book also pleases me for the light and joy and romp of life found scattered through its pages. Let us brighten up our homes with more of the innocent hilarities. I can see no harm in a good romp. I will not say how many may join each other on the floor, nor how much gracefulness may be in the step. There is

something beautiful in the scene of a dozen young people so full of life from head to toe that nothing short of a ship-cable around the ankles and an anchor in each pocket could keep them still. We hail those modern games which shake the stiffness and stupidity out of the social circle, and teach our young people that they need not go to houses of dissipation for enjoyment. I am not making allusion here to the much discussed subject of dancing. The flowers of recreation do not grow on the verge of the precipice, but many of them in the very garden of the Lord. Some winter we will invite all our friends to our house, the merchants, and mechanics, and lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, who are breaking down under the anxieties of life, and with us take one good rousing tearing-down game of "blind-man's-buff." Ah, that is a classic game in my memory. Winter nights a good while ago when our cousins had come to spend the evening, and the old people were in the other room, we would set back the chairs and blindfold the blithest of all the cousins. Away she flew after us with outstretched arms while each one hoped to be caught, for she did it so beautifully. But, alas! that group shall come together no more, no more. The old people are not in the next room. The chairs are set back to the formal place. A deeper blindfolding has come down upon the hazel eyes of her who pursued us. With several of them the game of life is ended and they have gone to bed under the willows. Their lips have taken the sacrament of the dust. Henceforth to me "blind-man's-buff" is a suggestive game, and when I play it my laughter shall be like the gush of sunshine, through which there falls here and there the stray drop of a departed shower. We cannot afford to be anchorites. There is no such thing as being happy ourselves unless we make others happy. I have no patience with people who are never treated well. It is because they do not treat others well. Do you know why people always treat flowers well? It is because flowers always treat us well. Why does the orange blossom kiss the breeze? Because the breeze first kisses the orange blossom. Be kind to others and others will be kind to you. If you do not find people in your church or neighborhood social, it is because you are not social. There shall not be on the door of our home a bolt of caste. We shall not care about the style of his shoes if we know that his feet have never walked in polluted paths. We shall not care whether the coat is mixed, striped, or black, but indignant only if we find out that his heart is as black as his coat. We shall not ask whether his ancestor danced with Queen Elizabeth or pounded the shoe-last; whether his blood flowed down to him through the golden pipe of aristocratic ancestry, or whether he got it out of the common puddle from which the most of us picked up our ancestral tablets. I always feel sorry for a man who has so little character himself that he has to go back and marshal a lot of ancestral ghosts to make up the deficiency. I was one summer passing along a piece of low ground and saw two tortoises, a dark shell and a light shell. They did not know I was there and consequently were not interrupted in the conversation. "Get out of the way," said light shell. "Why?" said dark shell. "Oh," said the light shell, "I am none of your common turtles. Do you see the color of my shell?

I was not born like you in this low ground, but up yonder in that higher ditch. My father had the letters G. W. on his back cut by the jack-knife of George Washington." Then dark tortoise lost his patience and said, "Light tortoise, you had better shut up your shell. The ditch that you were born in was a little higher up than mine, but we are both the children of the mud." I threw a stone to break up this war of caste, and instantly light shell and dark shell slunk into the same puddle.

This book also pleases me because of its purity throughout and its fitness for the home-circle. One of the curses of the age is depraved literature.

There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals; bad books, bad morals. I begin with the lowest of all the literature; that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business it is to dispose of this kind of literature. They display it before the school-boy on his way home. They get the catalogues of colleges and young ladies' seminaries, take the names and the post-office addresses, and send their advertisements and their circulars and their pamphlets and their books to every one of them. The president of one of the finest young ladies' seminaries on the Atlantic coast being absent one day, one of these miscreants came in and secured a catalogue. The president returning and hearing of it, had his fears excited, and reported the case to official authority. For two weeks that man was hunted, and he was hunted down, and in his possession was found not only the catalogue of that institution, but the catalogues of fourteen colleges, and in eight of these he had done the damning work already. In the possession of these dealers in impure literature were found nine hundred thousand names and post-office addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things.

In the year 1873 there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing salacious literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although twenty-four tons of bad literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God. What has been very remarkable is the fact that more of those publishers of impure literature lived in the city of Brooklyn than any other city—lived here, did business in New York, had their factories, some on this side of the river, some on the other side of the river, but they dared to have their residences in this the city of churches. All of them now are driven out, or for the most part. These vultures will alight in other fields, and they must be pursued and exterminated from Christendom. In the year 1868 the field had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of impure literature through the United States mails; but there were large loops in that law through which criminals might crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1868. But in 1873 another

law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mails—a grand law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under the law multitudes of these scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated, and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries, where they belonged. How are we to war against this corrupt literature? First of all, by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good postmasters and United States district attorneys and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague.

When Sir Rowland Hill spent his life in trying to secure cheap postage not only for England, but for all the world, and to open the blessings of the post-office to all honest business, and to all messages of charity, kindness and affection for all healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to make vice easy, or to fill the mail-bags of the United States with the scabs of such a leprosy. It ought not to be in the power of every bad man who can raise a one-cent stamp for a circular or a two-cent stamp for a letter to blast a man or destroy a home. I was glad when I saw how Jay Gould pounced upon a culprit who was desecrating our magnificent post-office system. Because the culprit lived on Fifth avenue instead of Elm street only made the matter more outrageous. The New York post-office never did a better work than when it detailed fifty postmen to watch the letter-boxes, and the police department never did a better work than when they detailed fifty detectives to make summary arrests. The postal service of this country must be clean, and we must all understand that the swift retributions of the United States Government hover over every violation of the letter-box. There are thousands of men and women in this country—some for personal gain, some through innate depravity, some through a spirit of revenge—who wish to use this great avenue of convenience and intelligence for purposes revengeful and diabolic. Wake up the law. Wake up all its penalties. Let every court-room on this subject be a Sinai thunderous and aflame. Let the convicted offenders be sent for a full term to Sing Sing or Auburn, and hurl that governor from his chair who shall dare to pardon before the expiration of the sentence.

I am not writing about what cannot be done. I am writing now about what is being done. A great many printing-presses that gave themselves entirely to the publication of bad literature have been stopped, or have gone into a business less obnoxious. Those of us who have been on the rail-trains have noticed a great change in the last few months and the last year or two. Why have nearly all those indecent periodicals been kept off the rail-trains for some time back? Who effected it? These societies for the purification of railroad literature gave warning to the publishers, and warning to railroad companies, and warning to conductors, and warning to newsboys, to keep the infernal stuff off the trains. Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Rock Island, and other cities have successfully prohibited the most of that literature even from going on the news-stands. Terror has seized upon the publishers and the dealers in impure literature from the fact that over six hundred arrests have been made, and the aggregate time for which the convicted have been sentenced to prison

is over one hundred and fifty years, and from the fact that over one million three hundred thousand of their circulars have been destroyed, and the business is not as profitable as it used to be. How have so many of the news-stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and pat a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade it that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your judgment would be an uplifted head and a hiss and a sharp reeking tooth stuck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shot-gun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in a penitentiary. The law, the law I invoke to consummate the work so grandly begun.

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of bad books is, as I have already indicated, by occupying the ground by healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have no sympathy with the attempt to make the young old; I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be abbreviated. But there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no more room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat. Why are fifty per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States to-day under twenty-one years of age? Many of them are under seventeen, under sixteen, under fifteen, under fourteen, under thirteen.

Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for yourselves. Bad books, bad newspapers bewitched them as soon as they were out of the cradle. Beware of all those books which make the road that ends in perdition seem to end in paradise. Do not glorify the dirk and the pistol. Do not call the desperado brave or the libertine gallant. Teach our young people that if they go down into the swamps and marshes to watch the jack-o'-lanterns dance on the decay and rottenness they will catch malaria and death. "Oh!" says some one, "I am a business man, and I have no time to examine what my children read. I have no time to inspect the books that come into my household." If your children were threatened with typhoid fever would you have time to go for the doctor? Would you have time to go to the funeral? In the presence of my God I warn you of the fact that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and that unless the thing be stopped it will be to them funeral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day. My word is to young people: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a corrupt book. A book will decide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read yesterday may have decided you for time and for eternity, or it may be a book that may come into your possession to-morrow. A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that

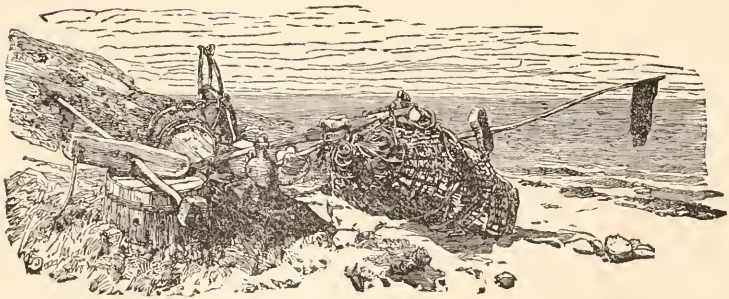
his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law, the millionaire, declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperity. Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham and said: "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes, and then I gave it back; but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have, in agony of soul, on my knees before God, prayed that he would obliterate from my soul the memory of it; but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander the warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. both men of blood. Have you in your pocket or in your trunk or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it. We must also have a word about a style of pictorials doing a tremendous work for death. You find these death-warrants on all the streets. For a good, healthful picture we have great admiration. What a good author may take four hundred pages to present, a good engraver could present on the half side of a pictorial. Costly paintings are the aristocracy of art; engraving is the democracy of art. The best part of a picture that cost $10,000 you may buy for ten cents. I say the best part. So we ought to rejoice in the multiplication of pictures. It is the intense, it is the quick way of presenting the truth. A man never gets over his love for pictures. The little child is entranced with them; we all are entranced with them. If a book be presented to us we first look at the pictures. Multiply them. When the children are gathered after the evening repast put before them the pictures. Nail them to the wall in the nursery—the pictures. Put them on the couch of the invalid. Strew them all through the railroad cars and steamboat cabins to refresh the travellers. Gather pictures in your albums and portfolios. Bless God for pictures, and may they multiply all over the earth, these messengers of knowledge and of mercy. But the unclean pictorials are doing a work vast for ruin. Many a young man for ten cents buys his everlasting undoing. It poisons his soul, his soul may poison ten other souls, they may poison hundreds, the hundreds thousands, the thousands millions. It will take the measuring line of eternity to tell how far out has gone the influence of that one unclean pictorial. He may unroll it amid the roaring mirth of his comrades, but, if they could see the result on that young man's heart and life, instead of laughing they would weep. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these unclean pictorials are the printed invitations to the guests. Alas! that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with this plague-spot and that philanthropists, worried about lesser evils, should give so little time to this calamity. Have nothing to do with these pictures. Do not take the moral strychnine into your soul. Do not take up this nest of coiling adders

and put it in your pocket. Do not patronize the news-stand that sells them. A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. I will give you $1,000 reward for any young man who remains pure and yet has the regular habit of buying unclean pictorials—$1,000 reward for a specimen. Satan sometimes failing to get a soul by inducing him to read a bad book, captures him by getting him to look at a vicious periodical! When Satan goes fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line if he only hauls his victim in. We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end, measure the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern paper manufactures, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul, waiting for God's inscription. A book! Examine the type of it, examine the printing of it, and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks, and Hesiod's poems were written on tablets of lead, and the Sinaitic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing-press. A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the brightness, all the centuries to make it possible. A book! It is the chorus of the ages, it is the drawing-room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians and philosophers come out to greet you. If I worshipped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live. Polybius wrote forty works; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books; only thirty-five of them remain. Eschylus wrote one hundred dramas; only seven remain. Euripides wrote over a hundred; only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans; all that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live, what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start? They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the Egyptian plague. The work of improvement will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see that illustrious day. Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against every depraved picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send an elevating song; against every bad book send a good book, and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the Toletum missals were kept by the saints in six churches and the sacrilegious

Romans demanded that those missals be destroyed and that the Roman missals be substituted, and the war came on; and I am glad to say that, the whole matter having been referred to champions, the champion of the Toletum missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals. So it will be in our day. The good literature, in its championship for the truth, will bring down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body and all the depths of my soul a certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, O men and women who are toiling for the purification of society! Pitch your tents toward the sunrising!

T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Brooklyn, *October*, 1884.



PERFECT JEWELS.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

This poet was the son of a London scrivener, and was born in the British metropolis in 1716. He died of gout in 1771. He studied at Eton and Cambridge, and was severe as a student. As an author he was indolent. His splendid poetry leaves the world to regret his lack of productive industry. He was a man of ardent affections, of sincere piety and practical benevolence. The following poem was written in 1751.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscience truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire *thy* fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
  Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
  Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
  A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
  He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE LOST CHORD.

Miss Proctor was the daughter of the genial poet who wrote under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, and described his child as that "golden-tressed Adelaide" The child was born in 1825. Her naturally religious sentiments eventually found full play in the Roman Catholic Church, of which she died a member in 1864.

SEATED one day
at the organ,
I was weary and
ill at ease,
And my fingers
wandered idly
Over the noisy
keys.

I know not what
I was playing,
Or what I was
dreaming of
then,
But I struck one
chord of
music
Like the sound of a great
Amen!

It flooded the crimson twi-
light,
Like the close of an angel's
psalm,
And it lay on my fevered
spirit
With a touch of infinite
calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming
strife;
It seemed the harmonious
echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd mean-
ings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Alexander Pope was born in London, the son of a Roman Catholic linen draper, in 1688. He very early "lisped in numbers," his active and intentional life as an author beginning with his sixteenth year. A constant state of excitement, added to a career of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a feeble frame, hastened his death, which occurred in 1744.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate
To see the good from ill,
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
  All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies—
One chorus let all being raise,
  All nature's incense rise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Bryan Walter Proctor, better known by his pen name of "Barry Cornwall," was a native of London, and born in 1787. He died in 1874. His pieces have the true lyrical ring. He was the father of Adelaide Ann Proctor.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
  Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
  Tender, mournful, murmuring life.
She hath seen her happy day,
  She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
  Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
  Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
  Seraph of the skies, sweet love.
Good she was and fair in youth;
  And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
  Take her, then, forevermore,
  Forever—evermore.

BRYAN WALTER PROCTOR—"*Barry Cornwall.*"

PRAISE.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
  Let the Creator's praise arise;
  Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
  Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

JOB vii. 16.

The writer of this was born in Philadelphia in 1796, and died there in 1877.

I WOULD not live alway, live alway below!
Oh no, I'll linger not when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears,
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where he deigned to sleep I'll, too, bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed;
Then the glorious daybreak to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway—away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! Hark! sweet in the air
The "harps of the harpers" I hear ringing there!
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me—oh, give me the wings of a dove
To adore him, be near him, enrapt with his love:
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia! Amen! Evermore with the Lord.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D.

THE LAST LEAF.

SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin,
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"ROCK OF AGES."

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

"ROCK OF AGES."

EVENSONG.

From "Don Juan," Canto III.

AVE MARIA! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Byron.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Few hymns have had such popularity as this, written by Sarah Flower Adams. She was the daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor of the Cambridge (Eng.) *Intelligencer*, and was born in 1805. Her celebrated hymn is founded on Jacob's dream and was published in 1841, in a Unitarian collection of "Hymns and Anthems." It has been adopted by all Christian sects, and translated into many languages. Mrs. Adams died in 1849.

NEARER, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee!—
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I'll fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

AN EPIGRAM ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught,
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
Believe? expect? *I know* it to be so.

JOHN BYROM.

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND.

The author of this hymn was a Dissenting minister, born in London, 1702, and after a career of eminence he died at Lisbon, October 27th, 1751. His hymns were unexcelled in their day by any of the religious poets.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!

. . . . . .

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

. . . . .

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night—
Her breathing soft and low—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our weary hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

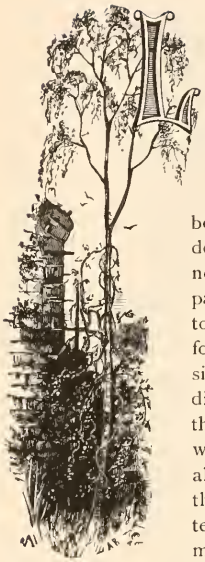
For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHO can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid her gay creation, hues like hers?
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

THOMSON.

IMMORTALITY.



LIFE, death, eternity—how vast, how deep, how solemn these three words, so familiar to us all! Who can measure, who can fathom their meaning? In the midst of life we are surrounded by death, and confronted by eternity with its boundless prospects of weal and woe. Life on earth ends in death, and death is but the dark door to another life which has no end.

Astronomy cannot tell whether this visible universe has boundaries or not, and what lies beyond. Theology cannot determine the locality of that invisible universe from which no traveller returns, nor the direction and length of that lonely passage which carries the disembodied spirit from its present to its future abode. But this we do know, and it is enough for our comfort, that in our Father's house are many mansions, and that our Saviour has prepared a place for all his disciples. There is an abundance of room for all even within the limits of this universe, and for aught we know, the spirit world may be very near and around about us. There are exalted moments in our life when we see the heavens open and the angels of God descending and ascending. Life is a mystery, a glorious mystery with a heaven beyond, but a terrible mystery with annihilation or endless punishment in prospect.

The immortality of the soul is a universal instinct and desire of the human race. Like the idea of God, it is implanted in our intellectual and moral constitution. We cannot think backward without reaching an ultimate cause which has no beginning; we cannot think forward without arriving at a result which has no ending. God and eternity precede time and succeed time, and time itself is filled with both. We cannot conceive that a wise Creator should make man in his own image and endow him with the highest faculties, without ordaining him for endless existence. He cannot intend the head of his creatures, the masterpiece of His hand to perish like the brute. He cannot allow virtue to suffer and iniquity to flourish without some future adjustment which will give to every one his due, and restore the harmony of character and condition.

It seems impossible that a rational being, filled with infinite longings and capable of endless progress, should be suddenly cut off in the beginning of its career, "like the empty fabric of a vision, leaving no wreck behind." It seems impossible that the mind, which proves its independence of the body and matures in strength while the body declines, should be dissolved with its material tent. No husband can close the eyes of a beloved wife, no parent can commit a child to the cold grave, no friend can bid farewell to a bosom friend without the ardent wish for the recovery of the

loss and a meeting again in a better world, where tears of parting are unknown. Every consideration of God's goodness, love, and justice; of man's capacities, desires, and hopes; and of surrounding nature, with its perennial renovations of seasons and transformation of death itself into new forms of life, forces upon us the belief in the immortality of the human soul.

But after all, philosophy and science can lead us only to the probability of immortality, and there is a vast step from probability to certainty. The starry heavens above and the moral law within may well have filled the great philosopher of the last century with ever growing reverence and awe; but beyond the starry heavens and behind the moral law lie the sublimer regions of faith, which fill us with deeper reverence, and which alone can give us solid comfort in life and in death.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.

LIFE'S COST.

I COULD not at the first be born
But by another's bitter wailing pain;
Another's loss must be my sweetest gain;
And Love, only to win that I might be,
Must wet her couch forlorn
With tears of blood and sweat of agony.

Since then I cannot live a week
But some fair thing must leave the daisied dells,
The joy of pastures, bubbling springs and wells,
And grassy murmurs of its peaceful days,
To bleed in pain, and reek,
And die, for me to tread life's pleasant ways.

I cannot sure be warmed or lit
But men must crouch and toil in tortuous caves,
Bowed on themselves, while day and night in waves
Of blackness wash away their sunless lives;
Or blasted and sore hit,
Dark life to darker death the miner drives.

Naked, I cannot clothed be
But worms must patient weave their satin shroud;
The sheep must shiver to the April cloud,
Yielding his one white coat to keep me warm;
In shop and factory,
For me must weary toiling millions swarm.

With gems I deck not brow or hand
But through the roaring dark of cruel seas
Some wretch with shivering breath and trembling knees
Goes headlong, while the sea-sharks dodge his quest;
Then at my door he stands,
Naked, with bleeding ears and heaving chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray
But God must come from heaven to fetch that sigh,
And pierced hands must take it back on high;
And through His broken heart and cloven side
Love makes an open way
For me, who could not live but that He died.

O awful sweetest life of mine
That God and man both serve in blood and tears!
O prayers I breathe not but through other prayers!
O breath of life compact of others' sighs!
With this dread gift divine
Ah, whither go?—what worthily devise?

If on myself I dare to spend
This dreadful thing, in pleasure lapped and reared,
What am I but a hideous idol smeared
With human blood, that with its carrion smile
Alike to foe and friend
Maddens the wretch who perishes the while?

I will away and find my God,
And what I dare not keep ask Him to take,
And taking love's sweet sacrifice to make;
Then, like a wave the sorrow and the pain
High heaven with glory flood—
For them, for me, for all, a splendid gain.

JANE ELLICE HOPKINS.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For O, I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for Thee, thou mightest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

FELICIA HEMANS.

CHARITY.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

HOLY BIBLE.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

President Lincoln's favorite poem. He never tired of repeating its suggestive lines.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved:
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjóyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers, or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye, they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;

And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

'TWILL not be long—this wearying commotion
That marks its passage in the human breast
And, like the billows on the heaving ocean,
That ever rock the cradle of unrest,
Will soon subside; the happy time is nearing,
When bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase;
E'en unto Thee the dove may now be steering
With gracious message. Wait, and hold thy peace;
'Twill not be long!

The lamps go out; the stars give up their shining;
The world is lost in darkness for awhile;
And foolish hearts give way to sad repining,
And feel as though they ne'er again could smile.
Why murmur thus, the needful lesson scorning?
Oh, read thy Teacher and His word aright!
The world would have no greeting for the morning,
If 'twere not for the darkness of the night;
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the strife will soon be ended;
The doubts, the fears, the agony, the pain,
Will seem but as the clouds that low descended
To yield their pleasure to the parched plain.
The times of weakness and of sore temptations,
Of bitter grief and agonizing cry;
These earthly cares and ceaseless tribulations
Will bring a blissful harvest by-and-by—
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the eye of faith, discerning
The wondrous glory that shall be revealed,
Instructs the soul, that every day is learning
The better wisdom which the world concealed.
And soon, aye, soon, there'll be an end of teaching,
When mortal vision finds immortal sight,
And her true place the soul in gladness reaching,
Beholds the glory of the Infinite—
'Twill not be long!

"'Twill not be long!" the heart goes on repeating;
It is the burden of the mourner's song;
The work of grace in us he is completing,
Who thus assures us—"It will not be long."
His rod and staff our fainting steps sustaining,
Our hope and comfort every day will be;
And we may bear our cross as uncomplaining
As He who leads us unto Calvary;
'Twill not be long!

ANONYMOUS.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for, here?

Then will one approach the brink,
With a hand extended?—
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until now to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, the foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them,
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them;
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look for human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow
Life's unfailing fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
Shall we have a song to learn?

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who his Well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the Silent River;
Death, thy hastening oar I know:
Bear me, thou life giver,
Through the waters, to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

LUCY LARCOM.

EVA'S DEATH.

FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

EVA, after this, declined rapidly: there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room, and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors—she was everything to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake—and the child felt freshest in the morning—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him—

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me—you sit up nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't. But Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now every night, Miss Feely, and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin' no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, he sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide we'll get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unweil than usual to-night?"

"No; but she telled me this morning she was comin' nearer, Thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels; 'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom between ten and eleven one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible, but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things and designated the friends to whom she would have them given, and her manner was more animated and her voice more natural than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in in the evening and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight—strange, mystic hour! when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger.

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom. Lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and stepping across the room she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression, the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room. "Augustine! Cousin! Oh, what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused. Lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors, but St. Clare heard and said nothing. He saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her he spoke in her ear, "Eva, darling."

The large blue eyes unclosed; a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head and speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and as St. Clair raised his head he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short," said St. Clare. "This wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over, it's over, dear master," said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows as one exhausted, the large, clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious was the triumphant brightness of that face that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva," said St. Clare, gently. She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see. What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said brokenly, "Oh, love, joy, peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life.

Farewell, beloved child. The bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven when they shall wake and find only the cold, gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Among the monthly letters circulated by the Women's Foreign Missionary Boards is found the following poem, contributed by Mrs. Preston for January, 1882. The "Moslem palace" to which she refers is the celebrated Taj Mahal at Agra, and is the finest edifice in India, if not in the world. It was erected in the 17th century by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his favorite queen, Noor Jehan. The building is of white marble, and its cost is said to have been over $15,000,000. In the central hall are the tombs of the emperor and his queen.

YOU have read of the Moslem palace,-
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands;

You have read of its marble splendors,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy-fair,—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air;

Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourners' tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years;

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the archway,
The innermost shrine of all,—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings mortal man
Hath never excelled,) the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehàn.

They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chamber
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem Prophet,
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace, only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—the Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahàl
To do it because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall, and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—LOVE.

. . . . . .

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

You have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam's hath ever known,—

Texts culled from the holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer lustre
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple, only
Its architect understands;
And yet He accepts—(Oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands!

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-Builder
Disdainfully cast away:
Why, even He takes the chippings,
We women have brought to-day!

. . . . . .

Oh, not to the dead—to the living—
We rear on the earth He trod,
This fane to his lasting glory,
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised
(And dare we the vow recall?)
To do it because we love Him,
We love Him—and that is all!

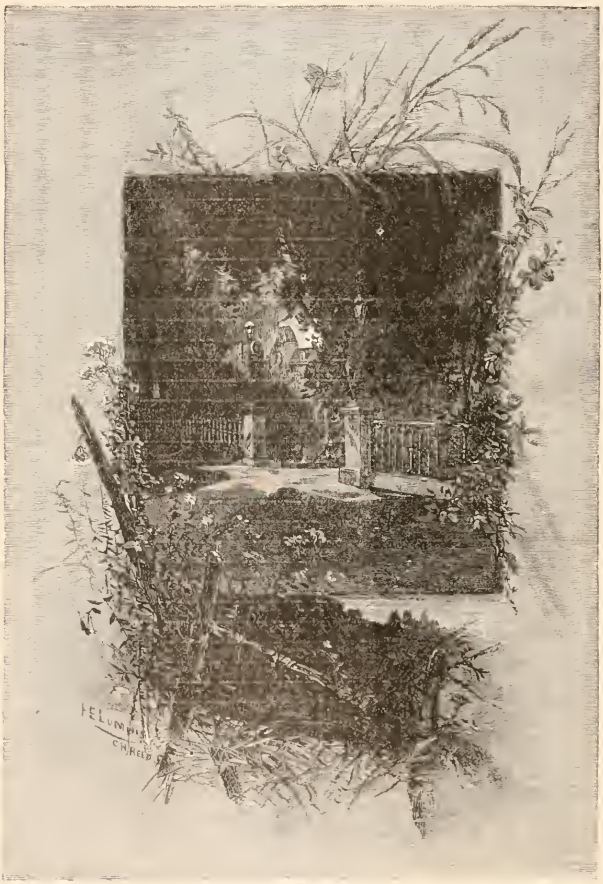
For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—LOVE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.



"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,
"This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the honsehold,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexprest,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it.
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

The sad-souled man who wrote these lines, whose whole life was clouded by intense physical and mental suffering—for he faced death often and hunger many times—was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1829. He died, after giving promise of rare poetical powers, at Columbia, S. C., in 1867.

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear the sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

HENRY TIMROD.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—*there are no dead.*

LORD LYTTON.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Miss Larcom, who has written a great number of minor poems of excellent merit, was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1826. Early in life she was a factory operative, leaving this work for the more congenial one of a woman of letters.

DEAR world, looking down from the highest
of heights that my feet can attain,
I see not the smoke of your cities, the
dust of your highway and plain;
Over all your dull moors and morasses a veil the blue
atmosphere folds,
And you might be made wholly of mountains for
aught that my vision beholds.

Dear world, I look down and am grateful that so
we all sometimes may stand
Above our own every-day level, and know that our
nature is grand
In its possible glory of climbing, in the hilltops that
beckon and bend
So close over every mortal he scarcely can choose but
ascend.

Though here, oh, my world, we miss something—
the sweet multitudinous sound
Of leaves in the forest a-flutter, of rivulets lisping
around,
The smell of wild pastures in blossom, of fresh earth
upturned by the plow—
The uplands and all the green hillsides lead the way
to the mountain's brow.

One world; there is no separation; the same earth
above and below;
Up here is the river's cloud-cradle; down there is its
fullness and flow;
My voice joins the voice of your millions who upward in weariness grope,
And the hills bear the burdens to heaven—humanity's
anguish and hope!

Dear world, lying quiet and lovely in a shimmer of gossamer haze,
Beneath the soft films of your mantle I can feel your heart beat as I gaze;
I know you by what you aspire to, by the look that on no face can be
Save in moments of high consecration; you are showing your true self to me.

Dear world, I behold but your largeness; I forget that aught petty or mean
Ever marred the vast sphere of your beauty, over which as a lover I lean;
And not by our flaws will God judge us; his love keeps our noblest in sight;
Dear world, our low life sinks behind us; we look up to his infinite height!

LUCY LARCOM.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.

They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

IN SUFFERING.

FATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done;
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son;
So in his name I pray.
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek,
Oh! take this cup away.

If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil;
My wishes I resign;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FIRST TE DEUM.

Mrs. Preston, a daughter of Dr. George Junkin, was born in Lexington, Va., and has been a frequent contributor to the literary life of the day. Her sister was the wife of the Confederate General Stonewall Jackson.

WAS Easter night in Milan, and before
The altar in the great Basilica
St. Ambrose stood. At the baptismal font
Kneeled a young neophyte, his brow still wet
With the symbolic water, and near by—
The holy Monica, her raised eyes strained,
As with unearthly ecstasy she breathed
Her *Nunc dimittis Domine!* The words
Of comfort spoken, "Be sure the child for whom
Thy mother-heart hath poured so many prayers,
Shall not be lost," had full accomplishment,
And her tired heart found peace,
St. Ambrose raised
His hands to heaven and on his face there shone
Such light as glorified the prophet's when
An angel from the altar bare a coal
And touched his lips. With solemn step and slow
He turned to meet Augustine as he rose
Up from the pavement and thereon he brake
Forth in ascriptive chant:
"We praise thee, God,
And we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"
Augustine on the instant caught the tone
Of answering exultation:
"All the earth
Doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting!"
And from the altar rail came back again
The antiphony:
"To Thee all angels cry
Aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein."
And from the font
"To Thee the cherubim
And seraphim continually do cry
'Oh, Holy, Holy, Holy, thou Lord God
Of Sabaoth!' Heaven and earth are full of all
The glory of Thy majesty?"
And then
With upward gaze, as if he looked upon
The infinite multitude about the throne,
St. Ambrose uttered with triumphant voice,
"The glorious company of the Apostles"—
"Praise Thee!" burst reverent from Augustine's lips.
"The goodly fellowship of all the prophets"—
"Praise Thee!" "The noble army of the martyrs"—
"Praise Thee!"

Thus back and forth responsive rolled
The grand antiphonal, until the crowd
That kneeled throughout the vast Basilica
Rose to their feet, and toward the altar pressed
With one strong impulse drawn. The breath of God
Had, to their thought, inspired these mortal tongues
To which they listened, as beneath a spell
Vatic and wonderful.
And when the last
Response was reached, and the rapt speakers stood
With eyelids closed—as those who had seen God
And could not brook at once a mortal face—
Awe-struck the people bowed their heads and wept:
Then uttered with acclaim one long Amen.

M. J. PRESTON.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SAY, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more!"

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying;
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

The following poem is the last one by Phœbe Cary. It is the song of the dying swan, tender, and sweet, and beautiful.

ROSAMOND, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O Golden head!—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From Heaven's unclouded day?

O Friend so true, O Friend so good!—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That, through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted,—
Had life been always fair—
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

IT was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children by her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter. She thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the hearth before her. It was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children; no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and orphan cannot forget his word. Many years before her eldest son had left his forest home to try his fortune on the billowy wave; of him she had heard no note or tidings. In latter times Providence had deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart and shut her eyes on misery; but the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. Such a one was the widow of the pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust Him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."

The smoked herring was scarce laid upon the table when a gentle rap at the door and loud barking of a dog attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller, in tattered garments and apparently indifferent

health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses, for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveller drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare he raised his eyes towards heaven with astonishment. "And is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before. But, madam," he continued, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

"Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed from her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and should have provided for him a home even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!"

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God indeed has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O, my mother!"

It was her long-lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family, and never was surprise more perfect or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

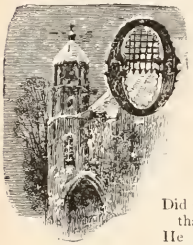
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE BRAHMAN'S LESSON.

FROM "THE INDEPENDENT."



ONE Summer day a farmer and his son
Were working wearily in the harvest field.
It was a lonesome place, and dangerous;
For now was come the season of the snakes,
Whereof the deadliest, a great, hooded Thing,
Did sting the young man so that suddenly
He died; for remedy in plant, or herb,
Medicinal root, or skill of leech, is none
Against the venom of that dreaded death,
That darkens the eyes at noonday, as with night,
And chills the blood in the heart that beats no more.
This happened; and the father saw his son,
Struck out of life so early, lie there dead,
And saw the gathering of the hungry ants,
Nor sighed, nor ceased a moment from his work.
But now a Brahman chanced to pass that way,
And saw all this, but understood it not.
"Who is that man there—dead?" "He was my son."
"Thy son? Why dost thou not lament him, then?
Hast thou no love, nor sorrow for the dead?"
"And wherefore sorrow? From the first bright hour
When he is born, even to his last dark day,
Man's steps are deathward; everything he does
Sets ever that way; there is no escape.
For the well-doing there is recompense,
And for the wicked there is punishment.
Of what avail, when they are gone, are tears?
They can in no wise help us, or the dead.
But thou canst help me, Brahman, if thou wilt.
Go straightway to my house, and tell my wife
What hath befallen—that my son is dead;
And tell her to prepare my noonday meal."

"What manner of man is this?" the Brahman thought
Indignantly: "Insensate, ignorant, blind—
He has no human feeling, has no heart."
So thinking, he drew near the farmer's house,
And called his wife: "Woman, thy son is dead!
Thy husband bade me tell thee this, and add
That he is ready for his noonday meal."
The dead man's mother hearkened to his words,
As calmly as the sky to winds or waves.
"That son received a passing life from us—
From that old man, his father, and from me,
His mother—but I called him not my son.
He was a traveller halting at an inn,
Of which the master entertains the guests,
But not detains. He rested and passed on.
So is it, sir, with mothers, and with sons.
Why, then, should I lament what was to be?"

Still wondering, the troubled Brahman turned
To where the sister of the dead man stood,
Bright in the lotus bloom of womanhood.
"Thy brother is dead. Hast thou no tears for him?"
She hearkened gravely, as the forest doth
To the low murmurs of the populous leaves.
"Sometimes," she said, "a stalwart woodman goes,
And with his mighty axe hews down the trees,
And binds them fast together in a raft,
And in a seaward river launches them.
Anon the wild wind rises, and the waves,
Lashed in tumultuous warfare, dash the raft
Hither and thither, till it breaks asunder,
And the swift current, separating all,
Whirls all on ruinous shores, to meet no more.
Such, and no other, was my brother's fate.
Why, then, should I lament what was to be?"

Wondering still more, for still the awfulness
Of death, which they perceived not, was to him
As palpable as his shadow on the wall,
The Brahman addressed him to the dead man's wife:
"And thou, upon whose loving breast he lay,
Heart answering heart, and lips that breathed in sleep
Remembrance of endearments without end,
What wilt thou do without him day and night?"
She hearkened tenderly, as the Summer noon
To the continuous cooing of the doves:
"As when two birds, that fly from distant lands,
One from the East, the other from the South,
They meet, and look into each other's eyes,
And, circling round each other, bill to bill,
Seek the same nest, on temple, roof, or tree,
And rest together till the dawn is come;
Such was my husband's happy life, and mine.
Was; but is not; for, as when morning breaks,
Awakened, the coupled birds forsake the nest,
And fly in opposite ways to seek their food—
They, if it be their destiny, meet again;
If not, they meet no more—we meet no more.
Why, then, should I lament what was to be?"

Silenced by their submission, which was wise,
Whether foolish heart think so or not,
The Brahman watched the women in the house,
As to and fro their slender figures moved
Athwart the sunlight streaming through the door,
While they prepared the farmer's noonday meal;
And, watching them, was comforted to learn
The simple secret of their cheerful faith—
That Death the natural sequence is of Life,
And no more dreadful in itself than Life.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Stamford, Conn., Aug. 8th, 1884.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

OW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scriptures saith:
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here, and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers, who have toiled so well
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

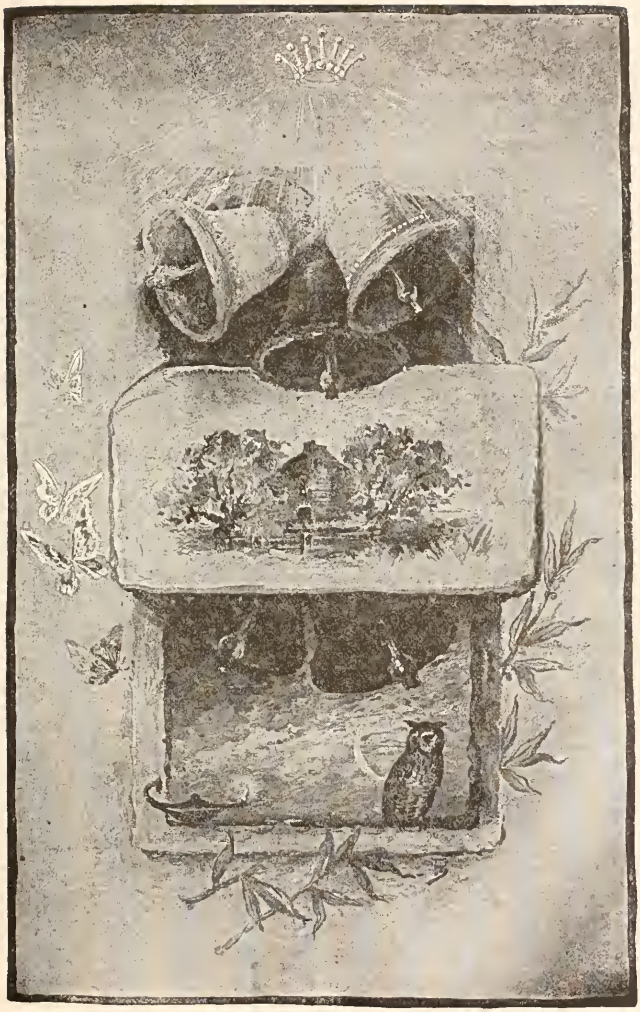
GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

AIR goes the dancing when the sitar's tunes,
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.

EDWIN ARNOLD—"*The Light of Asia.*"



"How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer."

LYRIC OF ACTION.

IS the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires—
"*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong winds of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

MOTHER, home and heaven, says a writer, are three of the most beautiful words in the English language. And truly I think that they may well be called so. What word strikes so forcibly upon the heart as mother? Coming from childhood's sunny lips, it has a peculiar charm, for it speaks of one to whom they look and trust for protection.

A mother is the truest friend we have. When trials heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends, who rejoiced with us in our sunshine, desert us when troubles thicken around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness and cause peace to return to our hearts.

The kind voice of a mother has often been the means of reclaiming an erring one from the path of wickedness to a life of happiness and prosperity.

The lonely convict, immured in his dreary cell, thinks of the innocent days of his childhood, and feels that though other friends forsake him, he has still a guardian angel watching over him, and that, however dark his sins may have been, they have all been forgiven and forgotten by her.

Mother is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one, for in her hands are placed minds to be moulded almost at her will—aye, fitted to shine, not much, it is true, on earth, compared, if taught aright, with the dazzling splendor which awaits them in heaven.

Home! How often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood! Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent be-

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

neath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when weary with care and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness!

Heaven! that land of quiet rest towards which those who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage find it safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth and which cruel death has severed are never more to be broken; and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

THERE are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven;
A precious, soothing balm they lend—
They're mother, home and heaven!

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain whose every link
Is free from base alloy;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed;
And peace illumes with genial ray
Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
And home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!

MARY J. MUCKLE.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within—
It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
In pauses, from the fountain—the white round
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips
Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh:—
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world—the little imp,
As if it knew even then that such a wreath
Were not for all; and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek—
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

FROM "HEBREW MELODIES."

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND.

HARK to the shouting Wind!
Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-day
That are not for human speech;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

And, oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine!
Oh, Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!
Oh, Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain!
I care not though I never see
A calm, blue sky again.

HENRY TIMROD.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother—
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother—
Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother—
A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—
How could I look to you
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother—
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother—
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother—
The great men and the high—
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick! for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

REGRET.

SHELTERING ARMS.

IF I had known, oh, loyal heart,
When, hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hands so close
In the warm pressure of my own
That memory still would keep its grasp—
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen, dear, to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet—
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
  Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
  And earnest, rather, more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
  As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance—
    If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
  Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
  That you were called, oh! friend, to go,
I should have stayed my foolish tears,
  And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you last a long godspeed—
    If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
  What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
  What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
  To bind the hearts so constant grown,
And kept it constant ever there—
    If I had known.

If I had known that until Death
  Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
  That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
  Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more—
    If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
  Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
  Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
  That you, before God's great white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth—
    If I had known.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep
  And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
  As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
  Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
  Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
  Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
  Like a sweet snow-flake soft and mute;
And then from slumber chaste and warm,
  Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She *bowed* that young and matchless form,
  And *humbly prayed* to be forgiven.

O God, if souls as pure as these
  Need daily mercy from Thy throne—
If she upon her bended knee,
  Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright
  We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with these soft eyes and tears,
  Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
  How hardly if *she* win not heaven
  Will *our* wild errors be forgiven!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

HIS book is all that's left me now,
  Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
  I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
  Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
  She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
  Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
  After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
  In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
  Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
  To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
  Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
  What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
  Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
  Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
  My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
  That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
  It taught me how to die.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UNCLE REMUS'S REVIVAL HYMN.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

H! whar shall we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' uv de trumpets an' de bangin' uv de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be cotched out late,
An' fine no latch to the goldin gate?
No use fer to wait 'twell to-morrow—
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
O Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns uv de earf is a stannin' all aroun',
Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter war de Glory crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol',
An' answer to dere name at de callin' uv de roll?
You hetter come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose an's a bummin'—
De weels uv destrucshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come along sinner, ef you comin'.

De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de Pairadise win' blo' fur an' blo' strong;
An' Aberham's buzzum is saf' an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place where de sinner orter hide.
No use ter be stoppin' an' a lookin',
Ef you fool wid Satan you'll git took in,
You'll hang on de edge an' git shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' an' a lookin'.

De time is right now an' dis here's de place—
Let de salvashun sun shine squar' in yo' face,
Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight soon an' fight late,
An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin gate.
No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer—
De sun mus'nt set on yo' sorrer.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

FROM "IVANHOE."

HEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

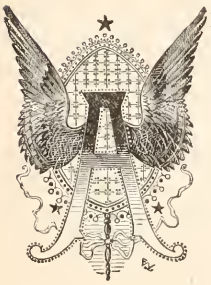
There rose the choral hymn of praise;
The trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SYMPATHY.

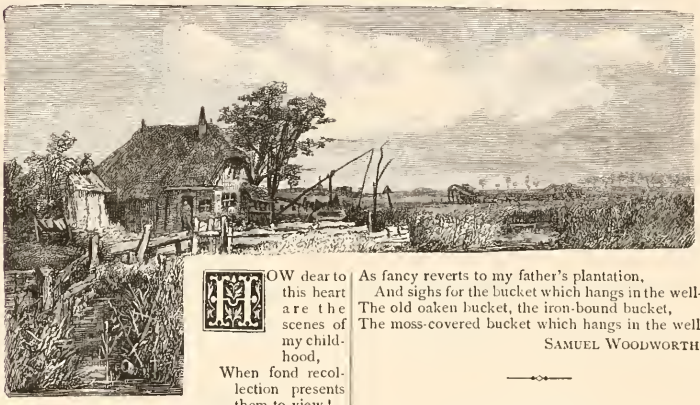


ALL are affected with delightful sensations when the inanimate parts of the creation—the meadows, flowers, and trees—are in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy in the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still height-

ened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

SEED.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.



HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

RIPE GRAIN.

Dora Read Goodale is the youngest of two precocious poets, sisters, who have delighted many a reader of verse. Dora was born October 29th, 1866, and her sister, Elaine, October 9th, 1863. Their home, at South Egremont, Mass., is called Sky Farm. Both of the parents possess the poetic gift, but the songs of the children have been as unprompted and spontaneous as the singing of the young thrush.

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain—
He who ordained that work should cease
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

DORA READ GOODALE.

A DYING HYMN.

The last stanza written by Alice Cary, was written on her death-bed, with trembling, uncertain hand, the pen falling from her fingers as the long shadows of eternity were stealing over her. The stanza was this:

"As the poor panting hart to the water-brook runs—
As the water-brook runs to the sea—
So earth's fainting daughters and famishing sons,
Oh, Fountain of Love, run to Thee."

Then in her agony, so near her end, she repeated the following, written some years before, as if prescient of her last hour:

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills
Recedes, and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills!
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long,
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives:
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY.

A PRAYER.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far away from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

This ode was partly suggested by the following lines, written by the Emperor Adrian:

ADRIANI MORIENTIS—AD ANIMAM SUAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

The poet's lines were composed at the request of Steele, who wrote: "This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful, dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music." Pope replied with the three stanzas below, and says to Steele in a letter: "You have it, as Cowley calls it, warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning."

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine;

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's waters into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle is wrought,
The water changed to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

The Reverend Henry Hart Milman, late dean of Saint Paul's, was the son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and passed through his university education at Brasenose College, Oxford, with distinguished honors. He died Sept. 24, 1868. Dean Milman's poetical works are full of grace: his tragedy of "Fazio" is perhaps the most finished dramatic production of our times, though others may have surpassed it in force of character and stage effect. His "Fall of Jerusalem" is a truly beautiful conception, and some of its lyrical pieces remarkable for tenderness and sublimity. As a prose writer, Mr Milman may justly take rank amongst "the best authors." The following extract is from his learned and unaffectedly pious "History of Christianity."

T Athens, at once the centre and capital of the Greek philosophy and heathen superstition, takes place the first public and direct conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Up to this time there is no account of any one of the apostles taking his station in the public street or market-place, and addressing the general multitude. Their place of teaching had invariably been the synagogue of their nation, or, as at Philippi, the neighborhood of their customary place of worship. Here, however, Paul does not confine himself to the synagogue, or to the society of his countrymen and their proselytes. He takes his stand in the public market-place, (probably not the Ceramicus, but the Eretriac Forum,) which, in the reign of Augustus, had begun to be more frequented, and at the top of which was the famous portico from which the Stoics assumed their name. In Athens, the appearance of a new public teacher, instead of offending the popular feeling, was too familiar to excite astonishment, and was rather welcomed as promising some fresh intellectual excitement. In Athens, hospitable to all religions and all opinions, the foreign and Asiatic appearance, and possibly the less polished tone and dialect of Paul, would only awaken the stronger curiosity. Though they affect at first (probably the philosophic part of his hearers) to treat him as an idle "babbler," and others (the vulgar, alarmed for the honor of their deities) supposed that he was about to introduce some new religious worship which might endanger the supremacy of their own tutelar divinities, he is conveyed, not without respect, to a still more public and commodious place, from whence he may explain his doctrines to a numerous assembly without disturbance. On the Areopagus the Christian leader takes his stand, surrounded on every side with whatever was noble, beautiful, and intellectual in the older world—temples, of which the materials were only surpassed by the architectural grace and majesty; statues, in which the ideal anthropomorphism of the Greeks had almost elevated the popular notions of the Deity, by embodying it in human forms of such exquisite perfection; public edifices, where the civil interests of man had been discussed with the acuteness and versatility of the highest Grecian intellect, in all the purity of the inimitable Attic dialect, when oratory had obtained its highest triumphs by "wielding at will the fierce democracy;" the walks of the philosophers, who unquestionably, by elevating the human mind to an appetite for new and nobler knowledge, had prepared the way for a loftier and purer religion. It was in the midst of these ele-

vating associations, to which the student of Grecian literature in Tarsus, the reader of Menander and of the Greek philosophical poets, could scarcely be entirely dead or ignorant, that Paul stands forth to proclaim the lowly yet authoritative religion of Jesus of Nazareth. His audience was chiefly formed from the two prevailing sects, the Stoics and Epicureans, with the populace, the worshippers of the established religion. In his discourse, the heads of which are related by St. Luke, Paul, with singular felicity, touches on the peculiar opinions of each class among his hearers; he expands the popular religion into a higher philosophy, he imbues philosophy with a profound sentiment of religion.

It is impossible not to examine with the utmost interest the whole course of this (if we consider its remote consequences, and suppose it the first full and public argument of Christianity against the heathen religion and philosophy) perhaps the most extensively and permanently effective oration ever uttered by man. We may contemplate Paul as the representative of Christianity, in the presence, as it were, of the concentrated religion of Greece, and of the spirits, if we may so speak, of Socrates, and Plato, and Zeno. The opening of the apostle's speech is according to those most perfect rules of art which are but the expressions of the general sentiments of nature. It is calm, temperate, conciliatory. It is no fierce denunciation of idolatry, no contemptuous disdain of the prevalent philosophic opinions; it has nothing of the sternness of the ancient Jewish prophet, nor the taunting defiance of the later Christian polemic. "Already the religious people of Athens had, unknowingly indeed, worshipped the universal Deity, for they had an altar to the unknown God. The nature, the attributes of this sublimer Being, hitherto adored in ignorant and unintelligent homage, he came to unfold. This God rose far above the popular notion; He could not be confined in altar or temple, or represented by any visible image. He was the universal Father of mankind, even of the earth-born Athenians, who boasted that they were of an older race than the other families of man, and coeval with the world itself. He was the fountain of life, which pervaded and sustained the universe; He had assigned their separate dwellings to the separate families of man." Up to a certain point in this higher view of the Supreme Being, the philosopher of the Garden as well as of the Porch might listen with wonder and admiration. It soared, indeed, high above the vulgar religion; but in the lofty and serene Deity, who disdained to dwell in the earthly temple, and needed nothing from the hand of man, the Epicurean might almost suppose that he heard the language of his own teacher. But the next sentence, which asserted the providence of God as the active creative energy—as the conservative, the ruling, the ordaining principle—annihilated at once the atomic theory and the government of blind chance, to which Epicurus ascribed the origin and preservation of the universe. "This high and impressive Deity, who dwelt aloof in serene and majestic superiority to all want, was perceptible in some mysterious manner by man; His all-pervading providence comprehended the whole human race; man was in constant union with the Deity, as an offspring with its parent." And still the Stoic might applaud with

complacent satisfaction the ardent words of the apostle; he might approve the lofty condemnation of idolatry. "We, thus of divine descent, ought to think more nobly of our Universal Father, than to suppose that the godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art or man's device." But this divine Providence was far different from the stern and all-controlling necessity, the inexorable fatalism of the Stoic system. While the moral value of human action was recognized by the solemn retributive judgment to be passed on all mankind, the dignity of Stoic virtue was lowered by the general demand of repentance. The perfect man, the moral king, was deposed, as it were, and abased to the general level; he had to learn new lessons in the school of Christ, lessons of humility and conscious deficiency, the most directly opposed to the principles and the sentiments of his philosophy. The great Christian doctrine of the resurrection closed the speech of Paul.

MILMAN.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

THE snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that hurry around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow!
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the horrible filth of the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell:
Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as the filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be when night comes again
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JAMES W. WATSON

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

FROM his lips
Truth, limpid, without error, flowed.
Disease
Fled from his touch. Pain heard him and was not.
Despair smiled in his presence. Devils knew,
And trembled. In the Omnipotence of faith,
Unintermittent, indefectible,
Leaning upon his Father's might, he bent
All nature to his will. The tempest sank,
He whispering, into waveless calm. The bread
Given from his hands fed thousands, and to spare
The stormy waters, as the solid rock
Were pavement for his footstep. Death itself,
With vain reluctancies yielded its prey
To the stern mandate of the Prince of Life.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH, D. D., LL. D.

"The robin and the wren are flown, and
from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
through all the gloomy day."

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
Oh, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

HOW seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WOMAN'S WILL.

AN EPIGRAM.

MEN, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

An Ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast and detaineth one.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still;
He listens like a three-years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward, with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea;

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music, but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright eyed Mariner:

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head.
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

"And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

"At length did cross an Albatross—
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow—
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

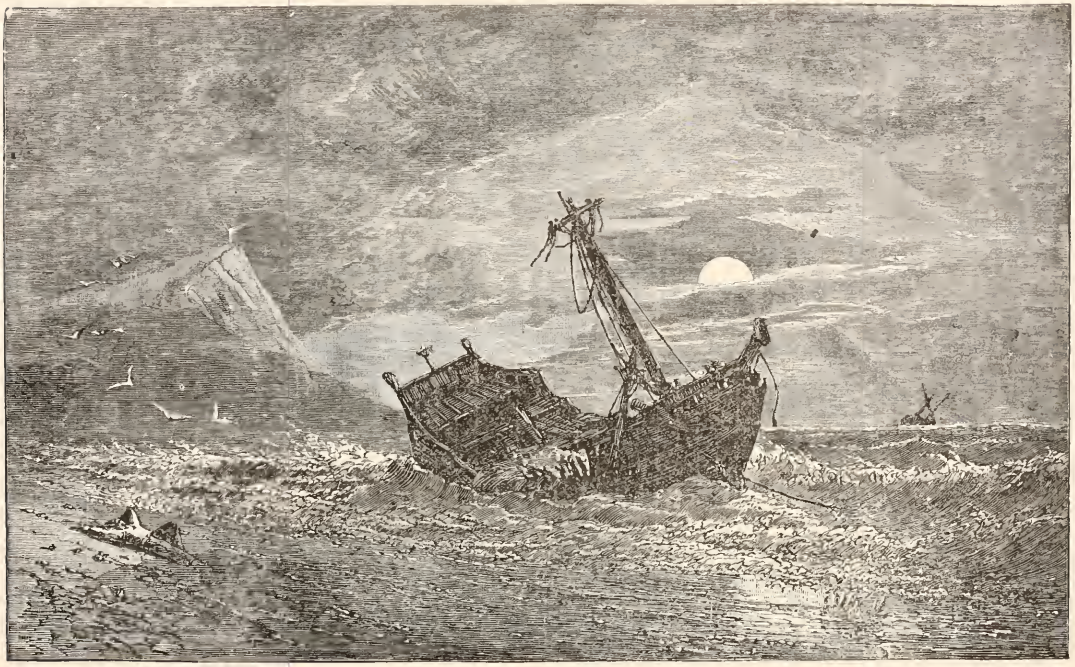
The Ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Come to the mariners' hollo!



I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

His shipmates cry out against the Ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed;

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

and the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the Ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well-a day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye—
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!—
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist—

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I—and my heart beat loud—
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy:
The nightmare, Life-in-Death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the Ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
The game is done. I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar,
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

one after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

his shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the Ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

but the Ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm:

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

and envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness, and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmèd water burnt alway,
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware—
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother the Ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind—
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose—
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The Body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The Body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

but not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing afar;
Sometimes all little birds that ave,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathoms deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the Ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross!

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night—the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
  Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
  In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
  Like a meadow-gale of Spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears.
  Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
  Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
  On me alone it blew.

And the Ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
  The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
  Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
  And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
  Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
  So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
  And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
  That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
  The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
  Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
  In crimson colors came.

and appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
  Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
  O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
  And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph man,
  On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
  It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
  Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
  No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
  Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
  I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
  And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
  I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
  The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
  It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
  That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
  The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The hermit of the wood

This hermit good lives in that wood
  Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
  He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
  He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
  The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
  'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
  That signal made but now?'

approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
  'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails
  How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
  Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
  My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
  And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
  (The pilot made reply)—
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
  Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
  But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
  And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
  Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
  The ship went down like lead.

The Ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The Ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him: and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'—
The hermit crossed his brow:
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'
Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the Bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

and to teach by his own example, love and reverence to all things, that God made and loveth.

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone. And now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin-cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air—
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

"And oft when the Summer Sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot."

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

Gilbert Burns, the brother of the poet, says: "He (Burns) used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, *Man was made to mourn*, was composed."

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"The sun that o'erhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which ten-fold force give's Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind
Supported in his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh, what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!

And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, 'though a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
  By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
  His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
  To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of humankind
  Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
  Had never, sure, been born,

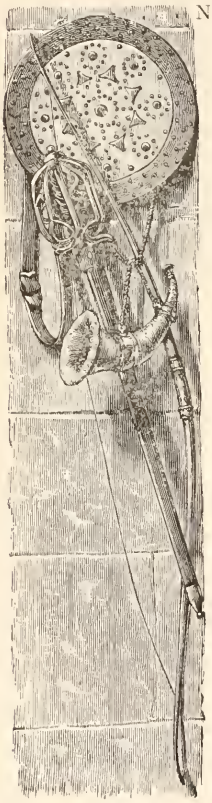
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
  The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
  Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
  From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh, a blest relief to those
  That weary-laden mourn!"

ROBERT BURNS.

THE CANDID MAN.

Amongst the very popular novelists of our times must be reckoned Lord Lytton—born 1805, died 1873. He was raised to the peerage in 1866. His first novel was "Falkland," published when he was very young. Its reception was not eminently favorable; but "Pelham," from which the following is extracted, at once established a reputation for the young man of fashion, who brought from Cambridge a character of high promise. In various realms of fiction Lord Lytton has since travelled. As a dramatist and a novelist his success has been large and enduring. His early reputation as a brilliant writer of fiction was largely exceeded by the greater depth and power of his later productions. "The Caxtons" was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, as were "My Novel" and "What will he do with it?"



ONE bright, laughing day I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes which make us feel that the old poets who loved and lived for nature were right in calling our island "the merry England," when I was startled by a short, quick bark on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round, and seated upon the sward was a man apparently of the pedler profession. A great deal box was lying open before him, a few articles of linen and female dresses were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. "Down!" said I; "all strangers are not foes, though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up. Perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion, for, touching his hat civilly, he said, "The dog, sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you*—for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? If so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vendor."

"No, sir," said the seeming pedler, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box and carefully turning the key; "no, sir, I am only a bearer of other men's goods. My morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"You are candid, my friend," said I, "and your frankness alone would be inestimable in this age of deceit and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, sir," said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed and our country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose that you are both an historian and a traveller. Am I right?"

"Why," answered the box-bearer, "I *have* dabbled a little in books and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods; God send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle I wish you good-morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both," replied the man, "but do add to your favors by informing me of the right road to the town of ———."

"I am going in that direction myself. If you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure your not missing the rest."

"Your honor is too good," returned he of the box, rising and slinging his fardel across him; "it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, sir. Perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen, and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade, I follow no calling; I rove where I list and rest where I please; in short, I know no occupation but my indolence and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"

"Of a surety," quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gypsies."

"You have it, sir," rejoined my companion with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and as we walked on I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized and rather athletic man, apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark blue frock coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill-made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson and blazed with gold," but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence; under this was an inner vest of the Cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked with some suspicion that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy black kid stock like a gypsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trowsers were of a light gray, and the justice of Providence or of the tailor avenged itself upon them for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the coat, for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was commonplace and ordinary. One sees a hundred such every day in Fleet street or on the 'Change. The features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat, yet when you looked twice upon the countenance there was something marked and singular in the expression which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye turned away from the left in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plans as those Irish guns made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthian maze of those wrinkles vulgarly called crow's feet, deep, intricate and intersected; they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favorable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkled demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion: perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *dégagé*, to be quite natural. Your honest men soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness cost them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet which (perhaps from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noonday so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration than of languor and heat.

"We have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden, after the more sterile and sullen features of the continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher! perhaps (and I believed it likely) I have the honor of addressing a poet also."

"Why, sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honor will let me return the suspicion. Are *you* not a favorite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I. "I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipode to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

"Common sense!" repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye. "Common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspicious person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "This man is certainly a rascal; but what is that to me? I shall never see him again;" and true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

"Why, sir," said he, "I *am* occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new-married couples with linen at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels at forty per cent. less than the jewellers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and, when I cannot sell my jewels, I will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honor may have an affair upon your hands; if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent, good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one or nothing, and good to every one for something."

"I admire your code," quoth I, "and, whenever I want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend; "but Providence willed it otherwise: they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's prayer: Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon."

"Well," said I, "you are the honestest knave that ever I met, and one would trust you with one's purse, for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you, is it probable that I have ever had the happiness of meeting you before? I cannot help fancying so—as yet I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey; my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sir," returned my worthy; "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honor of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon."

"Ha!" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token, that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England, and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own; I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."

My friend smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed.

"No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself the art of *appropriation*, though I say it who should not say it. I deserve the reputation I have acquired, sir; I have always had ill-fortune to struggle against, and always have remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill-fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly;* and, of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!"

"I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others."

"Nay," answered the man of two virtues, "I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done anything to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery; whatever I have executed by way of profession has been done in a superior and artist-like manner; not in the rude, bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains 'to learn and labor truly to get my living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

"I have often heard," answered I, "that there is *honor* among thieves; I am happy to learn from you that there is also religion; your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."

"They ought to be, sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave them the first specimens of my address: the story is long, but, if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it."

"Thank you," said I; "meanwhile I must wish you good morning: your way now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension, in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"Oh, never mention it, your honor," rejoined Mr. Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your 'common sense.' Farewell, sir; may we meet again!"

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into alms-giving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket—my purse was gone; and, on search-

ing the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame D'Anville, had vanished too.

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

The beggar still continued to importune me.

"Give him some food and half-a-crown," said I to my landlady. Two hours afterwards she came up to me—"Oh, sir! my silver teapot—*that villain the beggar!*"

A light flashed upon me—"Ah, Mr. Job Jonson! Mr. Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage; "out of my sight, woman! out of my sight!" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

LORD LYTTON.

LONDON CHURCHES.

I STOOD, one Sunday morning,
Before a large church door,
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score;
From one outstepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set;
But above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide.
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (*Lord Houghton*).

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine we press—
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If for the age to come this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power—
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike thou, the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DAY IS DYING.

FROM "THE SPANISH GYPSY."

DAY is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (*George Eliot*).

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould,
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friends
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"LIST TO NATURE'S TEACHINGS."

NINE GRAVES IN EDINBORO'.

Robert Arnim, in his "The Nest of the Ninnies" (A. D. 1608), says concerning the death of Jemmy Camber, one of the jesters of King James I. during his reign in Scotland: "Jemmy rose, made him ready, takes his horse, and rides to the churchyard in the high towne, where he found the sexton (as the custom is there) making nine graves—three for men, three for women, and three for children; and whoso dyes next, first come, first served. 'Lend me thy spade,' says Jemmy, and with that digs a hole, which hole hee bids him make for his grave; and doth give him a French crowne. The man, willing to please him (more for his gold than his pleasure), did so; and the foole gets upon his horse, rides to a gentleman of the towne, and on the sodaine within two houres after dyed; of whom the sexton telling, he was buried there indeed."

N the church-yard, up in
the old high town,
The sexton stood at his
daily toil,
And he lifted his mattock
and drove it down,
And sunk it deep in the
sacred soil.

And then as he delved he
sang right lustily,
Aye as he deepened and shaped the
graves
In the black old mold that smelled so
mustily,
And thus was the way of the sexton's
staves:

"It's nine o' the clock, and I have begun
The settled task that is daily mine;
By ten o' the clock I will finish one—
By six o' the clock there must be nine:

"Just three for women, and three for men;
And, to fill the number, another three
For daughters of women and sons of men
Who men or women shall never be.

"And the first of the graves in a row of
three
Is his or hers who shall first appear;
All lie in the order they come to me,
And such has been ever the custom
here."

The first they brought was a fair young
child,
And they saw him buried and went
their way;
And the sexton leaned on his spade and
smiled,
And wondered, "How many more to-
day?"

The next was a man; then a woman came;
The sexton had loved her in years
gone by;
But the years *had* gone, and the dead old
dame
He buried as deep as his memory.

At six o' the clock his task was done;
  Eight graves were closed, and the ninth prepared—
Made ready to welcome a man—what one
  'Twas little the grim old sexton cared.

He sat him down on its brink to rest,
  When the clouds were red and the sky was gray,
And said to himself: "This last is the best
  And deepest of all I have digged to-day.

"Who will fill it, I wonder, and when?
  It does not matter: whoe'er they be,
The best and the worst of the race of men
  Are all alike when they come to me."

They went to him with a man, next day,
  When the sky was gray and the clouds were red,
As the sun set forth on his upward way;
  They went—and they found the sexton dead.

Dead, by the open grave, was he;
  And they buried him in it that self-same day,
And marvelled much such a thing should be;
  And since, the people will often say:

If ye dig, no matter when,
Graves to bury other men,
Think—it never can be known
When ye'll chance to dig your own.
Mind ye of the tale ye know—
Nine graves in Edinbro.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

ABIDE WITH ME.

BIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power!
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle.
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
  I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
  (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
  And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
  He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
  Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
  To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
  By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
  That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
  And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villian!
  Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
  (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
  To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
  When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
  To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that' five; he's mighty knowing!
  The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!—
  Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
  But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
  And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
  And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
  To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
  At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;—
  The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features—
  You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
  I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
  Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
  When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
  From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
  To you to-night for a glass of grog!

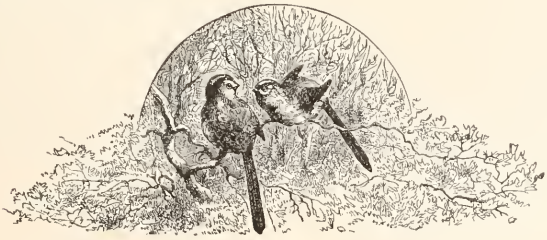
She's married since—a parson's wife:
  'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
  Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
  On the dusty road, a carriage stooped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
  Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry!
  It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
  Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
  'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirit in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

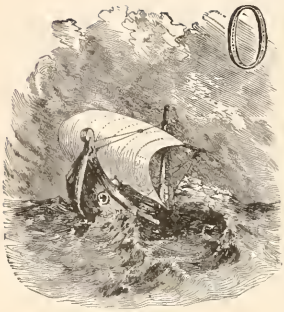
Another glass, and strong, to deaden
  This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
  Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
  No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—
  You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
  But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
  The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



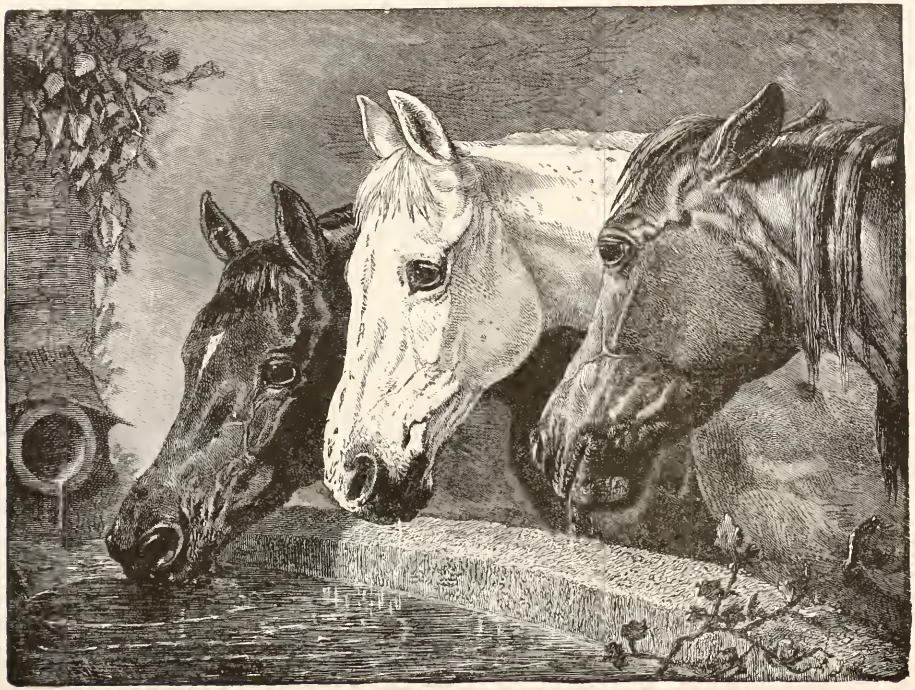
THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.



OUR enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison —"There is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined;" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens—"There is a monument to such a one: there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying "Crucify them! crucify them!" and dancing around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Oh, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I have read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men who adopted that principle were persecuted: they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated.

The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the



THREE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath.

By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then began another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed; but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers.

We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building: but by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up; to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last child and lift him up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand; to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall then be heard, and there will be joy in heaven when the triumphs of a great enterprise usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

SHUN THE BOWL

BY thy dread of sin and sorrow,
By thy fear of shame and strife,
By each dark, despairing morrow,
Lengthening still a wretched life;
By the chains that, worse than iron,
Burn the brain, and sear the soul,
By the torments it environ,
Dearest children, shun the bowl!

By the hopes thou wouldst not wither,
By the love that round thee clings,
Never turn thy footsteps whither
Wild the maniac drunkard sings!
Enter not the poisoned vapor,
Where oaths and fumes together roll,
Kneel and pray by lonely taper,
Pray for strength to shun the bowl.

By bleared eye, and voice whose quaking
Fills the agony within,
By the palsied hand, which shaking
Ever lifts the draft of sin,
By the torment still increasing
Gnawing brain, and harrowing soul,
Thirst unsated and unceasing,
Dearest children, shun the bowl!

By each holy kiss, thy mother
On thy infant forehead pressed,
Love of father, sister, brother,
All that purifies thy breast;
By the hope of Heaven within thee,
Oh! debase not mind and soul—
Let not sin's own chalice win thee;—
Dearest children, shun the bowl.

ELIZA H. BARKER

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The following is pronounced by the Westminster *Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.

WITHIN this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease.
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beated host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east—
All now were songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom·
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her.
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell, mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud—
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

WHEN SPARROWS BUILD.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries.
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy fount runs free;
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.

Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore;
I remembered all that I said;
And thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I tell I should love thee away
When I did not love thee a-near?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
With the faded bents o'erspread;
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and rain
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELOW.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

I HAVE been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward towards the earth—I look into my youngest Christian recollections.

All toys at first I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with!

"A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe: like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant's house. Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there is nothing for it but to look out the wolf in Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even then; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stop-

pers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

Hush! Again a forest and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention—but an Eastern King, with a glittering scymitar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! all rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky one with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the same stock of that fresh fruit concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the olive-merchant. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light!

But hark! the Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; in a ship, again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!

A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me yet, and let me look once more. I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son—and God is good!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the Shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers;
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

. . . . . .

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea.

"As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother; you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night; when I have said good-night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green.
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fell asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise.
And sweet is all the land about, and the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that longs to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the morn was setting, and the dark was over all;
The bees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;

With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them; it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day,
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP! for thy tread is on an empire's dust;
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below;
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"
And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to he trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song!
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake

"WAR, WITH ITS GRIM-VISAGED FRONT."

Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn;
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

LORD BYRON.

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be stolen from you. It cannot be bought or sold. You may be poor, and the sheriff come into your house, and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow, or take your lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds.

I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose, now, that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor anything that shone in the black brow of night; and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world.

Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you and light each his lamp by yours, would they rob you of any light? Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can."

The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth, except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps, which I have given you, was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours as much your light, as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable, and, whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your

walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a-burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

IS midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the fair wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever, The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void—yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER. Translation of FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

DIES IRÆ.

[A Latin poem by THOMAS OF CELANO (a Neapolitan village), about A. D. 1250. Perhaps no poem has been more frequently translated. A German collector published eighty-seven versions in German. The version here given preserves the measure of the original.]

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers! —Zephaniah i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages.

Sits the Judge, the raised arranging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy JESUS, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing!

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me;
By thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope thy labors brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution!

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owing,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, O save me from the burning!

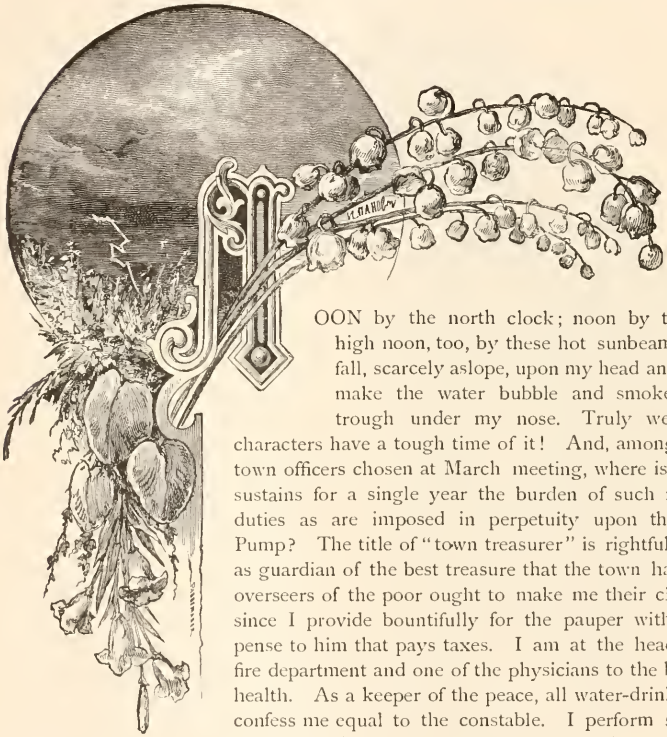
Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes—
Guilty, trembling with contrition—
Save him, Father, from perdition!

JOHN A. DIX.

AT THE FIRESIDE.
At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.
Ah, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.
At my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.
JOHN D. LONG

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

SCENE—The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.



NOON by the north clock; noon by the east; high noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain—for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike, and at night I hold a lantern over my head both to show where I am and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster-

day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents and at the very tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen; walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool

sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder or melted down to nothing at all in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers

hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other schoolboy troubles in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? . . .

Your pardon, good people. I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper. . . .

Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere. . . .

One o'clock. Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel

did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear. There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

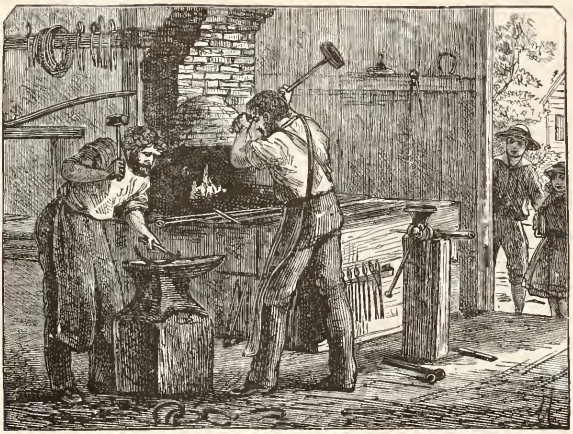
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.



He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur here, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

MY loved, my honored, much-respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequested scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes—
This night his weekly maul is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

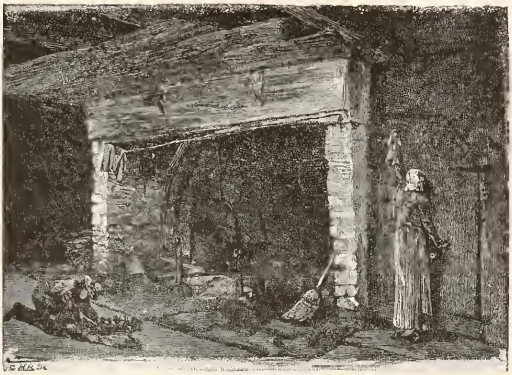
At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee,
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bra' new gown,
Or deposit her sair won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress' command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"An', O, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptations path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,



While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's e'e;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
O, heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacêd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child.
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan, snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content!

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

SOME reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years—
Few or many they come, few or many they go—
But time is best measured by tears.
Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made—
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the Sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
O'er them the spring—but winter is there.

And the old are ofttimes young
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell
The Rosary of my years;
From a cross—to a cross they lead; 't is well,
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the lone back home—
He reaches the haven through tears.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON.

TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has

no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius. LONDON "ATLAS."

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an old oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring!—and dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side!
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
O, then there is freedom, and joy and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan—
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

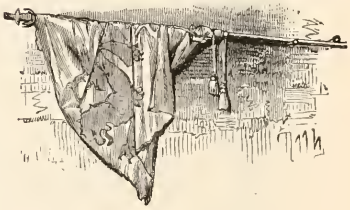
We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.



THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair boots
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

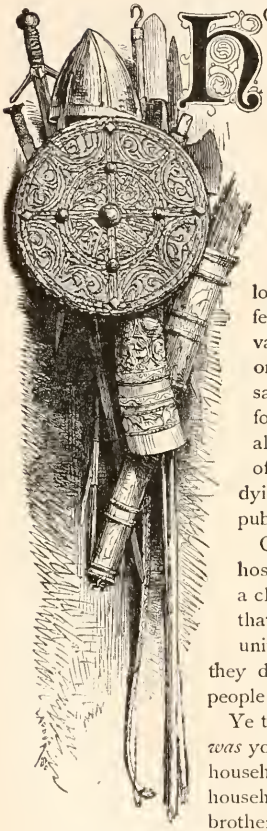
His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

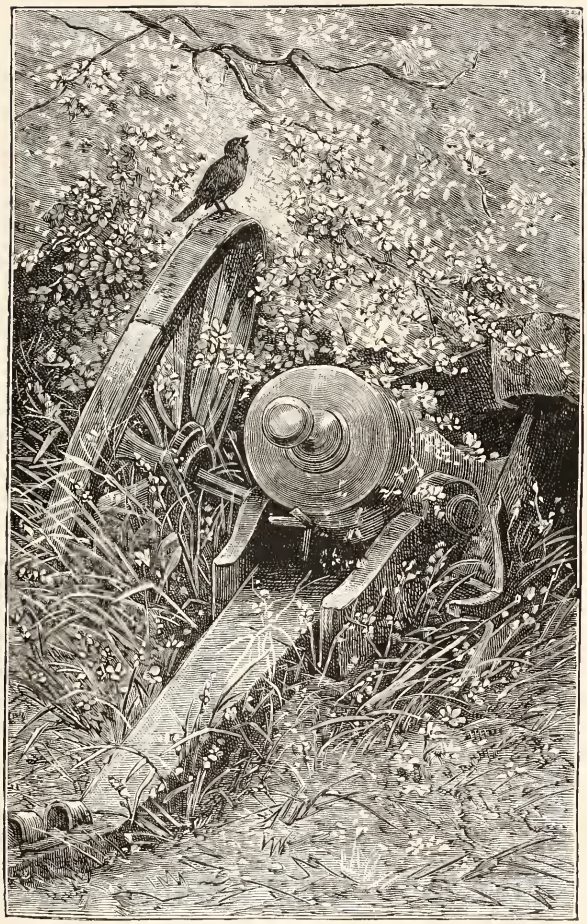


HOW bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son: but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he *was* yours: he *is* ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in



"THAT AIRY ARMY OF INVISIBLE HEROES."

a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

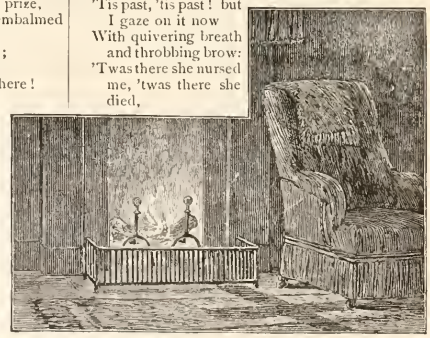
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,



And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be:
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

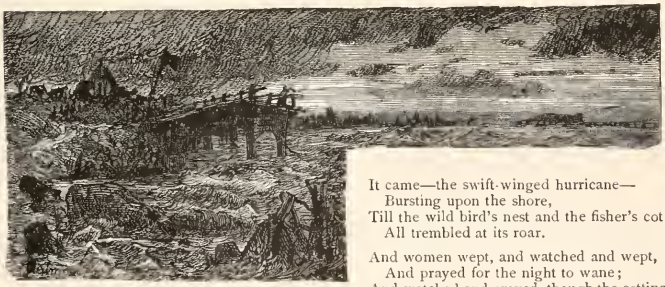
Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THE LONG VOYAGE.

THE mackerel boats sailed slowly out
Into the darkening sea,
But the gray gull's flight was landward,
The kestrel skimmed the lea.

Strange whisperings were in the air;
And though no leaflet stirred,
The echo of the distant storm,
The moaning sough, was heard.

It came—the swift-winged hurricane—
Bursting upon the shore,
Till the wild bird's nest and the fisher's cot
All trembled at its roar.

And women wept, and watched and wept,
And prayed for the night to wane;
And watched and prayed, though the setting sun
Lit up the window-pane.

"A sail!" That sail is not for you;
It slowly fades away.
The sun may set; the moon may rise;
The night may turn to day;

Slow years roll by, and the solemn stars
Glide on—but all in vain!
They have sailed away on a long, long voyage;
They'll never come back again.

SAM. SLICK, JR.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.

F I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert

Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

EE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

MEMORY.

The following poem was written by the late President, during his senior year in Williams College, Mass., shortly before his graduation. It was published in the Williams *Quarterly* for March, 1856

IS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate,
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,
They would not be in haste to *wed!*"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzèd brow,
And his eyes half-bashfully fell:
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this, that you were the best
And the *dearest* wife in town!"

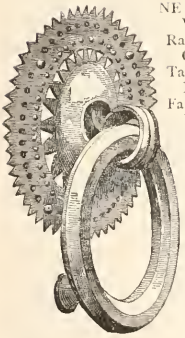
The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's *not* strange that *maids will wed!*"

ANONYMOUS.

10 "IT HAD RAINED IN THE NIGHT." (145)

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly

The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!—
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

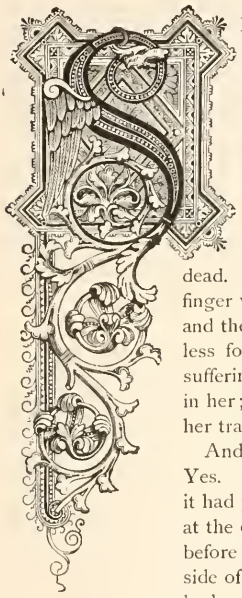
ON TOLERATION.

ANY zeal is proper for religion but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger: this is the bitterness of zeal, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to try the spirits, to try all things, to make inquiry; and, yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is inordination of zeal; for Christ, by reproving St. Peter drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God, or for God himself.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?

JEREMY TAYLOR.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.



HE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life: not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the early portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained: but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms—to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place: when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave; in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

—Charles Dickens.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hears't thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE GAIN OF ADVERSITY.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

A LILY said to a threatening Cloud,
That in sternest garb array'd him,
"You have taken my lord, the Sun, away,
And I know not where you have laid him."

It folded its leaves, and trembled sore
As the hours of darkness press'd it,
But at morn, like a bride, in beauty shone,
For with pearls the dews had dress'd it.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought,
And fain in the dust would hide it,
For the night of weeping had jewels brought,
Which the pride of day denied it.

LYDIA HUNTER SIGOURNEY.

TO A SKY-LARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT."

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

A STREET IN GHENT.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aorschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last.

With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrès, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking around
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

EXTRACT FROM ORATION ON JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ON the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cheerful associations of his young manhood and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong,

confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest—from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him desolation and great darkness—and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning. JAMES G. BLAINE.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that though this home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish, weak, trembling,
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board.
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have I may—
Since the others go ashore,—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

little feet; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load:
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts; that throb and beat
With much impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls; as pure and white,
As crystaline, as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE BABY.

N parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

FROM THE CHINESE.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster

Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined,
With shriller throat shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

RETRIBUTION.

FROM INAUGURAL MESSAGE, MARCH 4, 1865.

THE ALMIGHTY has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him! Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

IS there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

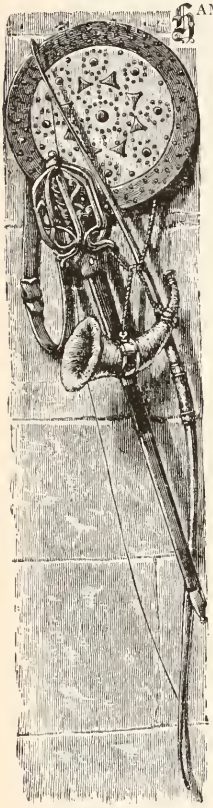
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.



HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick.
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied,
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again.
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure;
He advanced to the council-table;
And, "Please your honor," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe—
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks,
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market place,
With a "First if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! the Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council-dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat
As the piper turned from the High street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

ROBERT BROWNING

"And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling."

CRIME REVEALED BY CONSCIENCE.

THE deed* was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah, gentlemen! that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant.

* The murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem, Mass., April 6, 1830.

It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him withersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession. DANIEL WEBSTER.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

FROM "ENDYMION," BOOK I.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THOMAS HOOD, born in London, in 1798, was the son of a respectable publisher, of the firm of Vernor, Hood & Sharpe. He was brought up an engraver;—he became a writer of "Whims and Oddities,"—and he grew into a poet of great and original power. The slight partition which divides humor and pathos was remarkably exemplified in Hood. Misfortune and feeble health made him doubly sensitive to the ills of his fellow-creatures. The sorrows which he has delineated are not unreal things. He died in 1845, his great merits having been previously recognized by Sir Robert Peel, who bestowed on him a pension, to be continued to his wife. That wife soon followed him to the grave.

WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he lean'd his head on his hands and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And post a shady nook:
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is the death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And long since then of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves—
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves—
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injur'd men,
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name.

"Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!

But when I touch'd the lifeless clay
The blood gush'd out amain,
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd—the dead
Had never groan'd but twice;

"And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"Oh, heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;

For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slaves;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where!
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones—
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again, again, with a dizzy brain
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow:
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between
With gyves upon his wrists.

THOMAS HOOD.

TRUE POLITENESS.

NOW as to politeness, many have attempted its definition. I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table; what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasures of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with. Benevolence in great matters takes a higher name, and is the Queen of Virtue.

LORD CHATHAM.

NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper:—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not falter—
Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh:
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured:—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying:—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hang the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging—'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung—far out; the city seemed a speck of light below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
Sadly thought, "That twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell."
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips so white,
Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing:—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Crimson all the sky with beauty; aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the eager, listening children,
"Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Lately white with fear and anguish, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

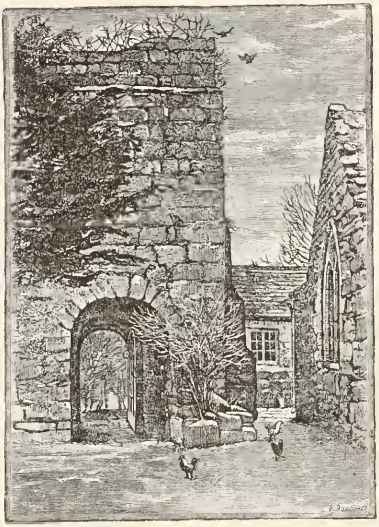
Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to die—
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me—
Curfew will not ring to-night!"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

HOME SONGS.

OH, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
Which, half forgotten, in my memory dwell!
They send the life-blood bounding through my veins,
And circle round me like an airy spell.
The songs of home are to the human heart
Far dearer than the notes that song-birds pour,
And of our inner nature seem a part.
Then sing those dear familiar lays once more—
Those cheerful lays of other days—
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more.

ANONYMOUS.



THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH IS HOME.

THE dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!
There, how charmed the sense of hearing!
There, where love is so endearing!
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home!

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home!
I've learned to look with lovers' eyes
On home, sweet home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted
For home, sweet home!

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!

W. T. WRIGHTON.

BOOKS.

IN the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, LADY DUFFERIN.

BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, and cry
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece,"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
They draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An', as he seeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weens been gude?" he asks,
As he pite off his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursels,
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I list wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warld's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEX. ANDERSON.

"'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.

"But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast."

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags:
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

TRAVELLING.

I HAVE no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean to and follow the past and the distant as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts

wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short, (as usual,) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.
Silence, and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave—
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—Thou who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted on the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure?
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind;
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe;)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear;
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mix'd!
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger;
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof;
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads.
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom

Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antique shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.

Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal;
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude;
How populous, how vital, is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow; all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

EDWARD YOUNG.

"WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT."

DON'T go to the theatre, concert, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night—
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them, quite;
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour *too late.*

For the loving, sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

ANONYMOUS.

"FIVE TWICES."

PA'PA, the bell's a ringin'
For church—an' mus' you go?
And I was been a bringin'
Your boots an' fings for you.
And that's all I'm a good for
Jus' cos' to love you some,
And here's my bestes' hood, for
To meet you comin' home.

"Now jus' I want you kiss
Afore you goes away,
'Cause maybe you might miss me—
Bein' to church all day.
Now I'm 'your little mices,'
To creep up on your knee;
'F you'll kiss me *all five twices*
Why—then—I'll—*let you be.*"

So climbs "my little mices"
Upon my willing knees,
And takes her full "five twices"
As oft as doth her please;
The while that I am drinking
Kiss-cups of purest bliss,
And, dreamy-joyous, thinking,
Was ever love like this?

Yet mid my fond caressing,
I mind the time of old,
When little ones for blessing,
The Christ-arms did unfold.
And so I tell the story
Unto my little maid—
How our good Lord of Glory,
While here with us He stayed,

Would take the little children
Up on His friendly knee,
The while His kindness filled them
With fearless, gentle glee.
Then, soft and sweetly laying
His dear hand on their head,
They knew that He was praying—
They heard the prayer He said!

And so, her blue eyes deeping,
Upon her head I lay
My hand, while, moved to weeping,
Unto the Lord I say:
"Oh, loving, gracious Father,
Bless this dear babe, I pray,
And with Thy people gather
My child, at that great day."

Bathed in a holy beauty
The little maid slips down,
And I to "higher duty"
The chiming summons own.
But childhood's quaint devices
Once more must needs appear,
"*Did He kiss 'em all five twices?*"
Is the last word I hear!

REV. J. K. NUTT.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

THE moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver, the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

I have sat for hours at my window inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate and in such a place? The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather-stain, disappears, the marble resumes its original whiteness, the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams, the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

At such time I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the

Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me, all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping as it were in the moonshine.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window—a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steals away existence in a Southern climate—and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O, fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS *of Alexandria* (*Greek*).

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HUMILITY.

THE only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and cannot be mortified—expects nothing, and cannot be disappointed. Humility is also a healing virtue; it will cicatrize a thousand wounds, which pride would keep forever open. But humility is not the virtue of a fool; since it is not consequent upon any comparison between ourselves and others, but between what we are and what we ought to be—which no man ever was.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

WILD West Wind, thou breath
of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen
presence the leaves
dead
Are driven like ghosts from an
enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale,
and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes!
O thou
Who chariotest to their dark
wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they
lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Besides a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision—I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NO!

NO sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t' other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

THOMAS HOOD.

LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART.

A FEW months before the death of the celebrated Mozart, a mysterious stranger brought him an anonymous letter, in which his terms for a requiem were required. Mozart gave them. Soon after the messenger returned, and paid a portion of the price in advance. To the composition of this requiem he gave the full strength of his powers. Failing to learn the name of him who had ordered it, his fancy soon began to connect something supernatural with the affair. The conviction seized him that he was composing a requiem for his own obsequies. While engaged in this work, and under this strange inspiration, he threw himself back, says his biographer, on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated; yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of gratified joy on his brow that told of success.

His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; and, though his form was wasted by disease, yet the spirit seemed to acquire more vigor, and already claim kindred to immortality; for oft, as the sound of his own composition stole on his ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness that was to him too truly a warning of his future and fast coming doom.

Now it was finished, and, for the first time for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning towards a fair young girl who entered—"Emilie, my daughter," said he, "come near to me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. My requiem," he added, and a sigh escaped him.

"Oh! say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, "you must be better, you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, and I am sure we will nurse you well again."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death, I will claim His help who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it."

The dying father then raised himself on his couch;—"You spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded my fainting *soul*. Take these notes, the last I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight since my earliest remembrance."

Emilie did as she was desired; and it seemed as if she sought a relief from her own thoughts; for, after running over a few chords of the piano, she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
  Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
  And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife
  Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
  To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
  No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find,
  A heaven—a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road,
  For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Savior and God,
  Their loud halleluiahs to sing!

As she concluded the last stanza, she dwelt for a few moments on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praise. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned towards him. He was laid back on the sofa, his face shaded in part by his hand, and his form reposing as if in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang towards him and seized his hand; but the touch paralyzed her, for she sank senseless by his side. He was *gone!* With the sound of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

FROM "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

THIS evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

G. T. LANIGAN.

IT SNOWS.

"IT snows!" cries the Schoolboy—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answer'd his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogg'd with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair
Is wheel'd tow'rds the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burden'd air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quicken'd his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appear'd—

Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss
That world has a fountain ne'er open'd in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow that God only knows—
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

CORONACH.

From "The Lady of the Lake," Canto III.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corral,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE, the summer bloom has
joined the sadder spring:
Somewhere my aching heart has lost the
power to sing.
The days go by;
The grieving sunsets die;
And yet I make no outward moan or cry;
I only say,
Somewhere—
Then turn away.

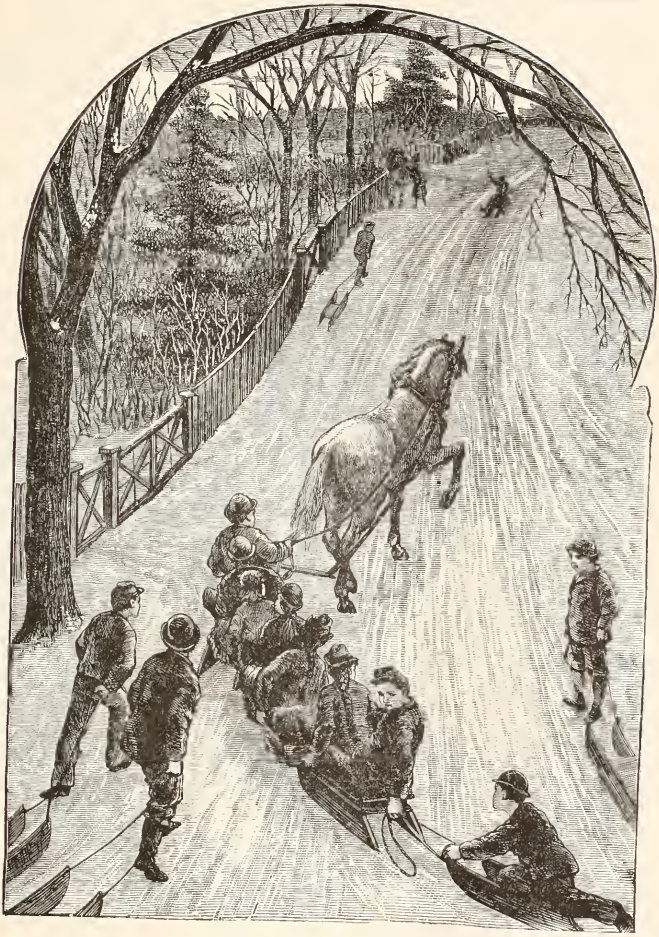
Somewhere seems so afar I cannot give it place;
My dove, in sudden flight, seems lost in darkened
space;
The leaves fall fast,
I hear the autumn blast;
It was not sobbing when I heard it last;
Yet still I say,
Somewhere—
Then turn away.

With vain protest I seek this mystery to find;
I cannot search the skies, nor fathom worlds behind:
Nothing replies;
Nature is silent-wise;
The lingering beauty and the verdure dies;
Yet still I say,
Somewhere—
Then turn away.

Somewhere; only a breath, and autumn, too, will go:
All seasons are the same, yet, through the drifting snow,
I may not see
The green earth mocking me,
I shall be left with grief and memory;
Yet still may say,
Somewhere—
Then turn away.

If, when with tears no more, I count the seasons o'er
(Knowing not which of all the saddest message bore)—
If then love's chain
I may take up again
Without its breaks, I have not wept in vain;
The great unknown,
Somewhere,
Will be my own.

ANONYMOUS.



THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WIND AND RAIN.

RATTLE the window, Winds!
Rain, drip on the panes!
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand;
And the blasted limb of the churchyard yew,
It shakes like a ghostly hand!

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the Earth in all her graves!

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

BRYAN W. PROCTOR (*Barry Cornwall*).

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud:
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

TRUE eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action. DANIEL WEBSTER.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

FROM "THE CONTRIVANCES."

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY.

THE RIVER AND THE TIDE.

ON the bank of a river
was seated one day
An old man, and
close by his side
Was a child who had
paused from his
laughing and play
To gaze at the stream, as it hurried away
To the sea, with the ebb of
the tide.

"What see you, my child, in the
stream, as it flows
To the ocean, so dark and
deep?
Are you watching how swift, yet
how silent it goes?
Thus hurry our lives, till they sink
in repose,
And are lost in a measureless
sleep.

"Now listen, my boy! You are
young, I am old,
And yet like two rivers are
we;
Though the flood-tide of youth
from Time's ocean is
rolled,
Yet it ebbs all too soon, and its
waters grow cold
As it creeps back again to
the sea."

"But the river returns!" cried the boy, while his eyes
Gleamed bright at the water below.
"Ah! yes," said the old man; "but time, as it flies,
Turns the tide of our life, and it never can rise."
"But first," said the boy, "it must flow."

Thus, watching its course from the bank of the stream,
They mused, as they sat side by side;
Each read different tales in the river's bright gleam—
One borne with the flow of a glorious dream,
And one going out with the tide.

ANONYMOUS.

HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to
know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

NO baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

TRUTH.

IF the whole world should agree to speak nothing but truth, what an abridgment it would make of speech! And what an unravelling there would be of the invisible webs which men, like so many spiders, now weave about each other! But the contest between Truth and Falsehood is now pretty well balanced. Were it not so, and had the latter the mastery, even language would soon become extinct, from its very uselessness. The present superfluity of words is the result of the warfare. WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE CLOUDS.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one."

AN AX TO GRIND.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "I am sure," continued he, "you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Pleased with the flattery, I went to work; and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal, is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, methinks, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man, who is in private life a tyrant, flattering the people, and making great professions of attachment to liberty, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to "pipe all hands."
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

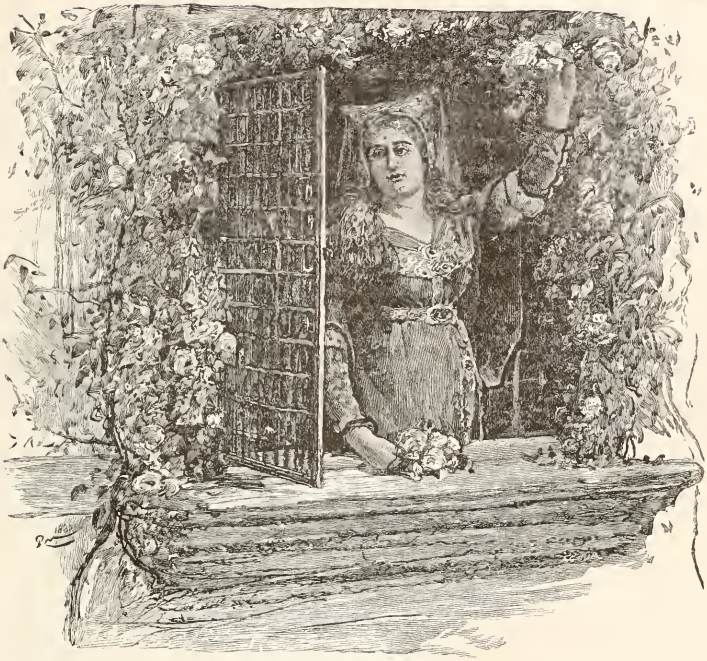
CHARLES DIBDIN.

OCEAN.

FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME," BOOK I.

GREAT Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill;
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.

ROBERT POLLOK.



"For there at the casement above,
Where the rose-bushes part,
Will blush the fair face of my love."

THE HOME OF MY HEART.

NOT here, in the populous town,
In the play-house or mart,
Not here, in the ways gray and brown,
But afar on the green-swelling down,
Is the home of my heart.

There the hillside slopes down to a dell,
Whence a streamlet has start,
There are wood and sweet grass on the swell,
And the south winds and west know it well;
There's the home of my heart.

There's a cottage o'ershadowed by leaves,
Growing fairer than art,
Where, under the low sloping eaves
No false hand the swallow bereaves;
'Tis the home of my heart.

And there on the slant of the lea,
Where the trees stand apart,
Over grassland and woodland may be
You will catch the faint gleam of the sea
From the home of my heart.

And there, in the rapturous spring,
When the morning rays dart
O'er the plain, and the morning birds sing,
You may see the most beautiful thing
In the home of my heart.

For there at the casement above,
Where the rose-bushes part,
Will blush the fair face of my love:—
Ah, yes! it is this that will prove
'Tis the home of my heart.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

PLEASANTLY rose one morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Come in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-sward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossipped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
Where in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
Where good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folks and young together, and children mingled among them.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers,
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse;
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women.

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreatics.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall no more behold our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose that night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

And as the voice of the priest repeated a service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore and the village in ruins.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE HOUSE'S DARLING.

SWEET, shy girl, with roses in her heart,
And love-light in her face, like those upgrown;
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dream-like, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!
Gay dancer over thresholds of bright days.
Tears quick to her eyes as laughter to her lips:
A game of hide-and-seek with Time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipse.
O gentle-souled!—how dear and good she is,
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love;
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the Earth shall move
Her child-sweet soul, not far from heaven the while!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

GETTING THE RIGHT START.

THE first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better it will be for his peace of mind and his success in life. A young man bred at home and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride cannot readily understand how it is that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country, he seeks the life of the town, where he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If at this time he thoroughly comprehend and in his soul admit and accept the fact that he knows nothing and is nothing; if he bow to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is to be and is to win must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope of him.

If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him and he straighten stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self, or if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or be trodden upon.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is of but little value, the next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him—that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem—that he must take care of himself.

If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, and he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought to give him this. No family connection will give him this, except among those few who think more of blood than brains.

Society demands that a young man shall be somebody, not only, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust, at least not for a long time; for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man: then it will bow to him and make room for him.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

To me one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders and a hundred and fifty pounds more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything, that the world does not care anything about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill and working slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes and for

retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

J. G. HOLLAND.

ON RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplore thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber, made
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,

(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WM. COWPER

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.—TENNYSON

THE DEVIL'S DREAM ON MOUNT AKSBECK.

BEYOND the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twist's of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the infernal king.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turned in middle air like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:

With stooping pinion that outflew the prophet's wingèd steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There in the sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed Him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the Voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Belovèd bow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and raised his startled form;
And up he drew his swelling skirts as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The idol, and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse whence the archangels their earnest being draw.

And sin had drunk his brightness, since his heavenly days went by:
Shadows of care and sorrow dwelt in his proud immortal eye;
Like little sparry pools that glimpse 'midst murk and haggard rocks,
Quick fitful gleams came o'er his cheek black with the thunder-strokes;
Like coast of lurid darkness were his forehead's shade and light,
Lit by some far volcanic fire, and strewed with wrecks of night.

Like hovering bird that fears the snare, or like the startled sleep
That ne'er its couch on eyelids of blood-guilty men will keep,
His ruffled form that trembled much, his swarthy soles unblest,
As if impatient to be gone, still hovering could not rest;
Still looking up unto the moon clear set above his head,
Like mineral hill where gold grows ripe, sore gleams his forehead shed.

"BEYOND THE NORTH WHERE URAL HILLS FROM POLAR TEMPESTS RUN."

Winds rose: from 'neath his settling feet were driven great drifts of snow;
Like hoary hair from off his head did white clouds streaming go;
The gulfy pinewoods far beneath roared surging like a sea;
From out their lairs the striding wolves came howling awfully.
But now upon an ice-glazed rock, severely blue, he leant,
His spirit by the storm composed that round about him went.

In nature's joy he felt fresh night blow on his fiery scars;
In proud regret he fought anew his early hapless wars;
From human misery lately seen, his malice yet would draw
A hope to blast one plan of God, and check sweet mercy's law;
An endless line of future years was stern despair's control:
And deep these master passions wove the tempest of his soul.

Oh, for the form in heaven that bore the morn upon his brow!
Now, run to worse than mortal dross, that Lucifer must bow.
And o'er him rose, from passion's strife, like spray-cloud from the deep,
A slumber; not the cherub's soft and gauzy veil of sleep,
But like noon's breathless thunder-cloud, of sultry smothered gleam.
And God was still against his soul to plague him with a dream.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave—
A place of still and pictured life: its roof was ebon air,
And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there:
It seemed the grave of man's lost world—of beauty caught by blight.
The dreamer knew the work he marred, and felt a fiend's delight.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,
And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung;
In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there,
The head forever 'neath the wing, no more to rise in air;
From woods the forms of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke;
The harnessed steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

All creatures once of earth are there, all sealed with death's pale seal
On Lethe's shore: dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal.
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,
The silent river slowly creeps, and licks them all away.
This is the place of God's first wrath—the mute creation's fall—
Earth marred—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

Small joy to him who marred our world! for he is hurried on;
Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne:
Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
Wherein clear spirits of tinctured life career in prisoned wars,
Down on the second lake he's bowed, where final fate is wrought,
In meshes of eternal fire, o'er beings of moral thought.

Vast rose abrupt (hell's throne) a rock dusk-red of mineral glow,
Its tortured summit hid in smoke, from out the gulf below,
Whose fretted surf of gleaming wave still broke against its sides.
Serpents of sorrow, spun from out the lashings of those tides,
Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damnèd cliff amain,
Their bellies skinned with glossy fire: but none came down again.

Far off, upon the fire-burnt coast, some naked beings stood;
And o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to brood.
At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,
An angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.
And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break;
Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the weltering lake.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam the crested waves came on,
Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purgèd by the flame;
And sore the salted fires had washed the thin immortal frame;
And backward, in sore agony, the being stripped its locks,
As a maiden in her beauty's pride her claspèd tresses strokes.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reeled in the yellow smoke,
As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.

Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
Till, like a red bewildered map, the skies were scribbled o'er.
High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard
The mustering stores of wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.

Wo, wo to him whose wickedness first dug this glaring pit!
For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.
In vision still to plague his heart, the fiend is stormed away,
In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day;
Away beyond the thundering bounds of that tremendous lake,
Through dim bewildered shadows which no living semblance take.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades which lowering visions seem,
Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;
Till down where feet of hills might be, he by a lake was stayed
Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unallayed—
A mirror where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,
Comes in the night of worlds to see its armor guided on.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,
But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam;
'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,
And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.
No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature crossed;
No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

Here all is solemn idleness: no music here, no jars,
Where silence guards the coast, e'er thrill her everlasting bars.
No sun here shines on wanton isles; but o'er the burning sheet
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat,
As, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

Oh! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
The last lake of God's wrath, where He his first great enemy brings.
Deep in the bosom of the gulf the fiend was made to stay,
Till, as it seemed, ten thousand years had o'er him rolled away:
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space;
But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling-place.

Oh, for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,
Him from that flat fixed lethargy impetuously to urge!
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave!
The strokes of wrath—thick let them fall! A speed so glorious dread
Would bear him through; the clinging pains would strip from off his head.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
And, oh, a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
A low, sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control:—

"No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race:
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy peace and love thy soul shall dwell.

"And thou shalt dwell 'mid leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast.
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

So spake the unknown cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the dreamer kissed till his lava breast was cool.
In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know;
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scattered shores of night,
So turned he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

The vision of this last stern lake, oh, how it plagued his soul,
Type of that dull eternity which on him soon must roll,

When plans and issues all must cease which earlier care beguiled,
And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild:
Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,
But passive fixed endurance, all eternal and the same.

So knew the fiend, and fain would he down to oblivion go;
But back from fear his spirit proud, recoiling like a bow,
Sprung. O'er his head he saw the heavens upstayèd bright and high;
The planets, undisturbed by him, were shining in the sky;
The silent magnanimity of nature and her God
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his hell abroad.

His pride would have the works of God to show the signs of fear,
And flying angels to and fro to watch his dread career;
But all was calm: he felt night's dew upon his sultry wing,
And gnashed at the impartial laws of nature's mighty king;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dew, like agèd thorn, or little grassy blade

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,
So grew his eye's enridged gleams; and doubt and danger flee:
Like veteran band's grim valor slow, that moves to avenge its chief,
Up slowly drew the fiend his form, that shook with proud relief:
And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high heaven,
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell be given.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north-wind ran;
Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright.
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the fiend, till swallowed like a star.

What judgment from the tempted heavens shall on his head go forth?
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air:
The will of God's enough, without his red right arm made bare,
'Twas He that gave the fiend a space, to prove him still the same,
Then bade wild hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

THOMAS AIRD

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

AS the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject, *how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties.* I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE OWL.

IN the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him out-right by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the hornèd owl!

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then, is the joy of the hornèd owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside.
So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing, ho! for the reign of the hornèd owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!

BRYAN W. PROCTOR (*Barry Cornwall*).

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-walking," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

ANONYMOUS.

PROSE AND SONG.

I LOOKED upon a plain of green,
That some one called the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen,
In movement or repose.

I looked upon a stately hill
That well was named the mount of song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise—
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

JOHN STIRLING.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;

I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane fibs.)
When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane wont say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."
A han'somer man than me! Why that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshipper here, you've crushed a lovin heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what have you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

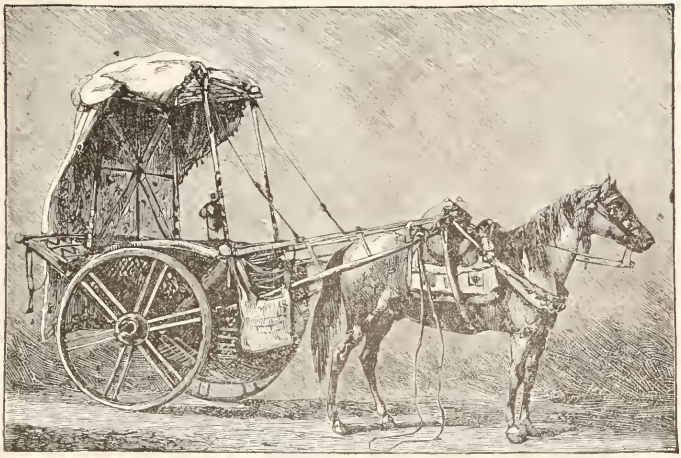
Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a joking you know, I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives, she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

WILL M. CARLETON



THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive;
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown—
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrived;
And then came fifty—and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.

And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they

The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
And what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst—
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is *Logic*. That's all I say.

O. W. HOLMES.

MRS. CAUDLE WANTS SPRING CLOTHES.

IF there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me.

What do I want now? As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

What do you say? If it's painful, why so often do it? I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children?

What was the matter with them? Oh! Caudle, how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

What do you say? What of it? What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how

the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May?"

You didn't see it? The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

What do you say? I ought to be ashamed to own it? Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

How much money do I want? Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and——

What do you say? I needn't count 'em! You know how many there are! That's just the way you take me up!

Well, how much money will it take? Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks?

What! You won't give half the money! Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

What do you say? Ten pounds enough? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

They only want frocks and bonnets? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no, sir!

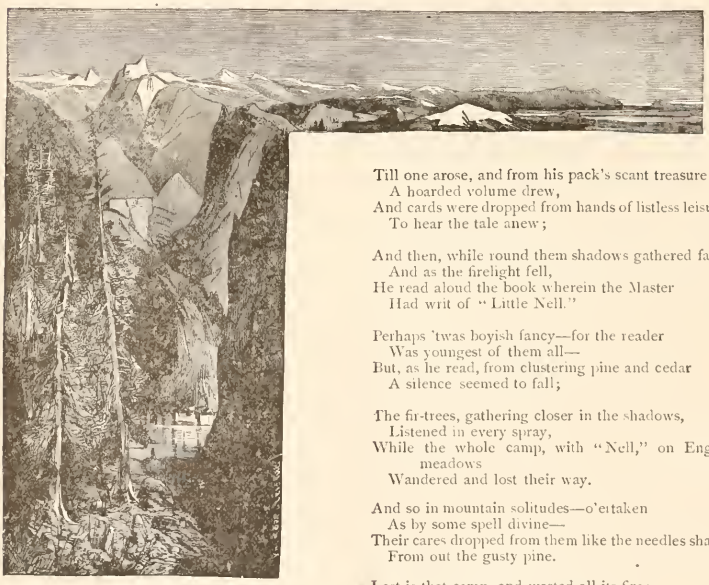
No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when

they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any; or not a farthing!

No, sir; no—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? You'll give me fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine.

F. BRET HARTE.

THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil! Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold, than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs! and for six weeks; always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose Don't tell me; you hate to have me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I'll not have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice, high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least; sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I am sure *you* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more I walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 'tis you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a

slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I'll not borrow an umbrella: no; and you sha'n't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street.

Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! 'tis all very well for you. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you

think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed! call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care; 'tis not so bad as spoiling your clothes; better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we sha'n't have at all: because we've no umbrella. The children too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; 'tis all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they shouldn't (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an *angel*); they *shall* go to school; mark that; and if they get their deaths of cold, 'tis not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MAKE BELIEVE.

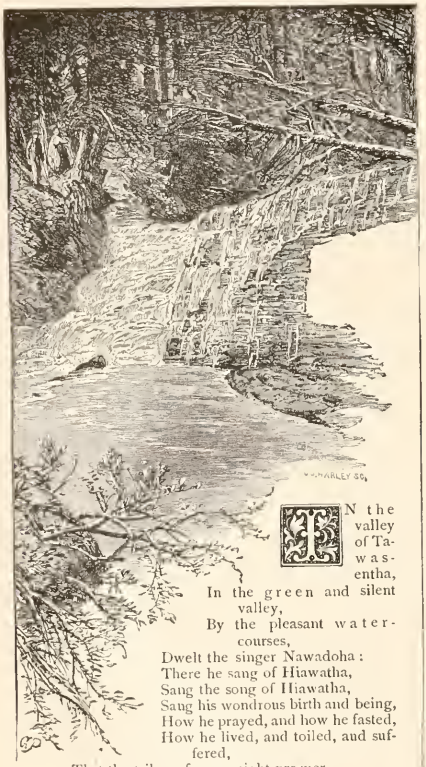
KISS me, though you make believe;
Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive:
Let the tide one moment flow
Backward ere it rise and break,
Only for poor pity's sake!

Give me of your flowers one leaf,
Give me of your smiles one smile,
Backward roll this tide of grief
Just a moment, though, the while,
I should feel and almost know
You are trifling with my woe.

Whisper to me sweet and low;
Tell me how you sit and weave
Dreams about me, though I know
It is only make believe!
Just a moment, though 't is plain
You are jesting with my pain.

ALICE CAREY.

HIAWATHA.



IN the valley of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadoha:
There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people.

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Listen to these wild traditions
To this Song of Hiawatha.

Ye who love a nation's legends
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened—
Listen to this, to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mat of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
Of the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wo-wa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows;
Ah, no more such noble warriors,
Could be found on earth, as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the spring time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back, as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And, with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside th' unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him—
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent—
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains;
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food, and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lip she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream, she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly—
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me, as my wife, this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it—
"I will follow you my husband!"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off—
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa—
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin—
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them—"O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them—"O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha,
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

THE OBJECT OF TRAINING.

MANY children grow up like plants under bell-glasses. They are surrounded only by artificial and prepared influences. They are house-bred, room-bred, nurse-bred, mother-bred—everything but self-bred. The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself; but many parents use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience; and they are bound and corded until they perish by inanity, or break all bonds and cords, and rush to ruin by reaction.

A BLESSED BANKRUPTCY.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that, when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now, there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. O, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on the dissecting-table, and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster, which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard, but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them "Work" and, working, makes them men!

WORK, NOT WORRY.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

CHRISTIAN MAN'S LIFE.

A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

UGLY KIND OF FORGIVENESS.

There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedge-hog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blow-pipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his fault into him; and, when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.

A NOBLE MAN.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

THE SEVEREST TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are, at the point of the sword.

THE WAY OF LOOKING AT A GIFT.

The other day, in walking down the street, a little beggar boy—or one who might have begged, so ragged was he—having discovered that I loved flowers, came and put into my hand a faded little sprig which he had somewhere found. I did not look directly at the scrawny, withered branch, but beheld it through the medium of the boy's heart, seeing what he would have given, not what he gave; and so looking, the shriveled stem was laden with blossoms of beauty and odor. And if I, who am cold and selfish, and ignorant, receive so graciously the offering of a poor child, with what tender joy must our heavenly Father receive the sincere tribute of his creatures when he looks through the medium of his infinite love and compassion!

SCRIPTURAL SOBRIETY.

All the sobriety which religion needs or requires is that which real earnestness produces. Tears and shadows are not needful to sobriety. Smiles and cheerfulness are as much its elements. When men say—Be sober, they usually mean, Be stupid; but, when the Bible says, Be sober, it means, Rouse up and let fly the earnestness and vivacity of life. The old, Scriptural sobriety was effectual doing; the latter, ascetic sobriety is effectual dulness.

HOME.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for *old time's sake*, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

O, feel what I have felt,
Go, hear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaimed, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl;
Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

OF PRAYER.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALMS.

I WILL rise and pray while the dews of morn,
Like gems are scattered o'er tree and thorn,
Ere the sun comes up, in his glorious bower,
To waken the bird and open the flower;
I will turn from earth, to Heaven aspiring,
With faith unshaken, hope untiring,
And for strength to walk through the weary day,
To the God of love will I kneel and pray.

I will pray at noon, when the fervid glow
Of the sultry sun is upon my brow;
When the flocks have sought the shading trees;
When the stream is silent, and hushed the breeze;
And praise the doings of nature's God;
Then closing my eyes on the glorious day,
To the God of love will I kneel and pray.

I will pray at eve, when the crimson light
Is passing away from the mountain's height;
When the holy, solemn twilight hour
Is hushing the bird and closing the flower;
When all is rest, and the stars come forth
To keep their watch o'er the sleeping earth—
To Him who hath kept, and blest through the day,
To the God of love will I kneel and pray.

Thus will I pray, for I find it sweet
To be often found at my Maker's feet;
I will always pray—on the heavenly road—
I ne'er shall faint while I lean on my God.
I shall gather strength for my upward flight;
My path will be as the shining light;
It shall heighten to perfect, eternal day,
Therefore to God will I always pray.

ANONYMOUS.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read:
Seek yonder brake, beneath the cliff,
There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff;
Thus fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."—COLERIDGE.

WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:—
"Half England is wrong if he is right;
Bear off to the westward then."

"O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?"
Cried the little Esquimau.
"Between the land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said;
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too;
"A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new."

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

"The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer."

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more—
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

"What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimau?
A sled were better than a ship
To cruise through ice and snow."

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid;
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death;
I prithee, captain, speak!"

"The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold."

"What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh."

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around:
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?
And there, and there again?"
"'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main."

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal."
"God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal."

"Sir John, where are the English fields?
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me."
"Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors,
Think not such thoughts again!"
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

"'Twas cruel to send us here, Sir John,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Had rather send than come."

"Oh! whether we starve to death alone
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The open ocean danced in the sun—
We passed the Northern Sea!"

GEORGE H. BOKER.

BIJAH'S STORY.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

HE was little more than a baby,
And played on the streets all day;
And holding in his tiny fingers
The string of a broken sleigh.

He was ragged, and cold, and hungry,
Yet his face was a sight to see,
And he lisped to a passing lady—
"Pleathe, mithus, will you yide me?"

But she drew close her fur-lined mantle,
And her train of silk and lace,
While she stared with haughty wonder
In the eager, piteous face.

And the eyes that shone so brightly,
Brimmed o'er with gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower
While his heart beat a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly,
And the lamps were all alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter
With childish grief and fright.

As I was passing the entrance
Of a church across the way,
I found a poor dead baby,
With his head on a broken sleigh.

Soon young and eager footsteps
Were heard on the frozen street,
And a boy dashed into the station,
Covered with snow and sleet.

On his coat was a newsboy's number,
On his arm a "bran new sled;"
"Have you seen my brother Bijah?
He ought to be home in bed

"You see, I leave him at Smithers'
While I go round with the 'Press:'
They must have forgot about him,
And he's strayed away, I guess.

"Last night when he said 'Our Father,'
And about the daily bread,
He just threw in an extra
Concerning a nice new sled.

"I was tellin' the boys at the office,
As how he was only three;
And they stuck in for this here stunner:
And sent it home with me.

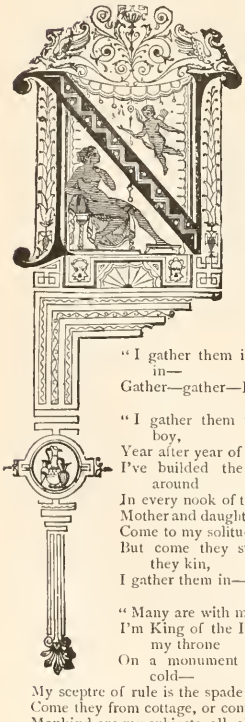
"And won't—what's the matter, Bijah?
Why do you shake your head?
O Father in Heaven, have pity!
O Bijah, he can't be dead!"

He clasped the child to his bosom
In a passionate, close embrace,
His tears and kisses falling
'Twixt sobs on the little face.

Soon the boyish grief grew silent;
There was never a tear nor a moan,
For the heart of the dear Lord Jesus
Had taken the children home.

CHARLES M. LEWIS—"*M. Quad.*"

THE SEXTON.



IGH to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done and he paused to wait
The funeral-train at the open gate.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial-ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold—
My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast
And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
And I said to myself: When time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
"I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

HEN sets the weary sun,
And the long day is done,
And starry orbs their solemn vigils keep:
When bent with toil and care,
We breathe our evening prayer,
God gently giveth His beloved sleep.

When by some slanderous tongue
The heart is sharply stung,
And with the sense of cruel wrong we weep,
How like some heavenly calm
Comes down the soothing balm
What time He giveth His beloved sleep!

O sweet and blessed rest!
With these sore burdens press'd,
To lose ourselves in slumber, long and deep,
To drop our heavy load
Beside the dusty road,
When He hath given His beloved sleep.

And on our closed eyes
What visions may arise,
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap;
What memories may return
From out their golden urn,
If God but giveth His beloved sleep.

And when life's day shall close
In death's last deep repose,
When the dark shadows o'er our eyelids creep;
Let us not be afraid
At this thick gathering shade,
For God so giveth His beloved sleep.

To sleep!—it is to wake
When the fresh day shall break,
When the new sun climbs up the eastern steep;
To wake with new-born powers
Out from these darken'd hours,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

To die!—it is to rise
To fairer, brighter skies,
Where Death no more shall his dread harvest reap
To soar on angel wings
Where life immortal springs,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

ANONYMOUS.

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that rings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents; (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fairies by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth;
(That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another shove.)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan.)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

JANUARY! Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white? So hath God wiped out the past, so hath he spread the earth like an unwritten page, for a new year! Old sounds are silent in the forest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies (white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity) the virgin robes of the yet unstained year!

FEBRUARY! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce begun. The winds that come from the desolate north wander through the forests of frost-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the weird cries of the northern bergs and ice-resounding oceans. Yet as the month wears on, the silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet he whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root that lies beneath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frost-lock. They strive together, but the Darkness and the Cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forget to work.

MARCH! The conflict is more turbulent, but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice retreating from open field, and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

APRIL! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice, and snow, and storm, done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far off. Secretly the plants love each other.

MAY! O Flower-Month, perfect the harvests of flowers! Be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks that refused the sun, casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst. There is warmth in the coldness. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not

"THE WINTER IS BLOSSOMING IN FROST-FLOWERS."

fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks, and lichens grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom Love?

JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." And the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep! He sitteth upon the Circle of the Earth! O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator, scorch you!

JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in everything, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. For, there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

AUGUST! Reign, thou Fire-Month! What canst thou do? Neither shalt thou destroy the earth, whom frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But every night the dew pities them. Yet, there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce Sun, all day long, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; forest fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in Nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year! Thou art the glowing centre of the circle!

SEPTEMBER! There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fulness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them both.

OCTOBER! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of

16 "REST! THIS IS THE YEAR'S BOWER." (241)

glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

NOVEMBER! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life, to thee, now, is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

DECEMBER! Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedge-rows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frostiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation is set that Star, whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee, the Christ came. Every star, that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial, knows that all things shall come forth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, Life shall rejoice, Winter shall break forth and blossom into Spring, Spring shall put on her glorious apparel and be called Summer. It is life! it is life! through the whole year! H. W. BEECHER.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

FROM the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

TWO PICTURES.

N old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:

"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

ANONYMOUS.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

THERE'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
Where softest of echoes are straying;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where Memory dwells with her pure golden hue,
And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,
And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista exceedingly bright:
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

The following thrilling and effective song was given with splendid effect, by Russell, at his concerts. It is the production of *Dr. Coates.*

DARK is the night. How dark! No light! no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind:
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

Rest thee, babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes one!
Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!—The clock strikes two.

Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blasts howl by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er

Can he desert me thus! He knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear,
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!
Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die!—Father! it is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!—The clock strikes three.

In addition to the above, the following concluding stanza, from the pen of another gentleman, himself the author of some fine songs, was sung by Mr. Russell.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around—the clock struck four.

DR. COATES.

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

"Urit me Patriæ decor."

IT kindles all my soul,
My country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll,
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, O, why so long,
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, O ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:
Here let me drop my chain,
And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

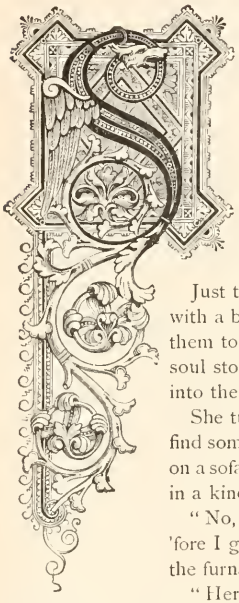
From the Latin of CASIMIR OF POLAND.

METRICAL FEET.

TROCHEE trips from long to short;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot! yet ill able
Ever to come up with dactyl trisyllable.
Iambics march from short to long—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride;—
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-bred racer.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT.



SITTING in a station the other day I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, snowy day. The train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, is not that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this is comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly, and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly

shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, boot-laces and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman.

But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE SUNSET CITY.

THERE'S a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,
In the glorious country on high,
Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,
To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,
That gleam by a sapphire sea,
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach
Far away till they melt in the gloom;
And waters that hem an immaculate beach
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,
And belfries of marvellous shapes,
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,
That sparkle on violet capes;

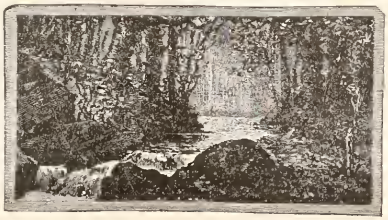
And hanging gardens that far away
Enchantedly float aloof;
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,
And banners of glorious woof!

When the Summer sunset's crimsoning fires
Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade
Creeps over the twilight lea,
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,
And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees
The magical splendor it wore;
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees
The beautiful city no more!

HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL.



THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

MABEL, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone,
With her woe,
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands!
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher-lover
Is out there in the storm,
And your father—you are weeping!
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go, spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a-steeping.

Your lover's heart is brave:
  His boat is staunch and tight,
And your father knows the perilous reef
  That makes the water white.
—But Mabel, darling Mabel,
  With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
  At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
  And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
  The solemn church-bell tolls
  For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
  In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
  As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
  Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
  Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
  Who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
  With face against the pane.

A boom!—the Lighthouse gun!
  (How its echo rolls and rolls!)
'Tis to warn the home-bound ships
  Off the shoals!
See! a rocket cleaves the sky
  From the Fort—a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and, fading, leaves
  Golden furrows on the night!

What made Mabel's cheek so pale?
  What made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
  That, tossing here and there,
  Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight?
Down, down, and out of sight!
Oh, watch no more, no more,
  With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown
  By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
  Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire,
  Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
  In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,
  With sea-weed in their hair!

O ancient fishermen,
  Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child,
  With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach,
  And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
  Never watch and weep at night!
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
  And they see the Beacon Light.

THOMAS BAILY ALDRICH.

SENTINEL SONGS.

WHEN falls the soldier brave
  Dead—at the feet of wrong—
The poet sings, and guards his grave
  With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,
  Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the Conquered Land
  Have now no guards save you.

Grave Ballads! mark ye well!
  Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt! by the fields where warriors fell
  Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List, Songs! your watch is long!
  The soldier's guard was brief,
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
  Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
  Go! watch o'er the Dead in Gray!
Go guard the private and guard the chief,
  And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
  And with softly sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time,
  Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

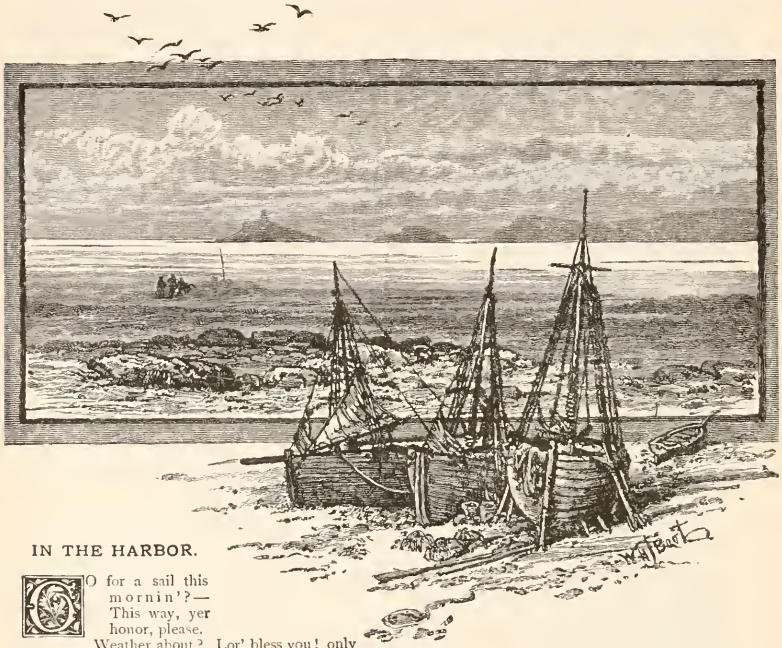
And the songs, like funeral dirge,
  In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves—whilst hot tears surge
  From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft
  Immortalize each brave?
What though no monument epitaphed
  Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away,
  And monuments are dust—
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
  Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,
  Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
  Brave Songs! with sleepless eyes.

ABRAM J. RYAN.



IN THE HARBOR.

GO for a sail this mornin'?—
This way, yer honor, please.
Weather about? Lor' bless you! only a pleasant breeze.
My boat's that there in the harbor, and the man aboard's my mate.
Jump in, and I'll row you out, sir; that's her, the Crazy Kate.

Queer name for a boat, you fancy; well, so it is, may be,
But Crazy Kate and her story's the talk o' the place, you see;
And me and my pardner knowed her—knowed her all her life;
We was both on us asked to the weddin' when she was made a wife.

Her as our boat's named after was famous far and wide;
For years in all winds and weathers she haunted the harbor side,
With her great wild eyes a-starin' and a-strainin' across the waves,
Waitin' for what can't happen till the dead come out o' their graves.

She was married to young Ned Garling, a big, brown fisher-lad;
One week a bride, and the next one a sailor's widow and mad.
They were married one fearful winter as widowed many a wife;
He'd a smile for all the lasses; but she'd loved him all her life.

A rollickin', gay young fellow, we thought her too good for him;
He'd been a bit wild and careless—but, married all taut and trim,
We thought as he'd mend his manners when he won the village prize,
And carried her off in triumph before many a rival's eyes.

But one week wed and they parted; he went with the fisher fleet—
With the men who must brave the tempest that the women and bairns may eat;
It's a rough long life o' partin's is the life o' the fisher folk,

And there's never a winter passes but some good wife's heart is broke.

We've a sayin' among us sea folk as few on us dies in bed;
Walk through our little churchyard, and read the tale of our dead;
It's mostly the bairns and the women as is restin' under the turf,
For half o' the men sleep yonder under the rollin' surf.

The night Kate lost her husband was the night o' the fearful gale.
She'd stood on the shore that mornin', and had watched the tiny sail
As it faded away in the distance, bound for the coast of France,
And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious glance.

The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were half a score,
And never a soul among 'em came back to the English shore.
There was wringin' o' hands and moanin', and when they spoke o' the dead
For many a long day after the women's eyes were red.

Kate heard it as soon as any—the fate of her fisher lad—
But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slowly and surely mad.
"He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come again some day."
And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years crept away.

Spring, and summer, and autumn, in the fiercest winter gale,
Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the glint of a far-off sail;
Stand by the hour together, and murmur her husband's name;
For twenty years she watched there, for the boat that never came.

She counted the years as nothin'; the shock that had sent her mad
Had left her love forever, a brave, young, handsome lad.
She thought one day she should see him, just as he said good-by
When he leaped in his boat and vanished, where the waters touched the sky.

She was but a lass when it happened;—the last time I saw her there,
The first faint streaks o' silver had come in her jet-black hair:
And then a miracle happened—her mad, weird words came right,
For the fisher lad came ashore, sir, one wild and stormy night.

We were all of us watchin', waitin', for at dusk we heard a cry,
A far-off cry, round the headland, and strained was every eye—
Strained through the deepenin' darkness, and a boat was ready to man,
When, all of a sudden, a woman down to the surf-line ran.

'Twas Crazy Kate. In a moment, before what she meant was known,

The boat was out in the tempest—and she was in it alone.
She was out of sight in a second—but over the sea came a sound,
The voice of a woman cryin' that her long-lost love was found.

A miracle, sir; for the woman came back through the ragin' storm,
And there in the boat beside her was lyin' a lifeless form.
She leapt to the beach and staggered, cryin', "Speak to me, husband, Ned!"
And the light of our lifted lanterns flashed on the face o' the dead.

It was him as had sailed away, sir, a miracle sure it seemed.
We looked at the lad, and knowed him, and fancied we must ha' dreamed.
It was twenty years since we'd seen him—since Kate, poor soul, went mad,
But there in the boat that evenin' lay the same brown, handsome lad.

Gently we took her from him—for she moaned that he was dead;
We carried him to a cottage, and we laid him on a bed;
But Kate came pushin' her way through, and she clasped the lifeless clay,
And we hadn't the heart to hurt her, so we couldn't tear her away.

The news of the miracle travelled, and folks came far and near,
And the women talked of spectres, it had given 'em quite a skeer;
And the parson he came with the doctor down to the cottage, quick—
They thought as us sea-folks' fancy had played our eyes a trick.

But the parson, who'd known Kate's husband, as had married 'em in the church,
When he seed the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch,
And his face was as white as linen, for a moment it struck him dumb;
I half expected he'd tell us as the Judgment Day was come.

The Judgment Day, when the ocean, they say, 'ull give up its dead;
What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had sped?

GEORGE R. SIMS.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drabbled—
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none?—
A frail, pretty thing;
A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

HOMEWARD.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen over sea and land;
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.

ANONYMOUS.

NO RELIGION WITHOUT MYSTERIES.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought, also, have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests—those forests—the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollection of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but, if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveler! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare the mysteries of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they, with the *sacrifice*, which everywhere constitute the *essence* of the worship. CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

PART FIRST.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its aid to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would these looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorne grew.
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blessed retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

PART SECOND.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train:
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

PART THIRD.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;—
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To escape the pressure of contiguous Pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of Pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,

There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous Grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Oh, Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly, where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest Fame:
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that States, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.

THE WOODS OF TENNESSEE.

THE whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the isles of the forest dim;
The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red,
For they proved to many a soldier
Their last and lonely bed.
As they prayed in mortal agony
To God to set them free,
Death touched them with his finger
In the woods of Tennessee.

In the list of the killed and wounded,
Ah me! alas! we saw
The name of our noble brother,
Who went to the Southern war.
He fell in the tide of battle
On the banks of the old "Hatchie,"
And rests 'neath the wild grape arbors
In the woods of Tennessee.

There's many still forms lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slope of the hillsides,
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee.

ANONYMOUS.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

(Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.)*

MID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

* My life, I love thee.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

BYRON.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part; the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

THERE is a saying which is in all good men's mouths; namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are intrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say that of course money doesn't mean money—it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself.

And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant comeoff there is for most of us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures; but we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents intrusted to us of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed given to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver,—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superioritics of mind to thrust them back from

whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so.

What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost.

This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands are in reality the pilots

of the power and effort of the State. It is intrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And according to the quantity of it you have in your hands, you are arbiters of the will and work of the nation; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you.

You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers; put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherein we were born.

I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying; but wealth well-used is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

JOHN RUSKIN.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVENING HYMN.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

ANONYMOUS.

CHEQ'RING with partial shade the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here its gay net-work and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine;
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome boughs illumes,
With instant touch, the lory's scarlet plumes.

BOWLES.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HERO OF SUGAR PINE

TELL me, sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine,
Some glorious deed of the battle-field,
Some wonderful feat of thine;

"Some skilful move when the fearful game
Of battle and life was played
On yon grimy field, whose broken squares
In scarlet and black are laid."

"Ah! stranger, here at my gun all day
I fought till my final round
Was spent, and I had but powder left,
And never a shot to be found.

"So I trained my gun on a rebel piece;
So true was my range and aim,
A shot from his cannon entered mine,
And finished the load of the same!"

"Enough! O sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Alas! I fear that thy cannon's throat
Can swallow much more than mine!"

ANONYMOUS

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

READ softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now—
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God!

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

MAY IN THE WOODS.

SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

KISSING HER HAIR.

KISSING her hair, I sat against her feet:
Wove and unwove it—wound, and found it sweet;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound, and found her fair—
Kissing her hair.
Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me—
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there—
Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea—
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day:
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float;
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair;
He beat himself in wild despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear—
A sound as if the Inchcape bell
The evil spirit was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Founded on a prose story by Hans Christian Andersen.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom—
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whispers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms around her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her, there's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet.
And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his—
"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

Colder it grows, and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden, she saw them with her eyes,

And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she had tried—they will not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might:
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide;
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord!"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more redeem'd from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

MARY HOWITT.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

HE who speaks honestly cares not, needs not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter Truth, and Truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility,—is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calendar.

To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, Infidelity (want of Faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out: one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood.

Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: "Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of Life!" Man is properly an incarnated word; the word that he speaks is the man himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see, or that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's-brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man?

Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself,

till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: hold thy tongue till some meaning lie behind, to set it wagging.

Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. "Speech is silvery, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine."

Fool! thinkest thou that because no one stands near with parchment and black-lead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths: the paper tablets thou canst burn; of the "iron leaf" there is no burning.

T. CARLYLE.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN'S FIRST GLANCING.

CHILDREN of the sun's first glancing,
Flowers that deck the bounteous earth;
Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,
Nature smiled upon your birth;
Light hath veined your petals tender,
And with hues of matchless splendor
Flora paints each dewy bell.
But lament, ye sweet spring blossoms,
Soul hath never thrilled your bosoms,
All in cheerless night ye dwell.

Nightingale and lark are singing
Many a lay of love to you:
In your chalced blossoms swinging,
Tiny sylphs their sylphids woo:
Deep within the painted bower
Of a soft and perfumed flower,
Venus once did fall asleep:
But no pulse of passion darted
Through your breast, by her imparted,
Children of the morning, weep.

When my mother's harsh rejection
Bids me cease my love to speak—
Pledges of a true affection,
When your gentle aid I seek—
Then by every voiceless token,
Hope, and faith unchanged, are spoken,
And by you my bosom grieves:
Love himself among you stealeth
And his awful form concealeth,
Shut within your folding leaves.

SCHILLER.

A LOVE-LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

FROM "THE CENTURY."

SHWEET Jinny, I write on me knee
Wid the shtump of a limitid pincil;
I would write on me disk, but you see
I'm widout that convainient utinsil.
I've a house of me own, but as yet
Me furniture's homely an' shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
Her consult *her* ideals of shplindor.
If I should buy tables an' chairs,
An' bureaus, an' carpets, an' vases,
An'—bother the lingo of wares!—
An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
On your way to me over the water!
(—Please pardon me method ungainly,
But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you mariy a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most ixquisitely warrum,
Wid wall so ixcai-lin'ly thick, ma'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am,
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebrasky—
The thickest walls iver you thought of,
Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis—Alasky!
For sure its great walls are the worruld—
In fact it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
The parlor, that lies out of doors,
Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me ixtravigant speeches,
But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo,
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a board mansion for you—
Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould;
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
The earth hums a chorus of gould.

Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

W. W. FISK.

IN DAKOTA.

DRIFTING.

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals.
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go:
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore;
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel:
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain—
So to thee farewell!

ANONYMOUS (1570).

"Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

F. BRET HARTE.

THE BOYS.

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains in a high degree the freshness and joyousness of youth, addresses his classmates as "boys."

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

N this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In heaven's name, No!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow! what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none. The heaviest will reach the centre. The heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were

one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother—not a false and merely semblant one, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves, and ye shall not and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered. T. CARLYLE.

MY ANGEL.

SLOWLY the night is falling,
Falling down from the hill,
And all in the low green valley
The dew lies heavy and chill;
The crickets cry in the hedges,
And the bats are circling low,
And like ghosts through the blossoming garden
The glimmering night-moths go.

Hand in hand through the twilight
Come the children, every one,
Flushed with their eager frolic,
Tawny with wind and sun;
Home from the sunny upland,
Where the sweet wild berries grow,
Home from the tangled thickets,
Where the nuts are ripening slow.

They mock at the owl's weird laughter
And the cricket's lonesome cry,
At the tardy swallows flying
Late through the darkening sky;
And silently gliding after
Through the dusk of the shadowy street,
Comes their little angel sister,
Star-white from her head to her feet—

Never crossing the threshold,
Come they early or late;
With her empty hands on her bosom
She stops at the cottage gate.
I stretch out my hands in longing,
But she fades from my aching sight,
As a little white cloud at morning
Vanishes into the light.

And spite of the shining garments
Folded about her now,
And spite of the deathless beauty
Crowning her lip and brow,
I wish for one passionate moment
She sat on my knee again;
On her feet so spotless and tender
The dust and the earthly stain.

For missing her morning and evening,
The bitterest thought must be
That safe with her blessed kindred
The child hath no need of me;
And counting her heavenly birthdays,
I say in my jealous care;
"The babe that lay on my bosom
Hath grown to maiden fair:

"And now if out of the glory
Her face like a star should shine,
Could I guess the beautiful changeling
Had ever on earth been mine?
I should veil my eyes at her splendor,
But never forget my lack
For the clinging hands of my baby,
And the mouth that kissed me back."

Yet though in my human blindness
I cannot fathom His way,
Who counts in his glorious cycles
A thousand years as a day—
Whenever the cloud is lifted,
Whenever I cross the tide,
Mine own will He surely give me,
And I shall be satisfied.

ANONYMOUS.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

HOW he sleepeth, having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore!
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures to make room for more:
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he pulled the day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking;
Throw them earthward where they grew;
Dim are such beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto:
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.

Vision unto vision calleth
While the young child dreameth on:
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wast thou in the garden yestermorn by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee were the clouds away;
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing! stars that seem the mutest go in music all the way.

Speak not! he is consecrated;
Breathe no breath across his eyes
Lifted up and separated
On the hand of God he lies
In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistral sanctities.

Could ye bless him, father, mother—
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping and confess yourselves too weak?

He is harmless, ye are sinful;
Ye are troubled, he at ease:
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth onward with increase.
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace, and go in peace.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

AREWELL, ye mountains, ye beloved glades.
Ye lone and peaceful vallevs, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfined!
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summoned hence another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him stand in royal Pharaoh's sight,
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the fight,
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,
He from these leafy boughs thus spake to me:
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be dressed,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair.
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguered Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet, it hath come from him.
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

SCHILLER.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

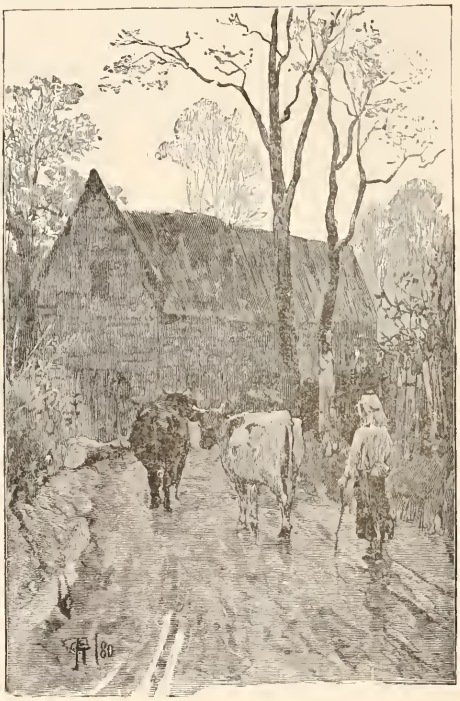
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.



OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew;

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE Wandering Jew once said to me,
I passed through a city in the cool of the year,
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree;
I asked, "How long has this city been here?"
And he answered me, and he plucked away,
"It has always stood where it stands to-day,
And here it will stand forever and aye."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

No trace of a city there I found;
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,
His flock went quietly nibbling round,
I asked, "How long has the city been gone?"
And he answered me, and he piped away,
"The new ones bloom and the old decay,
This is my pasture-ground for aye."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,
And when heavy laden he dragged it ashore,
I asked, "How long has the sea been here?"
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed away:
"As long as yon billows have tossed their spray,
They've fished and they've fished in the self-same way."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I came to a forest, vast and free,
And a woodman stood in the thicket near;
His axe he laid at the foot of a tree:
I asked, "How long have the woods been here?"
And he answered, "The woods are a covert for aye;
My ancestors dwelt here alway,
And the trees have been here since creation's day."
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the self-same road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near
Resounded the hum of toil and glee,
And I asked, "How long has the city been here,
And where is the pipe, and the wood, and the sea?"
And they answered me, and they went their way,
"Things always have stood as they stand to-day,
And so they will stand for ever and aye."
I'll wait five hundred years, and then
I'll travel the self-same road again.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

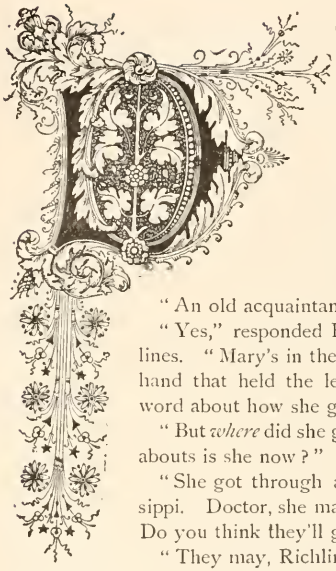
Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

A GOLDEN SUNSET.



OCTOR SEVIER came to Richling's room one afternoon, and handed him a sealed letter. The post-mark was blurred, but it was easy still to read the abbreviation of the State's name—Kentucky. It had come by way of New York and the sea. The sick man reached out for it with avidity from the large bed in which he sat bolstered up. He tore it open with unsteady fingers, and sought the signature.

"It's from a lawyer."

"An old acquaintance?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," responded Richling, his eyes glancing eagerly along the lines. "Mary's in the Confederate lines!—Mary and Alice!" The hand that held the letter dropped to his lap. "It doesn't say a word about how she got through!"

"But *where* did she get through?" asked the physician. "Whereabouts is she now?"

"She got through away up to the eastward of Corinth, Mississippi. Doctor, she may be within fifty miles of us this very minute! Do you think they'll give her a pass to come in?"

"They may, Richling; I hope they will."

"I think I'd get well if she'd come," said the invalid. But his friend made no answer.

A day or two afterward—it was drawing to the close of a beautiful afternoon in early May—Dr. Sevier came into the room and stood at a window, looking out. Madame Zénobie sat by the bedside softly fanning the patient. Richling, with his eyes, motioned her to retire. She smiled and nodded approvingly, as if to say that that was just what she was about to propose, and went out, shutting the door with just sound enough to announce her departure to Dr. Sevier.

He came from the window to the bedside and sat down. The sick man looked at him with a feeble eye, and said, in little more than a whisper:

"Mary and Alice——"

"Yes?" said the doctor.

"If they don't come to-night they'll be too late."

"God knows, my dear boy."

"Doctor ——"

"What, Richling?"

"Did you ever try to guess ——"

"Guess what, Richling?"

"*His* use of my life."

"Why, yes, my poor boy, I have tried. But I only make out its use to me."

The sick man's eye brightened.

"Has it been?"

The doctor nodded. He reached out and took the wasted hand in his. It tried to answer his pressure. The invalid spoke.

"I'm glad you told me that before—before it was too late."

"Are you, my dear boy? Shall I tell you more?"

"Yes," the sick man huskily replied; "oh, yes."

"Well, Richling—you know we're great cowards about saying such things; it's a part of our poor human weakness and distrust of each other, and the emptiness of words—but—lately—only just here, very lately, I've learned to call the meekest, lovingest One that ever trod our earth, Master; and it's been your life, my dear fellow, that has taught me." He pressed the sick man's hand slowly and tremulously, then let it go, but continued to caress it in a tender, absent way, looking on the floor as he spoke on.

"Richling, Nature herself appoints some men to poverty and some to riches. God throws the poor upon our charge—in mercy to *us*. Couldn't he take care of them without us if he wished? Are they not his? It's easy for the poor to feel, when they are helped by us, that the rich are a godsend to them; but they don't see, and many of their helpers don't see, that the poor are a godsend to the rich. They're set over against each other to keep pity and mercy and charity in the human heart. If every one were entirely able to take care of himself, we'd turn to stone."

The speaker ceased.

"Go on," whispered the listener.

"That will never be," continued the doctor. "God Almighty will never let us find a way to quite abolish poverty. Riches don't always bless the man they come to, but they bless the world. And so with poverty; and it's no contemptible commission, Richling, to be appointed by God to bear that blessing to mankind which keeps its brotherhood universal. See, now"—he looked up with a gentle smile—"from what a distance he brought our two hearts together. Why, Richling, the man that can make the rich and poor love each other will make the world happier than it has ever been since man fell."

"Go on," whispered Richling.

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, now, doctor—*I* want to say—something." The invalid spoke with a weak and broken utterance, with many breaks and starts that we may set aside.

"For a long time," he said, beginning as if half in soliloquy, "I couldn't believe I was coming to this early end, simply because I didn't see why I should. I know that was foolish. I thought my hardships——" He ceased entirely, and, when his strength would allow, resumed:

"I thought they were sent in order that when I should come to fortune I might take part in correcting some evils that are strangely overlooked."

The doctor nodded, and after a moment of rest Richling said again:

"But now I see—that is not my work. May be it is Mary's. May be it's my little girl's."

"Or mine," murmured the doctor.

"Yes, doctor, I've been lying here to-day thinking of something I never thought of before, though I dare say you have, often. There could be no art of healing till the earth was full of graves. It is by shipwreck that we learn to build ships. All our safety—all our betterment—is secured by our knowledge of others' disasters that need not have happened had they only *known*. Will you—finish my mission?" The sick man's hand softly grasped the hand that lay upon it. And the doctor responded:

"How shall I do that, Richling?"

"Tell my story."

"But I don't know it all, Richling."

"I'll tell you all that's behind. You know I'm a native of Kentucky. My name is not Richling. I belong to one of the proudest, most distinguished families in that State or in all the land. Until I married I never knew an ungratified wish. I think my bringing-up, not to be wicked, was as bad as could be. It was based upon the idea that I was always to be master and never servant. I was to go through life with soft hands. I was educated to know, but not to do. When I left school my parents let me travel. They would have let me do anything except work. In the West—in Milwaukee—I met Mary. It was by mere chance. She was poor, but cultivated and refined; trained—you know—for knowing, not doing. I loved her and courted her, and she encouraged my suit, under the idea, you know, again"—he smiled faintly and sadly—"that it was nobody's business but ours. I offered my hand and was accepted. But when I came to announce our engagement to my family, they warned me that if I married her they would disinherit and disown me."

"What was their reason, Richling?"

"Nothing."

"But, Richling, they had a reason of some sort."

"Nothing in the world but that Mary was a Northern girl. Simple sectional prejudice. I didn't tell Mary. I didn't think they would do it, but I knew Mary would refuse to put me to the risk. We married, and they carried out their threat."

The doctor uttered a low exclamation, and both were silent.

"Doctor," began the sick man once more.

"Yes, Richling."

"I suppose you never looked into the case of a man who needed help but you were sure to find that some one thing was the key to all his troubles; did you?"

The doctor was silent still.

"I'll give you the key to mine, doctor: I took up the gage thrown down by my

family as though it were thrown down by society at large. I said I would match pride with pride. I said I would go among strangers, take a new name, and make it as honorable as the old. I saw Mary didn't think it wise; but she believed whatever I did was best, and"—he smiled and whispered—"I thought so too. I suppose my troubles have more than one key, but that's the outside one. Let me rest a little.

"Doctor, I die nameless. I had a name, a good name, and only too proud a one. It's mine still. I've never tarnished it—not even in prison. I will not stain it now by disclosing it. I carry it with me to God's throne."

The whisperer ceased, exhausted. The doctor rested an elbow on a knee and laid his face in his hand. Presently Richling moved, and he raised a look of sad inquiry.

"Bury me here in New Orleans, doctor, will you?"

"Why, Richling?"

"Well—this has been—my—battle-ground. I'd like to be buried on the field—like the other soldiers. Not that I've been a good one; but—I want to lie where you can point to me as you tell my story. If it could be so, I should like to lie in sight—of that old prison."

The doctor brushed his eyes with his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"Doctor," said the invalid again, "will you read me just four verses in the Bible?"

"Why, yes, my boy, as many as you wish to hear."

"No, only four." His free hand moved for the book that lay on the bed and presently the doctor read:

"'My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;

"'Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

"'But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

"'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'"

"There," whispered the sick man, and rested with a peaceful look in all his face. "It—doesn't mean wisdom in general, doctor—such as Solomon asked for."

"Doesn't it?" said the other meekly.

"No. It means the wisdom necessary to let—patience—have her perf——. I was a long time—getting anywhere near that.

"Doctor—do you remember how fond—Mary was of singing—all kinds of—little old songs?"

"Of course I do, my dear boy."

"Did you ever sing—doctor?"

"Oh! my dear fellow, I never did really sing, and I haven't uttered a note since—for twenty years."

"Can't you sing—ever so softly—just a verse—of—'I'm a Pilgrim'?"

"I—I—it's impossible, Richling, old fellow. I don't know either the words or the tune. I never sing." He smiled at himself through his tears.

"Well, all right," whispered Richling. He lay with closed eyes for a moment, and then, as he opened them, breathed faintly through his parted lips the words, spoken, not sung, while his hand feebly beat the imagined cadence:

"'The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home.
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-tops are ripe, and the meadows are in bloom,
And the birds make music all the day.'"

The doctor hid his face in his hands, and all was still.

By and by there came a whisper again. The doctor raised his head.

"Doctor, there's one thing——"

"Yes, I know there is, Richling."

"Doctor—I've been a poor stick of a husband."

"I never knew a good one, Richling."

"Doctor, you'll be a friend to Mary?"

The doctor nodded; his eyes were full.

The sick man drew from his breast a small ambrotype, pressed it to his lips, and poised it in his trembling fingers. It was the likeness of the little Alice. He turned his eyes to his friend.

"I didn't need Mary's. But this is all I've ever seen of my little girl. To-morrow at daybreak—it will be just at daybreak—when you see that I've passed, I want you to lay this here on my breast. Then fold my hands upon it——"

His speech was arrested. He seemed to hearken an instant.

"Doctor," he said, with excitement in his eye and sudden strength of voice, "what is that I hear?"

"I don't know," replied his friend; "one of the servants, probably, down in the hall." But he, too, seemed to have been startled. He lifted his head. There was a sound of some one coming up the stairs in haste.

"Doctor." The doctor was rising from his chair.

"Lie still, Richling."

But the sick man suddenly sat erect.

"Doctor—it's—O doctor, I——"

The door flew open; there was a low outcry from the threshold, a moan of joy from the sick man, a throwing wide of arms, and a rush to the bedside, and John and Mary Richling—and the little Alice, too——

Come, Dr. Sevier; come out and close the door.

"Strangest thing on earth!" I once heard a physician say—"the mysterious power that the dying so often have to fix the very hour of their approaching end!" It was so in John Richling's case. It was as he said. Had Mary and Alice not come when they did, they would have been too late. He "tarried but a night;" and at the dawn Mary uttered the bitter cry of the widow, and Dr. Sevier

closed the eyes of one who had committed no fault—against this world, at least—save that he had been by nature a pilgrim and a stranger in it. G. W. CABLE.

THEIR ANGELS.

MY heart is lonely as heart can be,
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
For the tender faces unforgot
Of the little children that are not:
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward and will not stay,
And He who made it has made it right:
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight.
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
Violet-heaped, in the sweet grave-ground;
Twenty years they have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head;
And oh! I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead: only grown and gone away.
The hair of my darling is turning gray,
That was golden once in the days so dear,
Over for many and many a year.
Yet I know—I know—
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright brave boy is a grave-eyed man,
Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again,
And so, I know,
I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life;
Back to His breast from the ended strife,
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was Child and Lord,
And I know, that so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back—with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my father's knee;
For so, I know,
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old:
But behind the world is an inner place
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And lo! we know,
That only *the children* can see Him so!

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

FAITH AND HOPE.

DON'T be sorrowful, darling!
Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one;
Time's wheels they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion—
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You always will find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of night as well as of day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.
Ay, God of night, my darling!
Of the night of death so grim;
And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

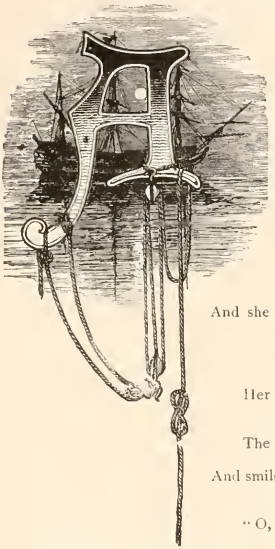
"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, here these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.



A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling,
O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I WONDER.

I WONDER if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
'Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best!
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting—
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rushed—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.
With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair—
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woes
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
While each strained hall of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung:
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound—
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn;
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn—
True honor's death, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have watered since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heav'n black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blessed than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I have looked on all
As creatures doomed to fail!
Why do buds ope, except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;
And oh, how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages shrink to nought;
And age past is but a thought!

Ay, let us think of Him a while,
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb:
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem!

How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet!
Lo! here the best, the worst, the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurled,
And love and hate are calmly met;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And, sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret:
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this:
Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss.
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shown in streams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains and makes them mad.

All things are touched with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.

THOMAS HOOD.

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks, which, like a milky way,
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence love looks forth, touched by the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the south—
The young south wind of passion—sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheek like soft September's rose,
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace,
Which, breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish merged in rest.

Nought would I lose of all thou hast or art,
O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure,
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more
Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land,
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There I behold thee young again and bright,
In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

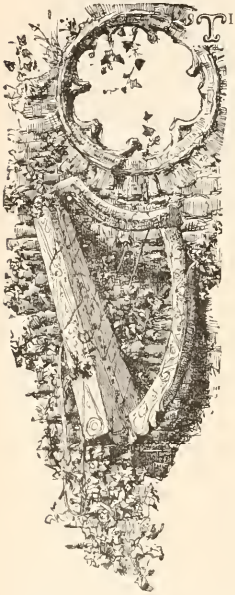
Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

GEORGE MCDONALD.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.



IS believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven looked with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell o'er her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

THOMAS MOORE.

CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay!"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy—Oh! where was *he?*
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea—

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

FORGIVENESS.

MY heart was gall'd with bitter wrong,
Revengeful feelings fired my blood,
I brooded hate with passion strong,
While round my couch black demons stood.

Kind Morpheus wooed my eyes in vain,
My burning brain conceived a plan;
Revenge! I cried, in bitter strain,
But conscience whispered, "be a man."

Forgive! a gentle spirit cried,
I yielded to my nobler part,
Uprose and to my foe I hied,
Forgave him freely from my heart.
The big tears from their fountain rose,
He melted, vowed my friend to be,
That night I sank in sweet repose
And dreamed that angels smiled on me.

ANONYMOUS.

NIGHTFALL.

ALONE I stand;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night:
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright.
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast and slow
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low,
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June!
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune
Faint floating, plays
In moonlit lays
A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground—
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

W. W. ELLSWORTH.

THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE, IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes.

My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this: Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) among all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude.

Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What, then, must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer—such a murderer as a poet will condescend to—there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife—the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention.

If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed.

All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed

and made sensible. Another world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman: both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable?

In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder—which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident.

De Quincey.

A PICTURE.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

OUR table is spread for two, to-night—
No guests our bounty share;
The damask cloth is snowy white,
The services elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,
The muffins nice and hot,
What though the winds without blow cold?
The walls a little world unfold,
And the storm is soon forgot,
In the fire-light's cheerful glow,
Beams a paradise below.

A fairer picture who has seen?
Soft lights and shadows blend;
The central figure of the scene,
She sits, my wife, my queen—
Her head a little bent;
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,
With quiet, gentle grace;
With fingers deft, and movements free,
She mixes in the cream for me,
A bright smile on her face;
And, as she sends it up,
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blest?
I secretly reflect,

The passing thought she must have guessed,
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,
An arm is round my neck.

Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife!

ANONYMOUS.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GO TO THY REST.

GO to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has seared the breast,
Or sorrow waked the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

THE OLD MILL.

Born in Philadelphia in 1819, the author of this poem became a member of the medical profession. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and published in 1855 a volume of poems, and in 1880 a spirited American ballad.

HERE from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rolling eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

TRUE GLORY.

WHATEVER may be the temporary applause of men, or the expressions of public opinion, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no true and permanent Fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind. There are not a few who will join with Milton in his admirable judgment of martial renown:—

"They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those, their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy?"

Well does the poet give the palm to moral excellence! But it is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary Fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is truer and more permanent far than any bloody Glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted, perhaps, a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress on the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the Glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer Glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, to effect a landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he "would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket. The true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright, immortal beauty.

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

ENCHANTMENT.

THE sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor,
Ere ever we reach the height.

Oh! distance, thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
Oh! mountain cold and gray!
Oh! sail in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port, I pray!

ANONYMOUS.

THE PALACE O' THE KING.

IT'S a bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we often travel throo;
But in vain we look for something to which our heart can cling,
For its beauty is as naething compared to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snow-flakes, and the down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've just been thinkin' that when a thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae our trials, an' it's here that He prepares,
A' His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears;
An' it's here that He wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
We'll trust oor God who reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

Though His palace is up yonner, He has kingdoms here below,
An' we are His embassadors, wherever we may go,
We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring,
To be leal an' loyal-hearted i' the palace o' the King.

Oh! its honor heaped on honor that His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for, i' this warl o' sin an' pain,
An' its fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring

To the feet o' Him who reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

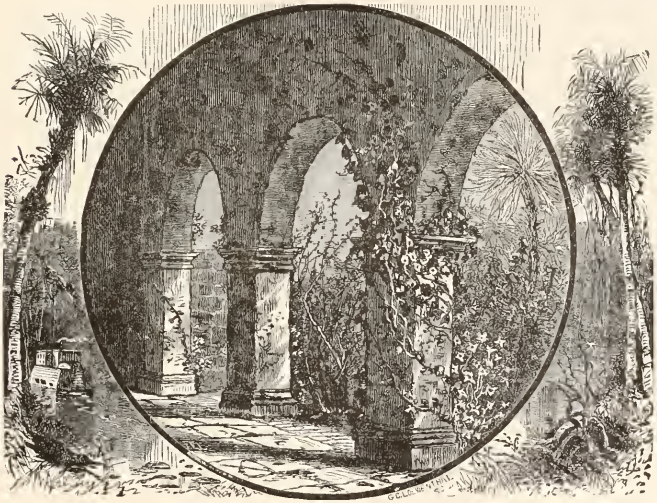
An' let us trust Him better than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed his servants frae His ever bounteous store;
Let us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
An' sune He'll come an' take us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never faden' vine;
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Noo nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free;
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never fading spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King.

We see our friends await us over yonner at His gate,
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late,
Let oor lamps be brightly burning; let's raise oor voice and sing,
Sune we'll meet to part nae mair i' the palace o' the King.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.



RHYMES FOR HARD TIMES.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary.
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright.
Heed no custom, school or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

REV. N. M'LEOD.

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF WOMAN

OH, if this latent power could be aroused! If woman would shake off this slumber, and put on her strength, her beautiful garments, how would she go forth conquering and to conquer! How would the mountains break forth into singing, and the trees of the field clap their hands! How would our sin-stained earth arise and shine, her light being come, and the glory of the Lord being risen upon her!

One cannot do the world's work; but one can do one's work. You may not be able to turn the world from iniquity; but you can, at least, keep the dust and rust from gathering on your own soul. If you cannot be directly and actively engaged in fighting the battle, you can, at least, polish your armor and sharpen your weapons, to strike an effective blow when the hour comes. You can stanch the blood of him who has been wounded in the fray—bear a cup of cold water to the thirsty and fainting—give help to the conquered, and smiles to the victor.

You can gather from the past and the present stores of wisdom, so that, when the future demands it, you may bring forth from your treasures things new and old. Whatever of bliss the "Divinity that shapes our ends" may see fit to withhold from you, you are but very little lower than the angels, so long as you have the

"Godlike power to do—the godlike aim to know."

You can be forming habits of self-reliance, sound judgment, perseverance, and endurance, which may, one day, stand you in good stead. You can so train yourself to right thinking and right acting, that uprightness shall be your nature, truth your impulse. His head is seldom far wrong, whose heart is always right. We bow down to mental greatness, intellectual strength, and they are divine gifts; but moral rectitude is stronger than they. It is irresistible—always in the end triumphant.

There is in goodness a penetrative power that nothing can withstand. Cunning and malice melt away before its mild, open, steady glance. Not alone on the fields where chivalry charges for laurels, with helmet and breastplate and lance in rest, can the true knight exultingly exclaim,

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure;"

but wherever man meets man, wherever there is a prize to be won, a goal to be reached. Wealth, and rank, and beauty, may form a brilliant setting to the diamond; but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of the paste. Only when the king's daughter is all glorious within, is it fitting and proper that her clothing should be of wrought gold.

From the great and good of all ages rings out the same monotone. The high-priest of Nature, the calm-eyed poet who laid his heart so close to hers, that they seemed to throb in one pulsation, yet whose ear was always open to the "still sad music of humanity," has given us the promise of his life-long wisdom in these grand words:

> "True dignity abides with him alone
> Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
> Can still suspect and still revere himself."

Through the din of twenty rolling centuries, pierces the sharp, stern voice of the brave old Greek: "Let every man, when he is about to do a wicked action, above all things in the world, stand in awe of himself, and dread the witness within him." All greatness, and all glory, all that earth has to give, all that Heaven can proffer, lies within the reach of the lowliest as well as the highest; for He who spake as never man spake, has said that the very "kingdom of God is within you."

Born to such an inheritance, will you wantonly cast it away? With such a goal in prospect, will you suffer yourself to be turned aside by the sheen and shimmer of tinsel fruit? With earth in possession, and Heaven in reversion, will you go sorrowing and downcast, because here and there a pearl or a ruby fails you? Nay, rather forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, press forward!

Discontent and murmuring are insidious foes; trample them under your feet. Utter no complaint, whatever betide; for complaining is a sign of weakness. If your trouble can be helped, help it; if not, bear it. You can be whatever you will to be. Therefore, form and accomplish worthy purposes.

If you walk alone, let it be with no faltering tread. Show to an incredulous world

> "How grand may be Life's might,
> Without Love's circling crown."

Or, if the golden thread of love shine athwart the dusky warp of duty, if other hearts depend on yours for sustenance and strength, give to them from your fulness no

stinted measure. Let the dew of your kindness fall on the evil and the good, on the just and on the unjust.

Compass happiness, since happiness alone is victory. On the fragments of your shattered plans, and hopes, and love—on the heaped-up ruins of your past, rear a stately palace, whose top shall reach unto heaven, whose beauty shall gladden the eyes of all beholders, whose doors shall stand wide open to receive the way-worn and weary. Life is a burden, but it is imposed by God. What you make of it, it will be to you, whether a millstone about your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.

GAIL HAMILTON.

ENDURANCE.

HOW much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife;
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain! all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! *all things* can be borne.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

AN ALLITERATIVE POEM.

In a volume of poems, "Songs of Singularity," by the London "Hermit," is the following specimen of alliterative verse. They are supposed to be a serenade in M flat, sung by Major Marmaduke Muttinhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mondoza Marriott:—

MY Madeline, my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens', matrons' mien,
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness' magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making ma's may machinate,
Manœuvring misses me misween;
Mere money may make many mate,
My magic motto's "Madeline!"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
Must Murcia's misty mounts marine.
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia!—Madeline!

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our heart shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

EPES SARGENT.

FARRAGUT.

AFTER life's long watch and ward
Sleep, great Sailor, while the bard
Chants your daring.
When, of late,
Tempest shook the Bark of State,
Fierce and deadly, throe on throe,
Horrid with a phosphor-glow,
And the mountains rearing gray
Smote her reeling on her way—

Day and night who stood a guard,
Steadfast aye for watch and ward?
You, great Pilot, who were made
Quick and cautious, bold and staid;
Like Decatur, Perry, Jones,
Mastering men with trumpet tones.
How you met your land's appeal
Knows New Orleans, knows Mobile.

Slumber, free from watch or ward,
Dweller deep in grassy yard
Of still billows! Keep your berth
Narrow in the quiet earth!
As of old the North star shines,
Heaven displays the ancient signs,
On the Ship drives, sure and slow,
Though the Captain sleeps below.

Only sleeps upon his sword;
Slumber earned by watch and ward;
For if timbers crack, and helm
Fail her, and a sea o'erwhelm,
Then his Spirit shall inform
Some new queller of the storm,
Who shall bring, though stars are pale,
The Bark in safety through the gale.

CHAS. DE KAY.

SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

FROM "CATO," ACT V. SC. I.

SCENE.—CATO, *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JACK AND GILL—A MOCK CRITICISM.

AMONG critical writers it is a common remark that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudices, should guide the public taste and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavor to introduce to the nation a work which, though of considerable elegance, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which in this age of luxurious refinement is deemed only secondary beauty, and from its being the favorite of the young who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellence. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work thus highly praised is a poem consisting of only four lines. There is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymer were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem, and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness and its uncommon metre seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic to analyze and display its various excellences. The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful:

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "ab ovo," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy; for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill—that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer,

that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear, and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace (once of the quorum), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honorable to the genius of the poet that he does in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all epic writers after him have fallen, since by thus stating their case to the muse and desiring her to come to their assistance they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These circumstances are justly disregarded by our author, who in giving plain Jack and Gill has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom, in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said that the contraction of names savors too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims, "Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bones;" and the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity with which Jack breaks in upon us. The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent lines when we are told

> Jack and Gill
> Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, etc., all of which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic with whom I am acquainted has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into negative and positive, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea, comprehending person, rising ground, trees, etc., etc., is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told

us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy arising from the variations of the manuscripts, some of which have it a hill and others the hill, for, as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who, having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as Hippocrene—that is, a horse-pond—at the top of the hill; but on the whole I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be better reading. Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive as to their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines, for

> Jack and Gill
> Went up a hill
> To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding; a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gayly ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit and to fill their bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also he has shown much judgment by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal, for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which would have encumbered the opening, but was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument. They must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil it exhibited an amiable assumption of the whole labor. The only objection to this opinion of the old adage, "Bonus dux bonum facit militem," which has been

translated "A good Jack makes a good Gill," is, therefore, by intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to show his hero in retirement, and convince the world that however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labor. It has also been objected (for every Homer has his Zoilus) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but in answer to this it must be remarked that it was the opinion of Socrates and many other philosophers that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes, they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil and revive the drooping plants which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollinius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals undertaking to steal a sheep-skin? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well? Does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation? and has not the learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus? Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by an immediate disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall was an accident to which the wayfarers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how we are deceived by the heart-rending tale that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of unhappy John. The mention of the crown has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the five hundred and thirteenth page of his "Curtain Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is

known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water.

But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or half a crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down. In the midst of our afflictions, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which, on this occasion, is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from the view of a passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding at the same time that minuteness of detail which is so common among the pathetic poets, and which, by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakespeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowds of people, and other circumstances, which drive away everything like feeling; when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods and chattels of him the said Jaffier: but in the poem before us, the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy indeed is the account of Jack's destruction, that, had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was occipitis, or which of the osso bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of this misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description.

Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will

witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

> Jack fell down
> And broke his crown
> And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the fall of men, a subject high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of this subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents nor distracted by frequency or digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the instability of all things!

JOSEPH DENNIE, 1801.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hardship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
  To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
  Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
  How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
  But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
  He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
  And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
  But could not though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
  His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
  At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
  The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

HOW hard, when those who do not wish
  To lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
  With literary hooks—
Who call and take some favorite tome,
  But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home
  By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
  Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
  Nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
  Like Hamlet, backward go,
And, as the tide was ebbing fast,
  Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
  Which makes me thus a talker,
And once, when I was out of town,
  My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying o'er the fire one day
  My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
  And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
  Than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore,
  Without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift,
  Another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
  As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
  Where late he stood elated,
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
  Is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave
  Is sunk to swell the ravage,
And what was Crusoe's fate to save,
  'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
  My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my "Foote"
  My "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed,
  My "Taylor," too, must fail,
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
  In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
  The "Hood" so late in front,
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
  O, where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
  Yet could not "Tickell" touch,
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"
  And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
  My sorrows to excuse,

To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes."
My classics would not quiet lie—
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,
My "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away;
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's gray upon my locks.
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale,
I see my "Butler" fly,
And when they ask about my ail,
'Tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For O, they cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"—*Hudibras.*

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose,
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And all day long she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter;
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter:

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One-half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair began to stiffen;
For when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she opened her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed!"

And away she went with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreased—his moments of life
Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,

"ON MARGATE BEACH WHERE THE SICK ONE ROAMS."

He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
  There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
  The surges came tumbling in,
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
  And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
  As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
  The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
  And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
  Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
  And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
  Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
  One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift
  Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
  To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
  Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
  He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a boy,
  And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,
  The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
  "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
  Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
  The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,
  And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And washed away the other salt drops
  That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
  And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
  Of Deal—(but builded of oak.)

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
  And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel returned that was flying away
  With the spirit of Peter Fin!

THOMAS HOOD.

JIM.

SAY there! P'r'aps
  Some on you chaps
  Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
  In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
  Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
  Down from up thar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Ain't of that crew—
  Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much:
  That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
  Secin' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange:
  Why, it's two year
  Since he come here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
  Eh?

The *deuce* you say!
  Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
  It wouldn't take
  Derned much to break
You and your bar.

  Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why, there was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben—
No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar— Good-by—
No more, sir—I—
  Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Jo!
  Sold!
Sold! Why you limb,
You ornery,
  Derned old
Long-leggéd Jim!

BRET HARTE.

MILKING-TIME.

From "Scribner's Monthly."

I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follows;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"'Taint her I want—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass,
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest le' down the bars."

PHILIP MORSE.

THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

From "Scribner's Monthly."

WALTZ in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather
round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks,
and hear a yarn from me.
I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's* fierce
and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to
hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized
last year.
It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—
like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some
enough for two.
There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of
Lagrange,
And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way
of change.
You start, you little kids, you think these are not
pretty names,
But each had a man behind it, and—my name is
Truthful James.

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith
of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better
fiend.
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers
—*you* have five.
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar too, that Clapp aint
now alive.
'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was
much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that
same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had
jest begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their
usual fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar room
stove
Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this remark he
hove:
"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, that ez far ez I
kin see,
Beats euchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the
'Spellin' Bee.'"

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair
and spake:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez,
"Shake!"
And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say
right thar
That the man who tackled euchre hed his eddication
squar."

This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master,
who said,
He knew the game and he would give instructions on
that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like
'separate,'
Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one
in eight.
This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was
put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was
Joe,
And high upon the bar itself the school-master was
raised,
And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and
silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a"
and "e;"
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's
fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe
that night—
Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said,
"they had him there,"
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took
his chair.

O little kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey
These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-
boys at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other
lead the van,
And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said
he'd be durned
If any such blamed word as that in school was ever
learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed
the man who rung
Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out
and hung.
As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache,
And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss" and Bil-
son took his chair,
He dropped some casual words about some folks who
dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair
said he'd adjourn,
But Poker Dick remarked that *he* would wait and get
his turn;
Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a
wanderin' eye,

* Qy. Genii.

The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began
with "I,"
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how
the fight begun
I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he
moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business
down in camp,"
And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night
was damp,
They'd"—here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked
the door and yelled:
"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word
is spelled!"
But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and
sank in pain,
And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester
on his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look
ez he
Was huntin' up authorities thet no one else could see;
And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he
"was cold,"
Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple
way
Poor Smith began with "O" "R"—"or"—and *he*
was dragged away.

O, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees
and pray!
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;
And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their
spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a
thought or care—
You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all!
In me you see
The only gent that lived to tell about thet Spellin'
Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children
went their way
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to
sport or play.
For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to
bed
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all
unsaid,
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their
youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought
of Truthful James.

BRET HARTE.

BANTY TIM.

[Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.]

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country:
You're Dimocrats, you say:
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' jint,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Let's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat, too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jist hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated, I stayed behind,
For reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned!
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell;
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

JOHN HAY.

NOT ENNY SHANGHI FOR ME.

THE shanghi ruseter is a gentile, and speaks in a forrin tung. He is built on piles like a Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with 4 legs, he wud resembel the peruvian lama. He is not a game animil, but quite often cums off seckund best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injuns, tha kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing.

Tha roost on the ground, similar tew—the mud turkle. Tha oftin go to sleep standing, and sumtimes pitch, over and when tha dew, tha enter the ground like a pickaxe.

Thare food consis ov korn in the ear.

Tha crow like a jackass, troubled with the bronskeeters. Tha will eat as mutch tu onst as a district skule master, and ginerally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over.

Tha are dreadful unhandy tew cook, yu hav tu bile one eend ov them tu a time, yu kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst.

The femail ruster lays an eg as big as a kokernut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of yung shanghis she has tew brood them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 ov them—the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a cirkus tent, gitting a peep under the kanvas when ever tha kan.

The man who fust brought the breed into this kuntry ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers, caught bi hand.

I never owned but one, and he got choked tu deth bi a kink in a clothes line, but not until he had swallered 18 feet ov it.

Not enny shanghi for me, if you pleze; i wuld rather board a travelling kolporter, and as for eating one, give me a biled owl rare dun, or a turkee buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair ov injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi! Speaking ov hens, leads me tew remark, in the fust place, that hens, thus far, are a suckcess. They are domestick, and occasionally are tuff. This iz owing tew their not being biled often enuff in their younger daze; but the hen aint tew blame for this. Biled hen iz universally respekted.

Thare is a great deal ov originality tew the hen—exactly how mutch i kant tell, historians fight so mutch about it. Sum say Knower had hens in the ark and some say he didn't. So it goes, which and tuther. I kant tell yu which was born fust, the hen or the egg; sumtimes I think the egg waz—and sumtimes i think the hen waz—and sumtimes i think i don't kno and i kant tell now, which way iz right, for the life ov me. Laying eggs iz the hen's best grip. A hen that kant lay eggs iz laid out. One eg iz konsidered a fair day's work for a hen. I hav herd ov their doing better, but i don't want a hen ov mine tew do it—it iz apt tew hurt their constitution and bye-laws, and thus impare their futer worth. The poet sez, butifully,

> "Sumboddy haz stolen our old blew hen!
> I wish they'd let her bee;
> She used tew lay 2 eggs a day,
> And Sunday she'd lay 3."

This sounds trew enuff for poetry, but i will bet 75 thousand dollars that it never took place. The best time tew sett a hen iz when the hen iz reddy. I kant tell you what the best breed iz, but the shanghi is the meanest.

It kosts as mutch tew board one as it duz a stage hoss, and yu might as well undertake tew fat a fanning mill, by running oats thru it. Thare aint no proffit in keeping a hen for his eggs, if he laze less than one a day.

Hens are very long lived, if they dont contrakt the thrut disseaze—thare is a great menny goes tew pot, every year, bi this melankolly disseaze. I kant tell exactly how tew pick out a good hen, but as a general thing, the long eared ones are kounted the best.

The one legged ones, i kno, are the lest apt tew skratch up a garden.

Eggs packed in equal parts ov salt, and lime water, with the other end down, will keep from 30, or 40, years, if they are not disturbed.

Fresh beef-stake iz good for hens; i serpose 4 or 5 pounds a day would be awl a hen would need, at fust along.

I shall be happy to advise with yu, at enny time, on the hen question, and take it in egg.

JOSH BILLINGS.

UNCLE MELLICK DINES WITH HIS MASTER.

OL' mar-ster is a cur'us man, as sho' as yo' is born!
I's wukkin in de crib one day a-shellin o' some corn,
An' he was standin' at de do';—I "knowed it?" no, sah, not!
Or, fo' de king! dese jaws uv mine, I'd sh'ly kept 'em shot.
But to Bru. Sinon, shellin' too, what should I do but say:
"I's starvin' sence I lars has eat—a week ago to-day."
Den marster cussed and hollered: "Here's a shame an' a dusgrace!
I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!
Come, Mellick, drap dat corn an' walk straight to de house wid me;
A starvin' nigger on my place's a thing shall nebber be."

"Hi! *me* eat 'long de white folks, sah?" "Yes, Mellick, take a seat."
Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger I'se done fotch to make 'im eat"—
An' he drawed a big revolvah an' he drapped it by he plate—
"Gub 'im soup! an' 'twix de swallers, don' lemme see yo' wait."
Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', an' I hide it mighty soon—
One eye sot on de pistol an' de turrer on de spoon.
"Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he's a starvin' don't yo' see?"
(Dem mizable house-niggers tucked dar heads an' larfed at me.)
An' I went for dat red-snapper like de big fish for de small—
Glanced at de navy-shooter onct, den swallered bones an' all.

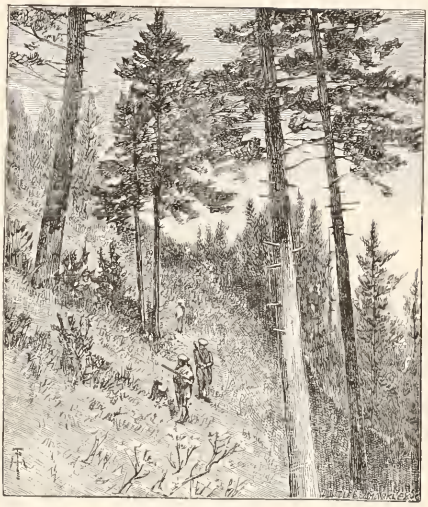
"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' aigs, rice, taters, spinach, sparrergrars,
Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn, turnips, apple-sars.
Peas, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke"—Dat pistol still in view,
An' de white folks dey all larfin' an' dem silly niggers, too)—
"Termaters, carrots, pahsnips, beets"—("When *is* he gwine git done?")—
"Squash, punkin, beans an' kercumbers—eat, Mellick, don't leabe none;
For dis here day's done brung to me a shame an' a dusgrace—
I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!"

Dem things ef I'd be'n by myself, I'd soon put out o' sight;
But de com'cal sitiwation dar, it spile my appetite:
I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough dat day!
Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard ole marster say.
When dat nigger shoot de bottle by my hade—I'se sho'ly skeered;
Dat stuff it look so b'ilin' hot, to drink it I wuz feared;
But arter I'd done swallered down a glars, I feel so fine,
I 'gin de sitiwation not so very much to min'—
An' den a little restin' spell I sorter tried to take,
But, Lor'! ole marster hollered: "Gub 'im puddin', pie an' cake!"
—Wid de han' upon de pistol an' de debbel in de eye!—
"An', Mellick, down wid all, onless yo' is prepar'd to die."

I hurried home dem goodies like I hudn't eat dat day;
Tell marster see I couldn't pack anoder crumb away;
An' den he say: "Now, Mellick, to de crib, git up an' go!
An' de naix time yo' is starvin' come to me an' lemme know."
But, Lor', in dat ar bizniss I kin nebber show my face—
An' dar's nebber been anoder starvin' nigger on de place!

J. R. EGGLESTON, in "*Century*."

DOW'S FLAT, 1856.



DOW'S FLAT. That's its name,
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot
the place at first view.

It was called after Dow—
Which the same was an ass—
And as to the how
That the thing came to pass—
Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit
ye down here in the grass:

You see this here Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd ha' straddled thet fence-rail, the
derned thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his
wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough—mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house on the sly;
And the old woman—well, she did washing, and took
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck o' Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop
to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay:
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridik-
ilous way.

One day—it was June,
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work, like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a Der-
ringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell,
Just to listen and think;
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir,) you see,
kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay;
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all, as I've
heerd the folks say.

And that's a pert hoss
Thet you've got, ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir,
that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss hed struck—"Water?"—beg
your parding, young man, there you lied.

It was *gold* in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the
same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is

That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrariness;
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his
luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say!
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well then, the next time you're passin' and ask
after Dow—and thet's *me*.

F. Bret Harte.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray!
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray;
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

Thomas Hood.

SNEEZING.

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
How with rapturous torment wrings me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you fool—get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 't is most del-ishi—
Ishi—i-hi—most del-i-hi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff is a delicious thing.

Leigh Hunt.

THE SHAKERS.

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white people's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knocht at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you." "Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, looking sumwhat like a last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which i urbanely ansered "a few." She went orf and I endevord to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him as a yayer he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Just then the female in the meal-bag stuck her head into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveller, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary traveller was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal-bag pored out some tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner.

This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marriage is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strictly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thow never got hitched to some likely feller." (N. B.—She was upwards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.)

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm afraid of men!" she said.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shut out from the sinful world. Here is all peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here.

"Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my style."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previously, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female gosts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grannother if they axed him to.

They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I

got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun, I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keeping quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear.

When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozing half an hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter. The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeeral on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses mounted on my California Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and that Betsy Jane cum out and give us a warm reception with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs, then saying I was a man of sin, he went groaning away.

As I was going threw the entry to the room where the wittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules and git married."

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subject to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em." "Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder. Arter breakfust my little Shaker friends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay agin?"

"Nay," they sed and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to have sarvices that morning, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin.

The floor was as white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal-bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They comments clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you—Elder Uriah, in particler, exhibeted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile and sed: "Hunky Boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin his shuffle. The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and Seleckest people on the yearth.

Other people was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right.

Shakers was all going kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want going to stand at the gate to bar 'em out; if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of them axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin and singin? This long weskit buziness, and this anty-matrimony idee? My friends, you air neat and tidy.

Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a keg of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancestars used to practiss. Your gardin seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass.

You are honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I give you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say; you mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselvs nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Natur busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. (I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old fellow squirm like a speared Eel.) You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever heard around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, driven it from your doors by them weskits, and meal-bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly hearts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee

that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of.

Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axletree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatural, onreasonable and dismal life you're leading here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney. ARTEMUS WARD.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard—
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave;*
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze;
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors. "Ah," Hodge sighed,
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:

His muzzle formed of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a mean, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave!"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would *shave*."
"Not think they'd *shave!*" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries.
"*Made*," quoth the fellow with a smile—"*to sell*."

DR. JOHN WOLCOTT (*Peter Pindar*).

A DITTY.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides.
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze an' lace;
Though, faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations:
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The very tapmost tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth; right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as ony grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum!
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fie!
How daur ye do 't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursèd speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

ROBERT BURNS.

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

TWO honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;
Hark ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this
About the crows!—I don't know what it is,
Replied his friend.—No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I came from it is the common chat;
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And, that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.
Impossible!—Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you.
From whose, I pray?—So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, sir, I did: and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by-the-by, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*.
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went;
Sir—and so forth—Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number, not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
The truth of *that* you may depend upon,
The gentleman himself told me the case—
Where may I find him?—Why, in such a place.
Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard?
Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?—Not I—
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and *one;*
And here, I find, all comes, at last, to *none!*
Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all?*
Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over—And, pray, sir, what was't?
Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was—*as black*, sir, as a crow.

JOHN BYROM.

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW machree, it's no wonder you frown—
Och hone! widow machree;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown—
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, now the summer is come—
Och hone! widow machree;
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares;
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish—
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
Och hone! widow machree—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld—
Och hone! widow machree—

But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree—
Och hone! widow machree!—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart—
Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, and while I was standin at the dore takin money a deppytashun of ladies came up and sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Reformin and Wimins' Rites Associashun, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, Sur," sed the feroshus woman, "we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—whitch beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—and who will resist hense4th and forever the incroachments of proud and domineering men."

During her discourse, the exsentric female grabbed me by the coat kollor and was swinging her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intensions is honorable! I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "and she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the yoke of tyrinny and thinkin and votin for herself!—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natural born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"Oh what—what!" screamed the female, swinging her umbreller in the air. "O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price of my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, Crooil man!" she cried & burst into teers.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, takin me

afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in—she's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparalled show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a high poetick pitch, "you air an angel when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically speaken) get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lions, seekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed."

ARTEMUS WARD.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

IN January, when down the dairy the cream and clabber freeze,
When snow-drifts cover the fences over, we farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team, and bring the cutter out;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it, and heap the furs about.

Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens, and sleighs at least a score;
There John and Molly, behind, are jolly—Nell rides with me, before.
All down the village street we range us in a row:
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, and over the crispy snow!

The windows glisten, the old folks listen to hear the sleigh-bells pass;
The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter, the road as smooth as glass.
Our muffled faces burn, the clear north-wind blows cold,
The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle, each in her lover's hold.

Through bridge and gateway we're shooting straightway, their toll-man was too slow!
He'll listen after our song and laughter as over the hill we go.
The girls cry, "Fie! for shame!" their cheeks and lips are red,
And so with kisses, kisses, kisses, they take the toll instead.

Still follow, follow! across the hollow the tavern fronts the road.
Whoa, now! all steady! the host is ready—he knows the country mode!
The irons are in the fire, the hissing flip is got;
So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it, and sip it while 'tis hot.

Push back the tables, and from the stables bring Tom, the fiddler, in;
All take your places, and make your graces, and let the dance begin.
The girls are heating time to hear the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it, and swing your partners round.

Last couple toward the left! all forward! Cotillion's through, let's wheel:
First tune the fiddle, then down the middle in old Virginia Reel.
Play Monkey Musk to close, then take the "long chassé,"
While in to supper, supper, supper, the landlord leads the way.

The bells are ringing, the ostlers bringing the cutters up anew;
The beasts are neighing, too long we're staying, the night is half way through.
Wrap close the buffalo robes, we're all aboard once more;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, away from the tavern door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow, and swiftly home-ward glide.
What midnight splendor! how warm and tender the maiden by your side!
The sleighs drop far apart, her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her, 'tis safe to tell her so.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BABY BYE.

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I;
Go I has given the little fly
No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a pack
Like a pedler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, O fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs,
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats, you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat.
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell—
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good-day.

THEODORE TILTON.

NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas upblazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, when folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble, "Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

A MODEST WIT.

SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! Bless me, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

ANONYMOUS.

THE DRUMMER.

THE drummer inhabits railroad trains. He is always at home on the cars. He also temporarily infests the best rooms in hotels. In winter he wears an ulster with the surcingle hanging loose behind, and in summer a linen duster.

He is usually swung to a satchel containing a comb and brush, another shirt, a clean celluloid collar and a pair of cuffs; also a railroad guide, and a newspaper wrapped around a suspicious-looking bottle. That is about all the personal baggage he carries, except a "Seaside Library" novel and a pocket-knife with a corkscrew at the back of it. He has a two-story, iron-bound trunk, containing "sambles of dem goots," which he checks through to the next town. He always travels for a first-class house—the largest firm in their line of business in the United States, a firm that sells more goods, and sells them cheaper, than any two houses in the country. He is very modest about stating these facts, and blushes when he makes the statement; but he makes it, nevertheless, probably as a matter of duty.

He can talk on any subject, although he may not know much about it, but what little he knows he knows, and he lets you know that he knows it. He may be giving his views on the financial policy of the British government, or he may only be telling you of what, in his opinion, is good for a boil, but he will do it with an air and a tone that leaves the matter beyond dispute.

He is at home everywhere, and he never seems out of place wherever you find him, although we do not remember ever to have seen him in church.

Sitting on his gripsack at a way-station, waiting for a train six hours behind time, and abusing the railroad officials, from brakeman to president, with a profuse and robust profanity that gives the air a sulphurous odor for miles around, he seems in perfect keeping with the surroundings. The scene would be as incomplete without him as a horse-race without a yellow dog on the track.

When the drummer gets into a railroad train, if alone, he occupies two seats. One he sits on, and on the other he piles up his baggage and overcoat and tries to look as if they didn't belong to him, but to another man who has just stepped into the smoking-car and would be back directly.

Drummers are usually found in pairs or quartettes on the cars. They sit together in a double seat, with a valise on end between them, on which they play euchre and other sinful games. When they get tired of playing they go into the smoking-car, where the man who is travelling for a distillery "sets 'em up" out of his sample-case, and for an hour or two they swop lies about the big bills of goods they have sold in the last town they were in, tell highly-seasoned stories about their personal adventures and exhibit to each other the photograph of the last girl they made impressions on.

While the drummer is not ostentatiously bashful, neither does he assume any outward show of religion. His great love of truth is, however, one of his strong points, and he is never known to go beyond actual facts, except in the matter of excessive

baggage. Regarding this, he will sometimes stretch a point until it will cover up two hundred pounds of a three hundred pound trunk. He is the only man who dares address hotel-clerks by their Christian name. He knows every hotel in the country and every room in every hotel. When he arrives by a late train, he is the first to get out of the 'bus and reach the clerk's desk, when he says to the clerk: "Hello, Charley, old fel, how are you? Got No. 16 for me?" And the clerk flashes his Kohinoor and a smile on him as he shakes his hand, pounds the nickel-plated call-bell and shouts: "John, take the gentleman's baggage to No. 16."

In the dining-room the drummer is a favorite with the colored waiters, although he orders more dishes and finds more fault with the fare than other guests do. He does not believe the waiter when he tells him that the milk is all out, but sends him off to inquire further about the matter, and while the waiter is gone he fills up his glass out of the blue milk in the cream-pitcher. He flirts with the chambermaids, teases the bootblacks, and plays practical jokes on the regular boarders. He goes to bed at a late hour, and sleeps so soundly that the porter wakes up the people for two blocks around and shakes the plaster off the wall in trying to communicate to him the fact that the 'bus for the 4.20 A. M. train will start in ten minutes.

The drummer has much to worry and fret him. Travelling at night to save time, sleeping in a baggage-car or the caboose of a freight train, with nothing but his ear for a pillow, bumping over rough roads on stages and buck-boards, living on corn-bread and coffee dinners in cross-road hotels, yet under all these vexatious circumstances he is usually good-humored and in the best of spirits, although he sometimes expresses his feelings regarding the discomforts of travel, and the toughness of a beefsteak, or the solidity of a biscuit, in language that one would never think of attributing to the author of Watts' hymns.

All kinds of improbable stories are told about drummers, some of them being almost as improbable as the stories they themselves tell. For instance, we once heard that a man saw a drummer in the piny woods of North Carolina camping out under an umbrella.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am camping and living on spruce-gum to save expenses," replied the drummer.

"What are you doing that for?"

"To bring up the average."

It seems that the firm allowed him a certain sum per day for expenses, and by riotous living he had gone far beyond his daily allowance. By camping out under an umbrella and living on spruce-gum for a few days the expense would be so small as to offset the previous excess he had been guilty of. This story is probably a fabrication.

The chief end and aim of the drummer is to sell goods, tell anecdotes and circulate the latest fashionable slang phrase. If he understands his business, the country merchant may as well capitulate at once. There is no hope too forlorn, nor any country merchant too surly or taciturn for the drummer to tackle. A merchant not

long ago loaded up a double-barreled shotgun with nails, with the intention of vaccinating the first drummer who entered his store. The commercial emissary has been talking to him only fifteen minutes. In that time he has told the old man four good jokes, paid him five compliments on his business and shrewdness, propounded two conundrums and came very near telling the truth once. As a result, the sanguinary old man is in excellent humor, and just about to make out an order for $500 worth of goods that he doesn't actually need, and then he will go out and take a drink with the drummer.

The drummer is the growth of this fast age. Without him the car of commerce would creak slowly along.

He is an energetic and genial cuss, and we hope that he will appreciate this notice and the fact that we have suppressed an almost uncontrollable impulse to say something about his cheek.

"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone!
Alone!
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there),
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

CHARLES LEVER.

I DOUBT IT.

WHEN a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

ANONYMOUS.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."
SHAKESPEARE.

SAID Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified." "Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men—I mean I'll be the best alive.
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."
"I thank ye, sir, for telling me, for now I'll grieve the more!"

THOMAS HOOD.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

J. A. MACON, in "*Scribner.*"

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou hall, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

LETTERS TO FARMERS.

BELOVED FARMERS: Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce; she is also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at half-past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandles, and grease yure boots. Wait pashuntly for dabrake. When day duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too mutch sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git rich on a farm, unless yu rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

The happyest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer!—What iz a merchant?—What is a doktor?—What is a minister?—I answer, nothing!

A farmer is the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two kords of kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew. JOSH BILLINGS.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MORNING.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

FROM FAR.

O Love, come back, across the weary way
Thou didst go yesterday—
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn:
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love! we are undone
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghostland, thy voice
Is borne afar."

O Love, what was our sin that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set—
My lips of fire—and yet
Ye knew me not"

Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses:
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

O Love! stern Love! be not implacable:
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

Oh weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long,
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire:
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

INDIRECTION.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but
their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the
secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALF.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance and wine—
And thou art terrible:—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair,
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane,
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the tares.

A scribe in writing right may write,
To write and still be wrong;
For write and rite are neither right,
And don't to right belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burt's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun,
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies,
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before the storm,
A bow will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies—
To dye he's always trying;
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son,
And Deys must have their days;
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.

Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed one's future son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale:
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

ANONYMOUS.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell:
Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read me a sweet poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

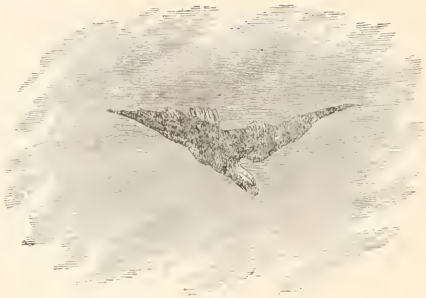
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



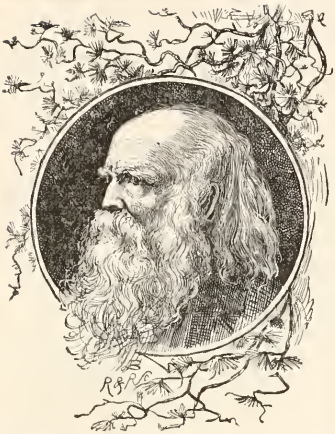
THE GENERAL CHORUS.

WE all keep step to the marching chorus,
Rising from millions of men around.
Millions have marched to the same before us,
Millions come on with a sealike sound.
Life, Death; Life, Death:
Such is the song of human breath.

What is this multitudinous chorus,
Wild, monotonous, low, and loud?
Earth we tread on, heaven that's o'er us?
I in the midst of the moving crowd?
Life, Death; Life, Death;
What is this burden of human breath?

On with the rest, your foot-steps timing!
Mystical music flows in the song,
(Blent with it?—Born from it?)—loftily chiming,
Tenderly soothing, it bears you along.
Life, Death; Life, Death;
Strange is the chant of human breath!

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.



BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

THERE is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

YOU have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with too much care.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT I.

GREAT men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain is but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, ACT III.

BEAUTY provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT I.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

KING JOHN, ACT IV.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
. . . . . .
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.

KING RICHARD II., ACT I.

THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT V.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT V.

. . . THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

THE TEMPEST, ACT IV.

O, IT is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spake and told one of it,
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper.

THE TEMPEST, ACT III.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to the eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it:
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

THOMAS MOORE.

AN INVOCATION.

COME from the far-off spirit-world to-night,
And bathe once more my sad and weary soul
In all the softened splendors of thy light;
Oh! in my anguish, leave me not alone.

Let me but see the shadow of thy face;
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface
The subtle agony Death always brings.

Come not transfigured by the light of love,
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed;
For my sad spirit cannot rise above
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.

Come rather clothed in thy humanity,
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,
And winning sweetness of those eyes, to me
Nought but a tender recollection now.

So in thy twilight smile, half light, half shade,
The memories of the past will gain new life,
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,
And in that rest I shall forget the strife.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

Abbreviated from the French of ROUGET DE LISLE.

BE thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE—HAMLET, ACT III.

WHEREBY repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor earth.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, ACT V.

SUNSET.

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.
Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean's waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!
Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul enlivening green—
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way,
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence and infant mirth
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never c'oy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place;
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side, assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay;
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme,
Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain,
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try;
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

THE LORE-LEI.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;—
But a tale of the times departed
Haunts me—and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this with her magic singing
The Lore-Lei hath done!

From the German of HEINRICH HEINE.

SUNSET.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

FROM "THE CENTURY."

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of 'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

J. A. MACON.

A SONG OF THE MOLE.

DE jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun',
De squir'l, he holler fum de top er de tree—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun';
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole, he stay in de groun'.

De w'ipperwill holler fum 'cross de fence—
He got no peace er min';
Mr. Mole, he grabble en he dig twel he lan'
Un'need * de sweet-tater vine;
He lan' down dar whar no sun aint shine,
Un'need de sweet-tater vine.

De sparrer-hawk whet his bill on de rail—
Oh, ladies, lissen unter me,
Mr. Mole, he handle his two little spade,
Down dar whar no eye kin see;
He dig so fur en he dig so free,
Down dar whar no eye kin see.

De nigger, he wuk twel de dark drap down,
En den Mr. Mole is he;
He sing his song de whole night long
Whar de patter-roller † never kin see;
He sing en he play—oh, gals, go 'way!—
Whar de patter-roller never kin see.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*Uncle Remus.*)

* Underneath.

THE IRISH ECLIPSE.

"FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

IN Watherford, wanst, lived Profissorr MacShane,
The foinest asthronomer iver was sane;
For long before noight, wid the scoience he knew,
Wheriver wan shtar was, sure he could see two
Quoite plain,
Could Profissorr MacShane.

More power to him! iv'ry claare noight as would pass,
He'd sit hy the windy, a-shoving his glass;
A poke at the dipper, that plaised him the laist,
But a punch in the milky way suited his taste—
Small blame
To his sowl for that same!

Now wan toime in Watherford, not long ago,
They had what the loike was not haard of, I know,
Since Erin was undher ould Brian Borrhoime:
The sun was ayclipsed for three days at wan toime!
It's thrue
As I tell it to you.

'Twas sunroise long gone, yet the sun never rose,
And iv'rywan axed, "What's the matther, God knows?"
The next day, and next, was the very same way;
The noight was so long it was lasting all day,
As black
As the coat on yer back.

The paiple wint hunting Profissorr MacShane,
To thry if he'd know what this wondher could mane;
He answered thim back: "Is that so? Are ye there?
'Tis a lot of most iligant gommachs ye air,
To ax
For the plainest of facts!

"Ye're part of an impoire, yez mustn't forget,
Upon which the sun's niver able to set;
Thin why will it give yer impoire a surproise
If wanst, for a change, he refuses to roise?"
Siz he,
"That is aizy to see!"

IRWIN RUSSELL.

† Patrol.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

DOWN the dimpled greensward dancing
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This man and dog at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man!

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL, what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from such all the days of my life!
Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,
Ashes and praty-skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had niver been neighbors before.

Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,
If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is scourin' it!
Sure, at a baste like that, swearin's no sin;
His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—
Tunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;
Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye—
Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',
Say the old bachelor kneading his dough;
Troth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin',
How it would flavor his palate, you know!

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin'—
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

JOHN FINLEY.

DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace!
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

SALVATION AND MORALITY.

[Prof. David Swing, minister of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, was cited to appear before the Presbytery of the city upon the charge of Heterodoxy by Rev. Dr. Patton, editor of *The Interior*. He defended his theological principles in an able manner, asserting that his views were truly evangelical. The following extract is from his beautiful sermon upon "Salvation and Morality:"]

THE divine Jesus with his morality, with his curse upon one who even called his brother *Raca*, with his prayer, "Be ye perfect," with his benediction for him who did the least commandment and taught men so, with his whole career full of man's subjective salvation, is an object too vast to be swept from the Christian sky by the besom of any school, past or to come. Be you anywhere, my friend, in the journey of life—in youth, or middle life, or old age, do not suffer any voice to confuse your heart as to the need of a personal obedience rendered the teachings of the Saviour. The precise meaning of salvation may elude your power of definition. You may not be able to find that line that crosses every path—

> "The hidden boundary between
> God's patience and his wrath,"

but whatever darkness may gather around you, amid the obscure definitions of men, there will always be in the imitation of Jesus Christ a place where no shadow can come. A religion that will make the Sermon on the Mount play a second part in your earthly career, comes it under any name, Calvinist, Methodist, Baptist or Catholic, that religion decline, or abandon so far, and draw nearer to him who knew better than all the schools wherein lies the best destiny of the soul.

All through the life of Christ the music of heaven sounded to the pure in heart, and an awful thunder rolled in all the sky, over the spirit that sinned in deed and in thought; and when a generation after the Saviour's death, the heavens opened to the vision of St. John, and this divine Being stood a radiant star on the border of earth, there came the same music again for the virtuous, the same thunder in the futurity of the wicked. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates of the city; for without are dogs and sorcerers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Here the morals of Jesus return to us in awful significance. Let us not add to nor take away from the words of the prophecy of this book.

DAVID SWING.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

WHAT are you doing here,
Norah, my dear,
Out in the dark and the mist?".
"Well, if you insist—
I am looking to find
Some dark brown curls that I missed."

"But your hands are quite wet,
Norah, my pet.
Why are you walking so slow?"
"Well, if you must know,
I am waiting to hear
A voice that is tender and low."

"For me you have no word,
Norah, my bird.
Why do you stop so to rest?"
"Now stand I confessed.
I am watching to see
The eyes that I love the best."

"For you I would have died,
Norah, my pride,
And now you my love despise."
Then softly she cries—
"But I have found them all,
'Twas your hair, your voice, your eyes."

MIRIAM KENYON.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, ALL FOR GOOD LUCK.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn—
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith! you've tazed me till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound—"
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrraries, my dear.
So, jewel, keep dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure!
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste—
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure:
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES' KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,
And made a shark his legatee."

BRYAN and PERENNE.

WHAT is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trousers blue?
O Jones, my dear!—O dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"O Sally dear, it is too true—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"O Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea:
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o'nights
To haunt as people say;

My ghost *can't* walk, for, O, my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
O Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste—
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Maher;
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

[Frederick Douglass was born in Maryland, February, 1817. At least he himself supposes this to have been the date of his birth, for, as he says, no "slave in that part of the country could tell with any certainty how old he was." The first twenty-one years of his life were years of slavery, from which he escaped in September, 1838. Since then his acquisition of knowledge under great difficulty, his wonderful oratory, and the efforts put forth in behalf of his race have made him world-famous.]

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS AT THE CELEBRATION OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION, DELIVERED AT ELMIRA, N. Y., AUGUST 1st, 1880.

FORTY years of work in the cause of the oppressed and enslaved have been well noted, well appreciated and rewarded. All classes and colors of men, at home and abroad, have in this way assisted in holding up my hands. Looking back through these long years of toil and conflict, during which I have had blows to take as well as blows to give, and have sometimes received wounds and bruises, both in body and in mind, my only regret is that I have been enabled to do so little to lift up and strengthen our long enslaved and still oppressed people. My apology for these remarks personal to myself is in

the fact that I am now standing mainly in the presence of a new generation. Most of the men with whom I lived and labored in the early years of the abolition movement have passed beyond the borders of this life. Scarcely any of the colored men who advocated our cause and who started when I did are now numbered with the living, and I begin to feel somewhat lonely. But while I have the sympathy and approval of men and women like these before me I shall give with joy my latest breath in support of your claim to justice, liberty and equality among men. The day we celebrate is pre-eminently the colored man's day. The great event by which it is distinguished and by which it will ever be distinguished from all other days of the year has justly claimed thoughtful attention among statesmen and social reformers throughout the world. While to them it is a luminous point in human history, and worthy of thought in the colored man, it addresses not merely the intelligence, but the feeling. The emancipation of our brothers in the West Indies comes home to us and stirs our hearts and fills our souls with those grateful sentiments which link mankind in a common brotherhood.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"NEIN" (pronounced NINE) is the German for "No."

OT any boys? the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Hushand, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine'?"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN G. SAXE.

MIGNON.

[This universally known poem is also to be found in Wilhelm Meister.]

NOW'ST thou the land where the fair citron blows,
Where the bright orange 'midst the foliage glows,
Where soft winds greet us from the azure skies,
Where silent myrtles, stately laurels rise,
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
That I with thee, beloved one, would repair.

Know'st thou the house? On columns rests its pile,
Its halls are gleaming and its chambers smile,
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
Poor child! what sorrow hath befallen thee?
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
That I with thee, protector, would repair!

Know'st thou the mountain and its cloudy bridge
The mule can scarcely find the misty ridge;
In caverns dwells the dragon's olden brood,
The frowning crag obstructs the raging flood.
Knows't thou it well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our path lies, Father, thither, oh repair!

GOETHE.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

PAUL had to make the best of his thorn, and we also by the uplifting and outgoing of the heart to God. The outgoing of the heart in faith, and prayer, and patience; and the confidence, that while I rest in the sense of my Father's wisdom and love, and do the best I can, things will be just about what they should be, and would be, if I were the sole being besides the Father in the universe, and he had no thought but to make everything come into harmony with my desire. It is always the old history over again we have to realize before we can be entirely at rest. The cup is held to our lips, and we shrink back and cry, "Let this pass from me;" but then the soul says, "The cup that my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" and we say, "Thy will be done," and then there is quiet. The sun shines in the soul then, though it is black night outside; and though we have to bear after that the kiss of the traitor, and the curse of the fiend, and the crown of thorns, all in the flesh together, and the cross and shame, we can bear all, and be all, while we rest in God and look up to our great Forerunner, whose life, from the time he came forth to help us bear our burdens, was one long pain, the thorn always hurting; that so we might learn how the way to the loftiest life in heaven may be through the roughest ways of earth.

"'Tis alone of His appointing
That our feet on thorns have trod,
Suffering, pain, renunciation,
Only bring us nearer God.

"Strength sublime may rise from weakness,
Groans be turned to songs of praise;
Nor are life's divinest labors
Only told by songs of praise."

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like the huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheel out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the canonnade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sands grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

[Rufus Choate was born at Ipswich, Mass., on the first day of October, 1799. In boyhood he displayed great thirst for knowledge. In his sixteenth year he entered Dartmouth College, and, after his graduation there, remained a year as tutor. He subsequently studied law, in which he proved himself the rival of Daniel Webster. He died in July, 1859.]

MY heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went—it is a day or two since—alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him—all habited as when

> "His look drew audience still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air,"

till the heavens be no more. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming-in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of mid-summer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness and loneliness and darkness with which you see it now will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather round me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past—
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go.

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild:
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

OUR BANNER.

HEN Christ is preached, there is a defiance given to the enemies of the Lord. Every time a sermon is preached in the power of the Spirit, it is as though the shrill clarion woke up the fiends of hell, for every sermon seems to say to them, "Christ is come forth again to deliver his lawful captives out of your power; the King of kings has come to take away your dominions, to wrest from you your stolen treasures, and to proclaim himself your Master." Oh, there is a stern joy that the minister sometimes feels when he thinks of himself as the antagonist of the powers of hell. Martin Luther seems always to have felt it when he said, "Come let us sing the forty-sixth psalm, and let the devil do his worst." Why, that was lifting up his standard—the standard of the cross. If you want to defy the devil, don't go about preaching philosophy; don't sit down and write out fine sermons, with long sentences, three-quarters of a mile in extent; don't try and cull fine, smooth phrases that will sound sweetly in people's ears. The devil doesn't care a bit for this; but talk about Christ, preach about the sufferings of a Saviour, tell sinners that there is life in a look at him, and straightway the devil taketh great umbrage. Why, look at many of the ministers in London! They preach in their pulpits from the first of January to the last of December, and nobody finds fault with them, because they will prophesy such smooth things. But let a man preach Christ, let him declaim about the power of Jesus to save, and press home gospel truth with simplicity and boldness, straightway the fiends of darkness will be against you; and, if they cannot bite, they will show that they can howl and bark. There is a defiance, I say, it is God's defiance; his gauntlet thrown down to the confederated powers of darkness, a gauntlet which they dare not take up, for

they know what tremendous power for good there is in the uplifting of the cross of Christ. Wave, then, your banner, O ye soldiers of the cross; each in your place and rank keep watch and ward, but wave your banner still; for though the adversary shall be wroth, it is because he knoweth that his time is short when once the cross of Christ is lifted up.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

WAS on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship *Nancy Bell*,
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he ne'er forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
''Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.'"

W. S. GILBERT.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I'VE just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung, some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of a scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break, ere my task for the day was done;
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swinging the old scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men.
I stood, and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power;
The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half, when he puts it into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men,
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my threescore years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surpri-ed to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship agoin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change their ways.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the door-yard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a toilin' for you or I.
There were cows to milk; there was butter to make; and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task, and the long task is now done with a machine;
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there! hear it afar?
A rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass, with the noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eye grows dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross;
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple way of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

REST.

BEAUTIFUL toiler, thy work all done,
Beautiful soul into glory gone,
Beautiful life with its crown now won,
God giveth thee rest.
Rest from all sorrows, and watching, and fears,
Rest from all possible sighing and tears,
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years—
At home with the blest.

Beautiful spirit, free from all stain,
Ours the heartache, the sorrow and pain,
Thine is the glory and infinite gain—
Thy slumber is sweet.
Peace on the brow and the eyelids so calm,
Peace in the heart, 'neath the white folded palm,
Peace dropping down like a wondrous balm
From the head to the feet.

"It was so sudden," our white lips said,
"How we shall miss her, the beautiful dead,
Who take the place of the precious one fled;
But God knoweth best.
We know He watches the sparrows that fall,
Hears the sad cry of the grieved hearts that call,
Friends, husband, children, He loveth them all—
We can trust for the *rest*.

MARY T. LATHROP.

THE SYMBOL AND THE REALITY.

IN heaven the outward and the inward church shall absolutely correspond; but here and now the church may be so set upon her symbols and her regularities that she shall fail of doing her most perfect work and living her most perfect life. The Christian may be so bound to rites and ceremonies that he loses the God to whom they ought to bring him near. The congregation may be so jealous for its liturgy that it loses the power of prayer. The church at large may make so much of its apostolic ministry that it loses the present ministry of Christ himself. Here it certainly is true that no symbol is doing its true work unless it is educating those who use it to do without itself if need be. The Christian is misusing his rites and ceremonies unless they are bringing him more personally and immediately nearer to God. The congregation is not using its liturgy aright if it is getting more and more unable to worship except in just that form and order; and the church is suffering and not thriving by her ancient ministry if she is making it exclusive and mechanical and calling none the ministers of Christ who have not that ordination. Everywhere the letter stands for the spirit, and to give up the letter that the spirit may live more fully, becomes from time to time the absolute necessity of the living church.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"LITTLE NAN."

LITTLE Nan Gordon,
With the red hair,
Down by the post-office,
You know where,
Sold big, red apples,
Two for a cent,
Gum-drops, lozenges,
Rose peppermint,
Left her stand
In the broad daylight,
Ran clear up *here*
In a *terrible* fright.
"Tell the doctor
To please come quick,
There's a man," she said,
"That's *awful* sick.
A poor old man
Got hurt by a cart;
Nobody'd come
And I hadn't the heart
To stand like the rest
And only stare.
So I *had* to come,
And I wouldn't care
If the boys stole everything I had;
I'd rather be *poor*
Than be so *bad*."
I'll tell you what
My mamma said
That very night
When she put me to bed.
A beautiful angel
With shiny wings,
One of the kind
That always sings,
Will come some time
And find little Nan,
Who forgot *herself*
And for sick folks ran;
He'll take her hand
And say to her, "Come
And go with me."
And he'll show her his *home*,
Where no one is selfish
And loves his ease,
But every one tries
All the rest to please.

I tell you what
I'd like to go.
And a good many boys
And girls that I know
And we're going to try
Very hard to do
All that is right
And to tell what's *true*.
Now, don't you think
That if we do
An angel will come
And take *us* too?

G. W. THOMAS.

"LITTLE NAN."

A SEQUEL.

LITTLE Nan Gordon,
With the red hair,
Ran back to her stand,
You know where,
And told the sick man:
"The doctor will come,
Quick as he can,
And take you home."

But what a *surprise*
There met her eyes;
None *cared* for poor Nan
While *she* cared for the *man*.

While she was gone
Some *awful* bad boys
Stole her apples, gum-drops,
Money and toys;
Turned over her stand,
In the broad daylight,
And left what they left
In a *terrible* plight;
Stamped on her basket,
And did—what boys can—
All that they could
To injure poor Nan,
Who cried at her loss,
But still was real glad
That *she* did what was good,
If others *were* bad.

But an angel stood by,
With a smile on his face
And a tear in his eye,
Who whispered, quite softly,
"I'll make it all right
With Nan bye-and-bye."

The very next morning,
When Nan got there—
Down by the post-office,
You know where—
Big, red apples,
Two for a cent,
Gum-drops and candies,
Rose peppermint—
Lots of things she hadn't before,
Of such as she *did* have
Twice as much more;
A nice new table,
A nice money-drawer,
For the money stolen
Twice as much more;
New baskets and candy-jars,
Clean and bright,
All ready for Nan
In the broad daylight.
And the angel stood by,
With a stick in his hand,
Keeping bad boys
Away from the stand.

Then he kissed little Nan,
With the red hair,
And gave her the things
That he'd *fixed* for her there.
So twice glad was Nan
That she went to get help
For the sick old man.

Moral.

'Tisn't always true what folks frequently say
That children must wait till the judgment day
Before their good actions will draw any pay;
But *this* is the point—Nan did what she could,
What made her real *glad* was she was real *good*;
To have angel's help you needn't wait till you *die*,
Do good when you *can*, *the angel stands by*.

A. W. DODGE.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom, bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sledding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro;
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On that same spot, 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so:
The loser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined, now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach,
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago!

'Twas by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as *she* died, whose name *you* cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

ANONYMOUS.

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LAMENT.

AN sure I was tould to come in till yer Honor
To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat?
He's gone for a soldier is Misther O'Conner,
Wid a stripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what'll ye tell him? Sure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer Honor to spake wid a pen.
Tell him I'm *well*, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, yer Honor) is *better* again.

For when he went off, so sick was the darlint,
She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face,
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild-like,
And ax, "Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, an' me sorely gravin',
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

Tell him to send us a bit of his money
For the rint, and the doctor's bill due in a wake;
But sure—there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
In faith, I'd no right wid such *fradom* to speak.

I'm over much triflin'. I'll not give ye trubble—
I'll find *some* one willin'—oh! what *can it be?*
What's that in the newspaper yer foldin' up double?
Yer Honor, don't hide it, but rade it to *me*.

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! oh, God! it's some ither.
Shot dead! Sure a week's scarce gone by;
An' the kiss on the cheek o' his sorrowing mither,
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

Dead! Dead! Oh, my God, am I crazy?
Shure it's brakin' my heart, yer tellin' me so.
And what in the world will become of me Daisy?
Oh, what can I do! Oh, where shall I go!

This room is so dark, I'm not *seein'*, yer Honor;
I think I'll go home—and a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

ANONYMOUS.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin',
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, that mis'rable sinner,'
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Of course, there could be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The loud Amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah! says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wouldn't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellers.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit on others."

My wife, she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.

Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

ANONYMOUS.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the morning
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill-hands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up the row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes the message from Kriss,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.
And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't adone so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must a' been nigh midnight,
When the mill-hands left the Ridge—
They come down—the drunken devils!
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a workin',
And guessed there was something wrong,
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along.

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A swingin' it all the time.

Well! By Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin'
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' and laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

F. BRET HARTE.

PAT'S LOVE LETTER.

IT'S Patrick Dolin, myself and no other,
That's after informin' you, without any bother,
That your own darlin' self has put me heart in a blaze
And made me your swateheart the rest of me days.
And now I sits down to write ye this letter,
To tell how I loves ye, as none can love better.
Mony's the day, sure, since first I got smitten
Wid yer own purty face, that's bright as a kitten's,
And yer illegant figger, that's just the right size;
Faith! I'm all over in love wid ye, clear up till me eyes.
You won't think me desavin', or tellin' a lie,
If I tell who's in love wid *me*, just ready to die.
There's Bridget McCregan, full of coketish tricks,
Keeps flatterin' me pride, to get me heart in a fix;
And Bridget, you know, has great expectations
From her father that's dead, and lots of relations.
Then there's Biddy O'Farrel, the cunningest elf,
Sings "Patrick, me darlin'," and that means *meself*.
I might marry them *both*, if I felt so inclined,
But there's no use talking of the likes of *their* kind.
I trates them both alike, without impartiality,
And maintains meself sure on the ground of neutrality.
On me knees, Helen, darlint, I ask your consent
"For better or worse," without asking a cent.
I'd do anything in the world—anything you would say,
If you'd be Mistress Dolin instead of Miss Day.
I'd save all me money and buy me a house,
Where nothing should tease us so much as a mouse;
And you'll hear nothing else from year out to year in,
But swate words of kindness from Patrick Dolin.
Then—if ye should die—forgive me the thought,
I'd always behave as a dacent man ought.
I'd spend all me days in wailing and crying,
And wish for nothin' so much as jist to be dying.
Then you'd see on marble slabs, reared up side by side,
"Here lies Patrick Dolin, and Helen, his bride."
Yer indulgence, in conclusion, on me letter I ask,
For to write a love letter is no aisy task;
I've an impediment in me speech, as me letter shows,
And a cold in me head makes me write through me nose.
Please write me a letter, in me great-uncle's care,
With the prescription upon it, "Patrick Dolin, Esquare."
"In haste" write in big letters, on the outside of the cover,
And believe me forever, your distractionate lover.
Written wid me own hand.

his
PATRICK ✕ DOLIN.
mark.

ANONYMOUS.

INNOCENCE shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

WINTER'S TALE, ACT II.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've found the model church—I worshipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times, before my hair was gray.
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor:
He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'—it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels all striking their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice, with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' along from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,
And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend,
"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths
have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from
heaven's blue.
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening
gray,
That happy hour of worship in that model church to-
day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory
be won;
The shining goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the
shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no
more.

JOHN H. YATES.

ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with Thee, my God, alone with
Thee;
Thus wouldst thou have it *still*—thus let
it be;
There is a secret chamber in each mind
Which none can find
But He who made it—none beside can know
Its joy or woe.
Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,
And find Thee there
So *full* of *watchful love*. Thou know'st the *why*
Of every sigh.
Then all Thy righteous dealings shall I *see*,
Alone with Thee, my God, alone with Thee.

The joys of earth are like a summer's day,
Fading away;
But in the twilight we may better trace
Thy wondrous grace.
The homes of earth are emptied oft by death,
With chilling breath,
The loved departed guest may ope no more
The well-known door.
Still in that chamber *sealed* Thou'lt dwell with me,
And I with Thee, my God, alone with Thee.

The world's false voice would bid me enter not
That hallowed spot,
And earthly thoughts would follow on the track
To hold me back,
Or seek to break the sacred peace within
By this world's din;
But, by Thy grace, I'll cast them *all* aside
Whate'er betide,
And never let that cell deserted be
Where I can dwell alone, my God, with Thee.

The war may rage! Keep *Thou* the citadel,
And all is *well*,
And when I learn the fullness of Thy love
With Thee above,
When every heart oppressed by hidden grief
Shall gain relief,
When every weary soul shall find its rest
Amidst the blest,
Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall be a temple *meet*, my God, for Thee.

ANONYMOUS.

THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

IWAS late in the autumn of '53
That, making some business-like ex-
cuse,
I left New York, which is home to me,
And went on the cars to Syracuse.

Born and cradled in Maiden Lane,
I went to school in Battery Row,
Till when, my daily bread to obtain,
They made me clerk to Muggins & Co.

But I belonged to a genteel set
Of clerks with souls above their sphere,
Who night after night together met
To feast on intellectual cheer.

We talked of Irving and Bryant and Spratt—
Of Willis, and how much they pay him per page—
Of Sontag and Julien and Art, and all that—
And what d'ye call it?—the Voice of the Age!

We wrote little pieces on purling brooks,
And meadow, and zephyr, and sea, and sky—
Things of which we had seen good descriptions in
books,
And the last, between houses some sixty feet high!

Somehow in this way my soul got fired;
I wanted to see and hear and know
The glorious things that our hearts inspired—
The things that sparkled in poetry so!

And I had heard of the dark-browed braves
Of the famous Onondaga race,
Who once paddled the birch o'er Mohawk's waves,
Or swept his shores in war and the chase.

I'd see that warrior stern and fleet!
Ay, bowed though he be with oppression's abuse:
I'd grasp his hand!—so in Chambers Street
I took my passage for Syracuse.

Arrived at last, I gazed upon
The smoke-dried wigwam of the tribe:
"The depot, sir," suggested one—
I smiled to scorn the idle gibe.

Then to the baggage-man I cried,
"O, point me an Indian chieftain out!"
Rudely he grinned as he replied,
"You'll see 'em loafin' all about!"

Wounded I turn—when lo, e'en now
Before me stands the sight I crave!
I know him by his swarthy brow;
It is an Onondaga brave!

I know him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires,
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief—
"*Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum!*"

ANONYMOUS.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

TOLL! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke!
All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!
What meant the thunder-stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold!
So acted men
Like patriots then
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue;
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll, and strike the test
Through each man's breast,
Till loyal hearts shall stand confessed—
And may God's wrath smite all the rest!

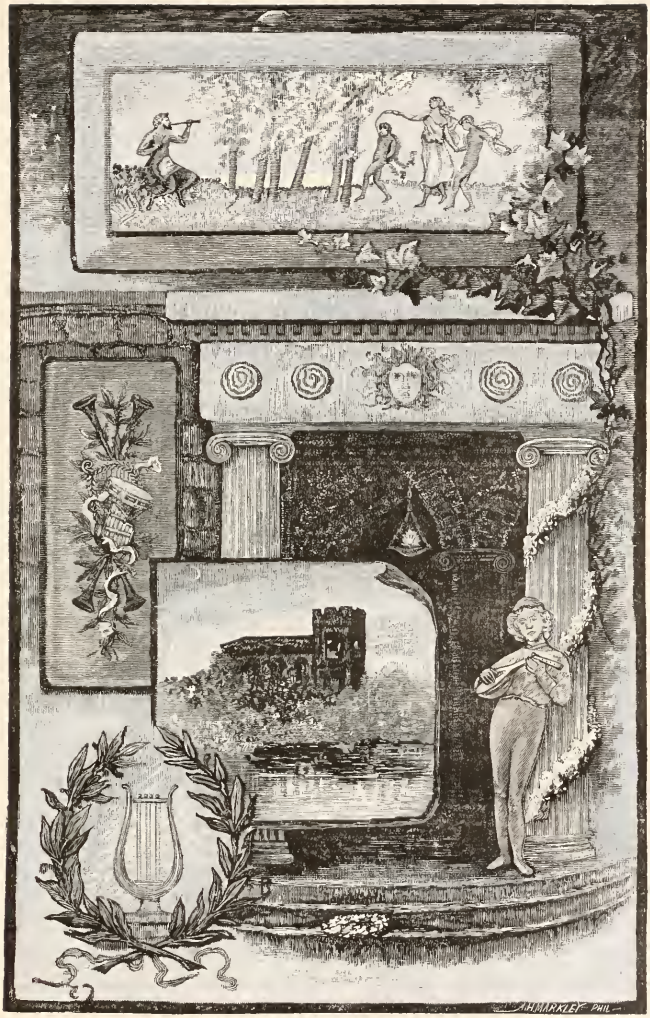
Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
Not now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee—
But here—this side the sea!
And here, in broad bright day!
For not by night awaits
A noble foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the leader's call!
Re-echo it from east to west
Till every hero's breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! so God hath willed!
And may his grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent,
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the skies are rent
So let it be!
A kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
From northern lake to southern strand!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

THEODORE TILTON.



MUSIC.

MUSIC! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so
well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are e'en more false than they:
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

MOORE.

O YE TEARS!

Dr. MACKAY. FRANZ ABT.

Andantino.

1 O ye
2 O ye
3 O ye

mf *dim.*

mf

tears! O ye tears! that have long re - fus'd to flow, Ye are
tears! O ye tears! I am thank - ful that ye run, Tho' ye
tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

con espress. *p*

wel - come to my heart, thawing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
come from cold and dark, ye shall glit - ter in the sun; The
self - ish in my sor - row, I was stub - born, I was weak; Ye have

ice-bound cloud has yield - ed, and the ear - ly snow-drops spring, And the
rain - bow can - not cheer us If the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
giv'n me strength to con - quer, and I stand e - reet and free, And

p

heal - ing fount - ains gush, and the wilderness shall sing.
eyes that can - not weep are the saddest eyes of all.
know that I am human by the light of sym - pa - thy.

p

O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!

mf

4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

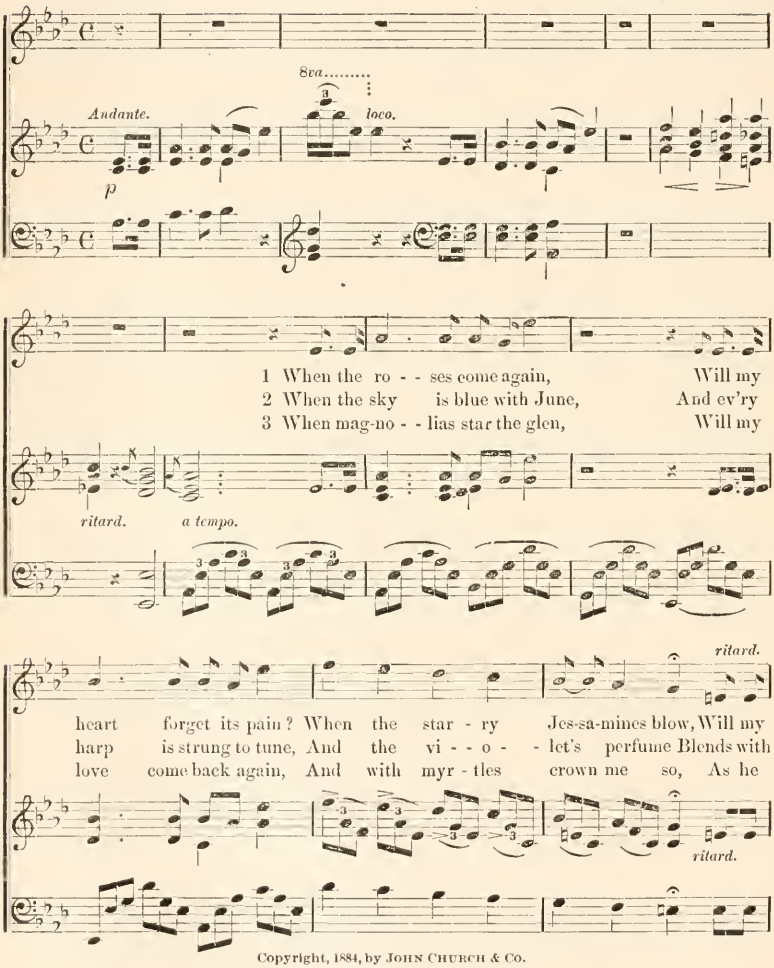
5 There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

BON SILENE;

OR,

WILL MY LOVE COME BACK AGAIN?

M. JENNIE PORTER. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



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ad lib. *a tempo.*

soul's tears cease to flow? When the lil - - ies flake the dell
all the wood-land bloom, In the O - - ri - ent so far,
did that long a - go? When the sum - - mer stars shall shine,

ad lib. *a tempo.*

To love's tink - ling sil-ver bell, Will my heart a -
Will he name for me one star? Cross the seas to
Will he whis - - per still "I'm thine?" Adrift on seas of

- wake from sleep, And a - gain . . . love's treasure keep?
keep his plight Made in faith . . . that summer night?
sweet bloom- tide, Come and call . . . . me "Bride, my Bride!"

CHORUS.

f Soprano.

Oh, the Mermet and the Bon Silene, Blush and bloom as tho' no frost had been;

Alto.

Oh, the Mermet and the Bon Silene, Blush and bloom as tho' no frost had been;

f Tenor.

Oh, the Mermet and the Bon Silene, Blush and bloom as tho' no frost had been;

Bass.

f

cres - - - - - cen - - do. *dim. p* *ritard.*

But the June with rose of o- pen air, Brings her bloom to crown a bride so fair.

But the June with rose of o- pen air, Brings her bloom to crown a bride so fair.

p *ritard.*

But the June with rose of o- pen air, Brings her bloom to crown a bride so fair.

cres - - - - -cen - - do. *p dim.* *ritard.*

BONNIE DOON.

ROBERT BURNS. JAMES MILLER.

Andante.

1 Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2 Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; When

can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea- ry, fu' of care? Thou'lt
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond- ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

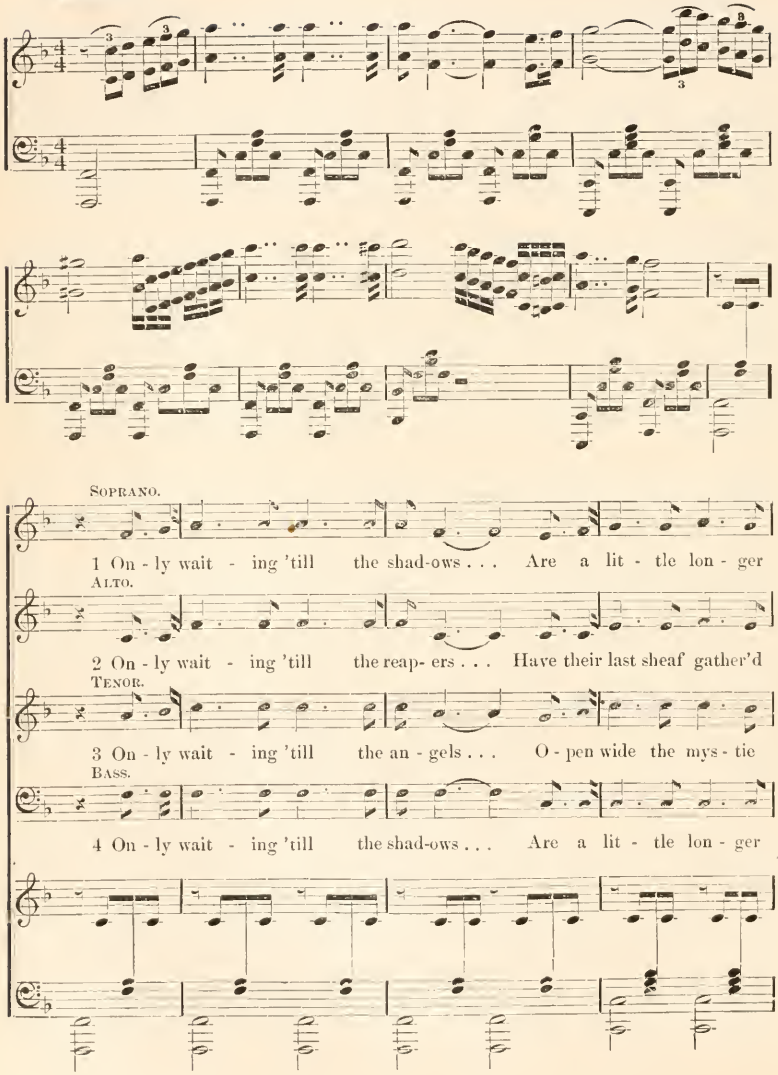
break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That wan- tons thro' the flow'- ry thorn, Thou
light- some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up- on its thorn - y tree, But

mf *p dolce.*

mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part- ed nev - er to re- turn.
my fause lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ONLY WAITING.

S. M. GRANNIS. J. F. FARGO.



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grown, On- ly wait - ing 'till the glim-mer . . . Of the day's last beam is

home, For the sum- mer-time is end - ed, ... And the Autumn winds have

gate, At whose feet I long have lin - ger'd, . . Wea- ry, poor, and des - o -

grown, On- ly wait - ing 'till the glim- mer . . Of the day's last beam is

flown, 'Till the night of earth is fad-ed . . . . From the heart onee full of

come; Quick - ly, reap - ers, gath - er quick-ly, . . . The last ripe hours of my

late, E - ven now I hear their foot- steps, . . And their voie- es far a -

flown, Then from out the gath'ring dark-ness . . . Ho - ly deathless stars ap -

day, 'Till the stars of heav'n are break- ing . . . Thro' the

heart, For the bloom of life is with - er'd, . . . And I

- way, If they call me I am wait - ing, . . . On - ly

- rise, By whose light my soul will glad - ly . . . Wing its

twi - light soft and gray.

hast - en to de-part.

wait - ing to o - bey.

pas - sage to the skies.

rit. molto.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

T. MOORE.

1 The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2 No more to chief and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The

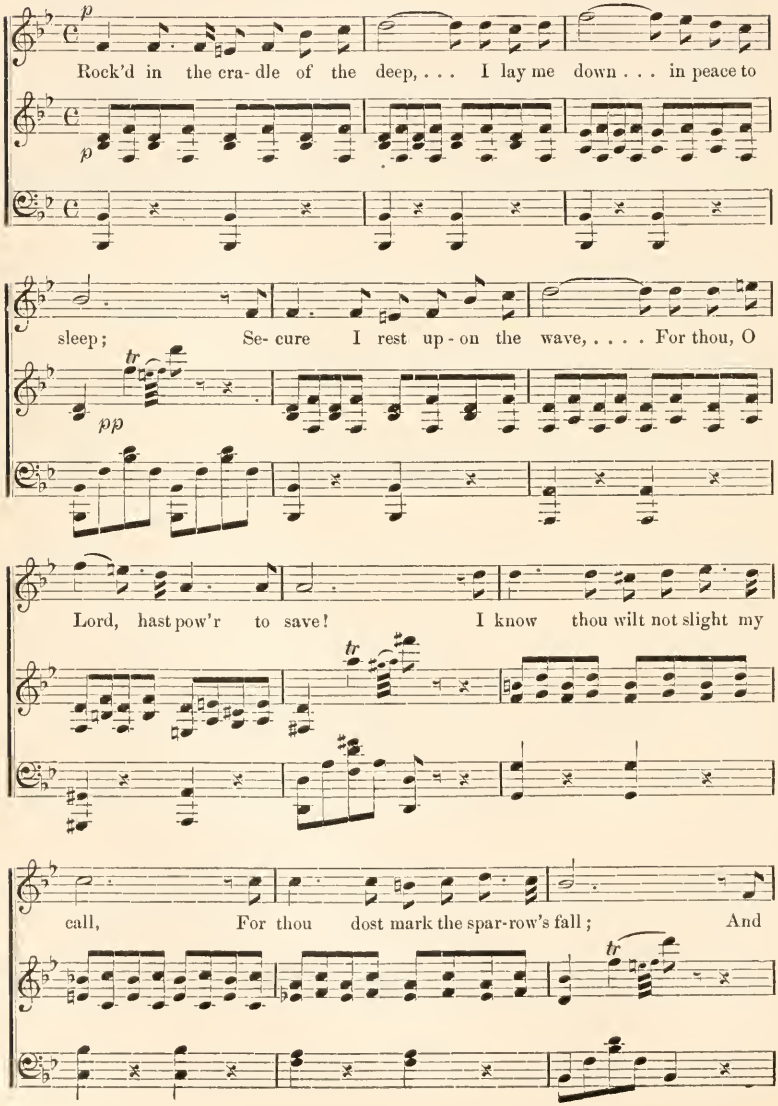
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So
chord a- lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

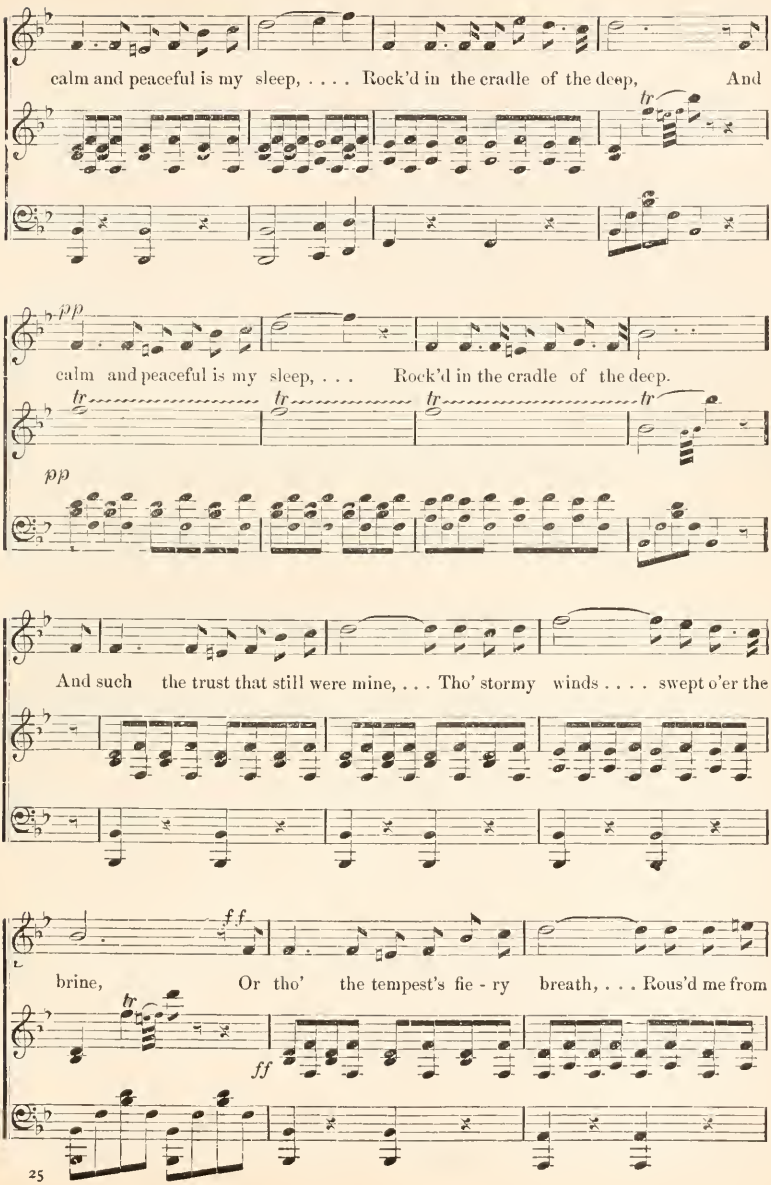
sleep the pride of for- mer days, So glo- ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free - dom now so sel- dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

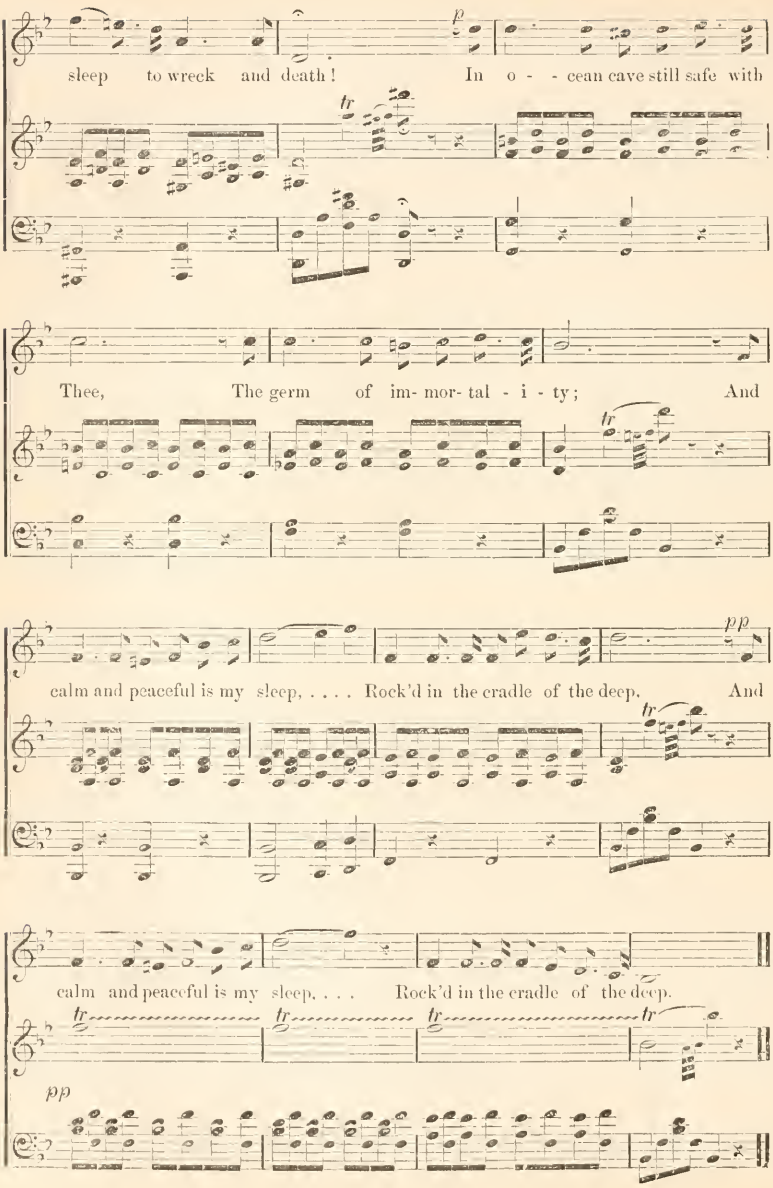
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD. JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.




calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And
tr
pp
calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
tr tr tr tr
pp
And such the trust that still were mine, . . . Tho' stormy winds . . . . swept o'er the
ff
brine, Or tho' the tempest's fie - ry breath, . . . Rous'd me from
tr
ff


p
sleep to wreck and death! In o - - cean cave still safe with
tr
Thee, The germ of im- mor- tal - i - ty; And
tr
pp
calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the deep. And
tr
calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
tr tr tr tr
pp

SOME DAY.

HUGH CONWAY. MILTON WELLINGS.

p

I know not when the

Moderato. *tempo.*

p *p*

day shall be, I know not where our eyes may meet, What welcome you may give to me, Or

rit. *accel.*

will your words be sad or sweet; It may not be till years have passed, . . Till

accel.

p *rit.* *tempo.* *rit.*

eyes are dim and tresses gray; . . The world is wide—but, love at last, Our hands, our

rit

L'istesso tempo.

hearts must meet some day. Some day, some day, some day I shall

f

meet you, Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not

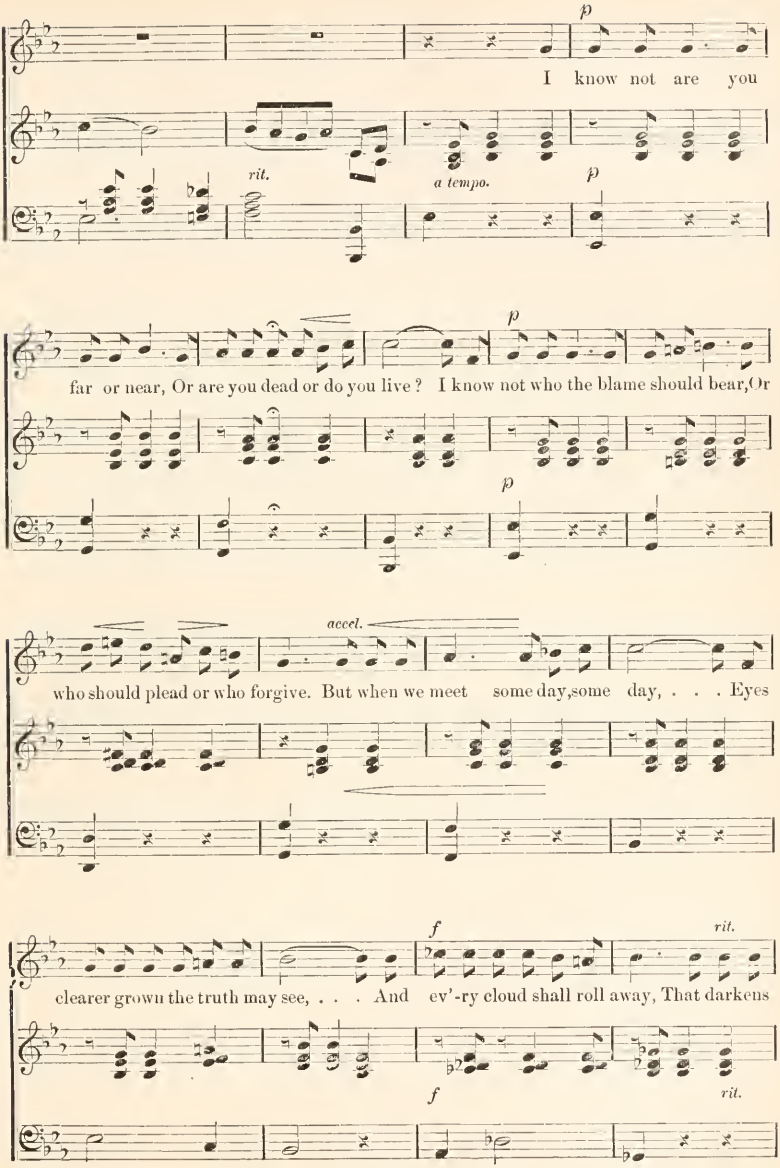
when or how; On-ly this, on- ly this, this, that once you loved me,

ad lib.

On- ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now!

a tempo.

colla voce.


p
I know not are you
rit.
a tempo.
p
far or near, Or are you dead or do you live? I know not who the blame should bear, Or
p
p
accel.
who should plead or who forgive. But when we meet some day, some day, . . . Eyes
f
rit.
clearer grown the truth may see, . . . And ev'-ry cloud shall roll away, That darkens
f
rit.

Appassionato.

love 'twixt you and me. Some day, some day, some day I shall

meet you, Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not

rit. *tempo.*

when or how; On-ly this, on- ly this, this, that once you loved me,

rit. *tempo.*

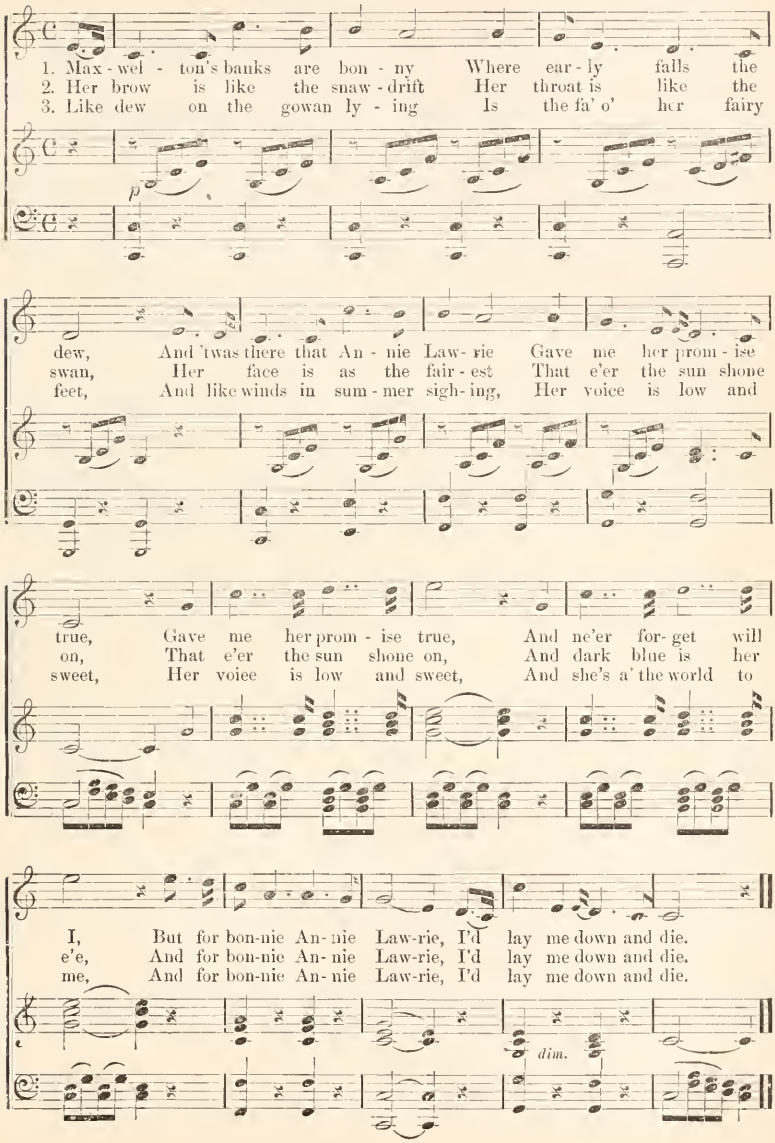
ad lib. *rit.*

On- ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

colla voce. *rit.*

ANNIE LAWRIE.

Scotch Song.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Moderato.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay;

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,

Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.

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CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam;

Oh! dar-keys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

2d Verse.

All round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,

Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan-der'd, Ma- ny de songs I sung.

When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I,

Cho.

Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.

3d Verse.

One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

Still sad - ly to my mem' - ry rush- es, No mat- ter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a - hum-ming All round de comb?

Cho.

When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

F. N. CROUCH.

mf

Andante e pensieroso.

1 Kath - - leen Ma -
2 Kath - - leen Ma -

mf

mf *mf*

- vour - neen, the grey dawn is break-ing, ... The horn of the
- vour - neen, a - wake from thy slum-bers, . . . The blue mountains

hunter . . . is heard on the hill; The lark from her
glow in . . . the sun's gold-en light; Ah! where is the

Small notes to be sung to the 2d. verse.

mf

light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kath - leen . . . . Ma -
spell that once hung on my numbers? A - rise in thy

- vour-neen, what! slum - b'ring still? Kath - leen Ma -
beau-ty, thou star of my night; A - rise in thy

cres. *Slentando.*

con amore affetto.

- vour-neen, what! slum - - b'ring still? Or hast thou for
beau-ty, thou star of my night. Ma - vour - neen, Ma -

f *mf*

- got-ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for -
- vourneen, my sad tears are fall - ing To think that from

fz *mf*

- got-ten this day we must part? It may be for
E - rin and thee I must part! It may be for

sempre legato.

years, and it may be for ever, Then why art thou
years, and it may be for ever, Then why art thou

mf *simplice.* *mf*

si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for
si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

mf *mf* *mf*

years, and in may be for ev-er, Then why art thou si - lent,

rallent.

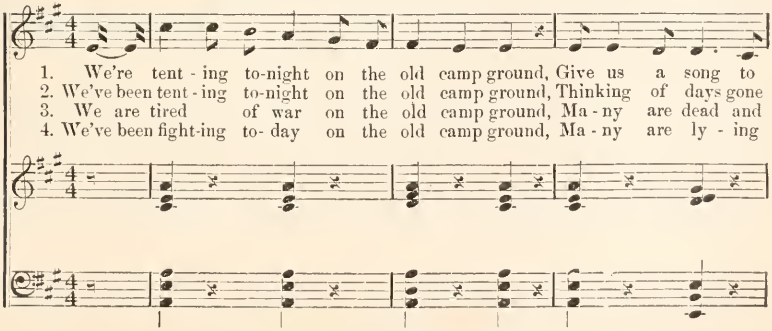
Kath-leen Ma - vourneen?

diminuendo e piano.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE was born in the town of Merrimack, Hillsboro Co., New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. He showed a strong predilection for music at a very early age, but never had a teacher in that art. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front, he wrote in a few minutes both words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like so many other good things in literature and art, this song was at first refused publication; but an immense popularity sprang at once from the author's own rendering of it.

WALTER KITTREDGE.



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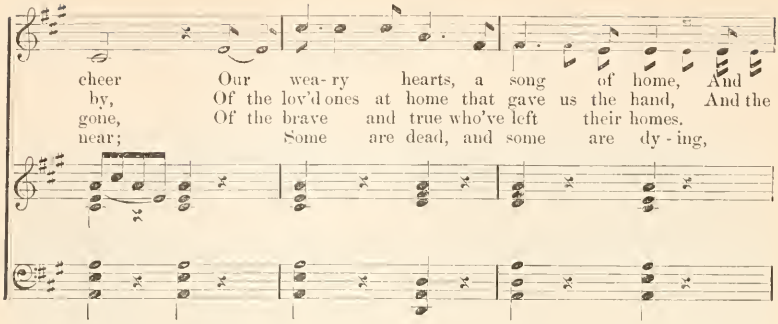
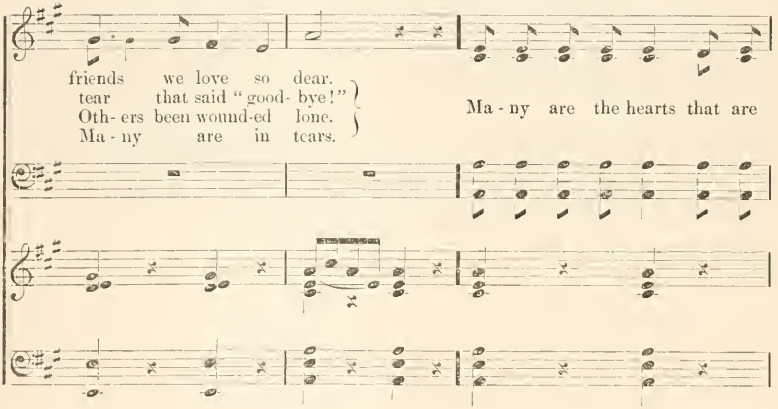
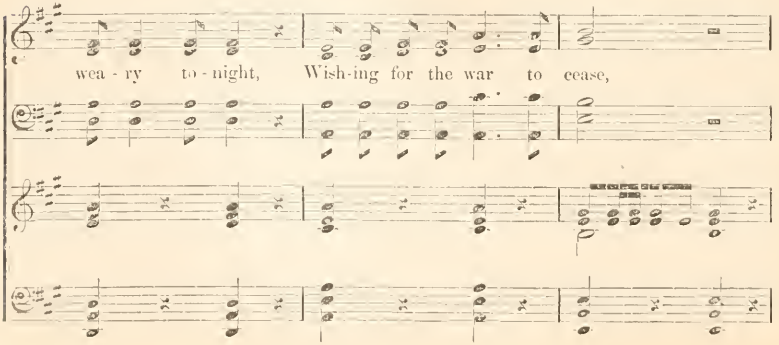

cheer Our wea- ry hearts, a song of home, And
by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes.
near; Some are dead, and some are dy - ing,

CHORUS.


friends we love so dear.
tear that said "good- bye!"
Oth- ers been wound-ed lone.
Ma - ny are in tears.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are


wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,

Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent ing on the old camp

Last v. Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit.*)

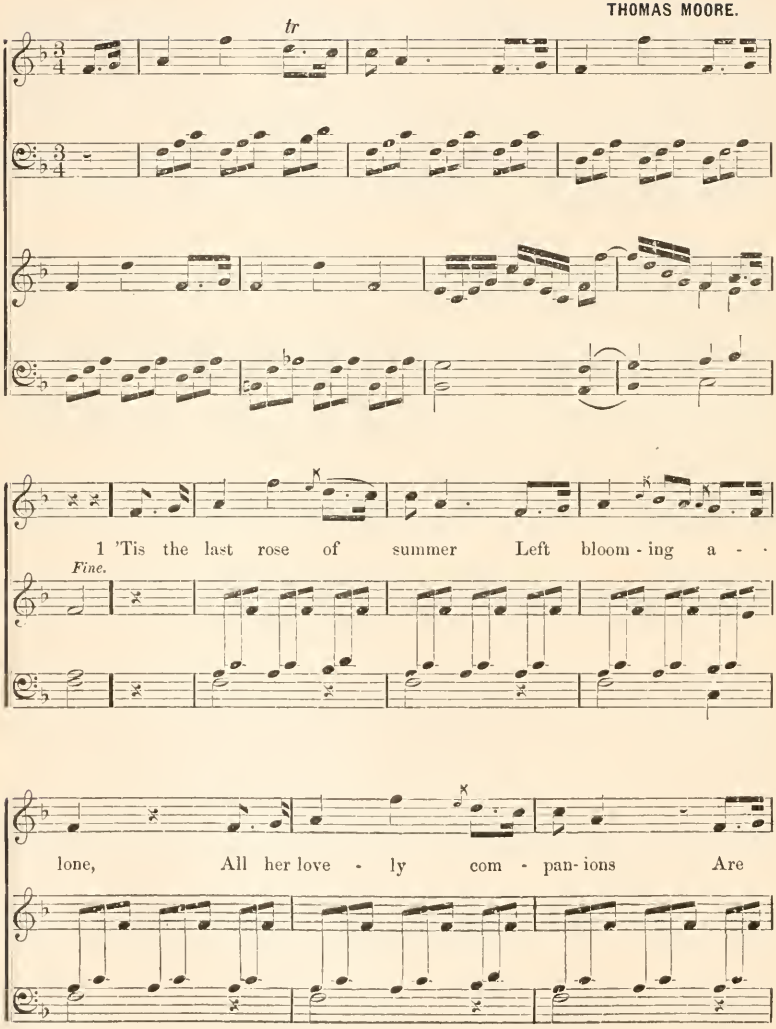
Last time ppp

ground. Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

pp *ppp*

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.



fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her

kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

- fleet back her blush- es, Or give sigh for sigh.

D.C.

2

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus, kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

"SLEEP, GENTLE MOTHER."

B. BURTON. WM. J. LEMON.

Andantino.

Ped. *pp*

Sleep, gen - tle moth - er! Rest from thy sor - row! Bright may the
Ai nos - tri mon - ti ri - tor - ne re - mo I'an - ti - ca

mor - row On thee a - wak - en! Nought here shall harm thee;
pa - ce i - vi go - dre - mo tu can - te ra - i

Love still un - shak - en, Braves ev' ry dan - ger for thee, moth - er
sul tuo li - u - to in son - no pla - ci - do io dor - mi -

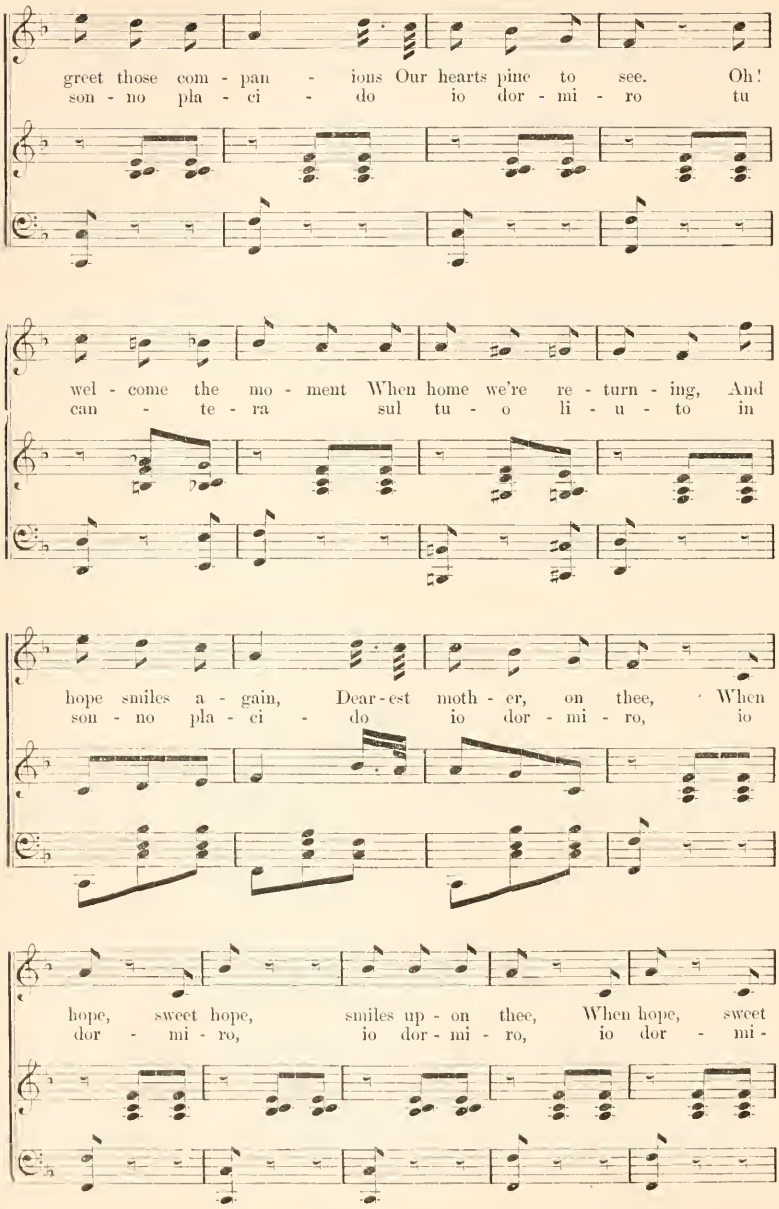
dear! Oh! may thy spir - it En - joy its calm
- ro! Ai nos - tri mon - ti ri - tor - ne -

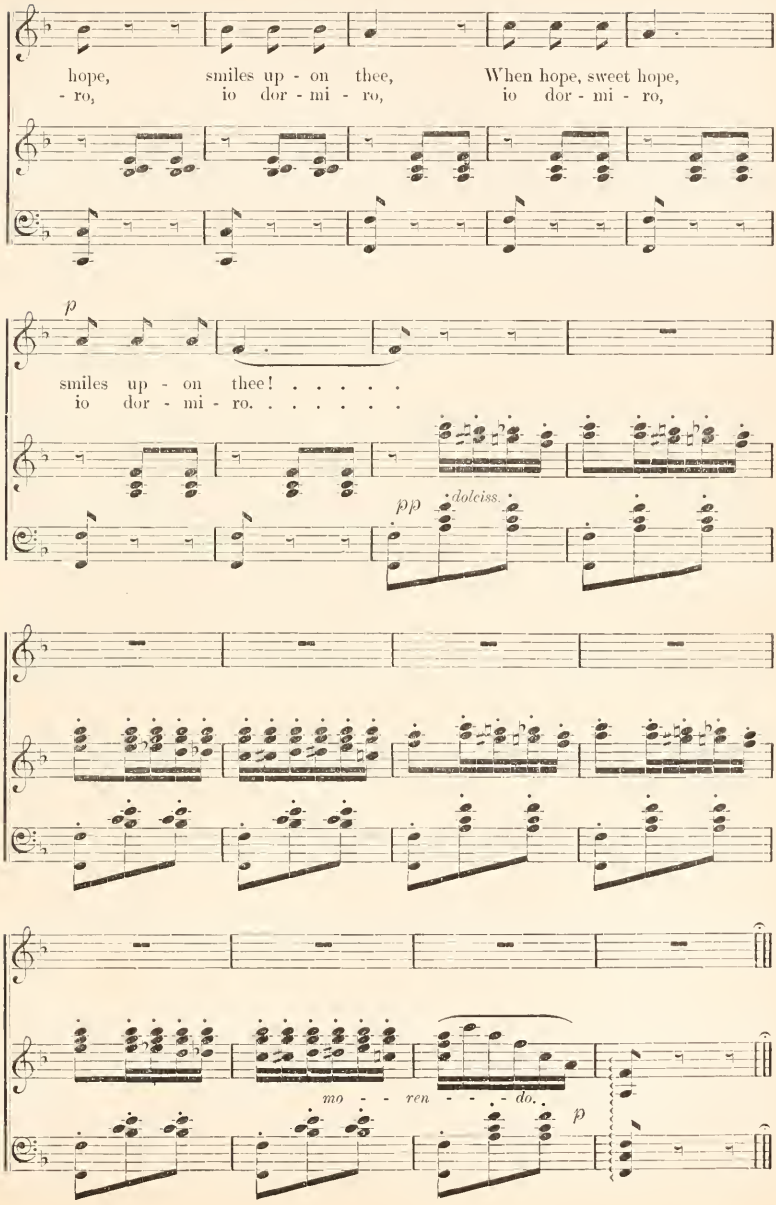
p dolce.

slum - bers, Sweet and un - brok - en, Un - con - scious of
- re - mo l'an - ti - ca pa - ce i - vi go -

f

fear, To wan - der once more O'er our lov'd na - tive moun-tains, To
- drem tu can - te - ra - i sul tu - o li - u - to in


greet those com - pan - ions Our hearts pine to see. Oh!
son - no pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro tu
wel - come the mo - ment When home we're re - turn - ing, And
can - te - ra sul tu - o li - u - to in
hope smiles a - gain, Dear - est moth - er, on thee, When
son - no pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro, io
hope, sweet hope, smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet
dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi -


hope, smiles up - on thee, When hope, sweet hope,
- ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro,
p
smiles up - on thee! . . . . .
io dor - mi - ro. . . . . .
pp
dolciss.
mo - - ren - - - do.
p

LOOKING BACK.

LOUISA GRAY. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

p *cres.* *f*

1. I heard a voice long years a - go, A
2. But ere our sum - mer pass'd a - way, That

p

voice so won-drous sweet and low, That tremb-ling tears un-
gen - tle voice was hush'd for aye, I watched my love's last

- bid - den rose From the depths of love's re - pose, ... It
smile, and knew, How well the angels loved her, too; . . . . . Then

cres. *dim.*

float - ed thro' my dreams at night, And made the dark- est day seem
si - lent but with blind-ing tears, I gath- ered all the love of

p

bright, It whis-pered to my heart, "My love," And
years, And laid it with my dream of old, Where

rall. *Un poco piu lento e con molto tenerezza.*

nest - ling there, for - got to rove.
all I loved slept white and cold.

O my love, I

rall. *p*

Ped. *

lov'd her so, My love that lov'd me years a - go; . . . .

cres.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

f

O . . . . . my love, ... O . . . . . my

f

love. . . . O my love, I lov'd . . . her so, My

tres

f *cres.* *f*

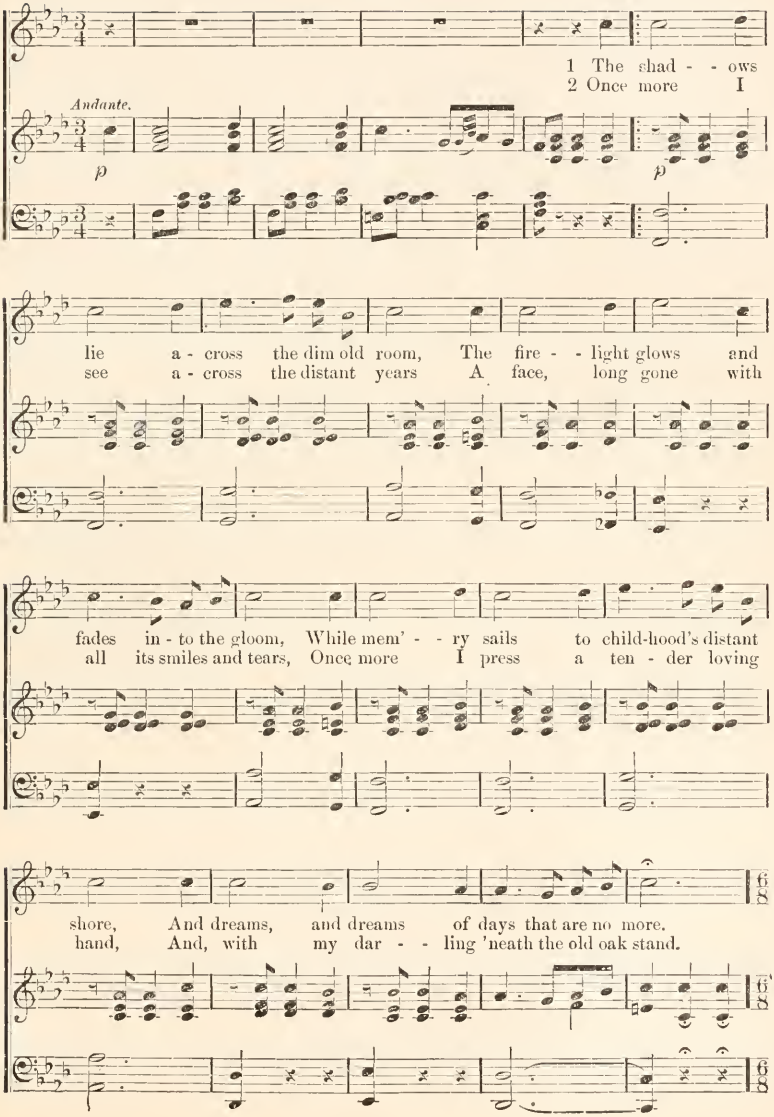
largement.

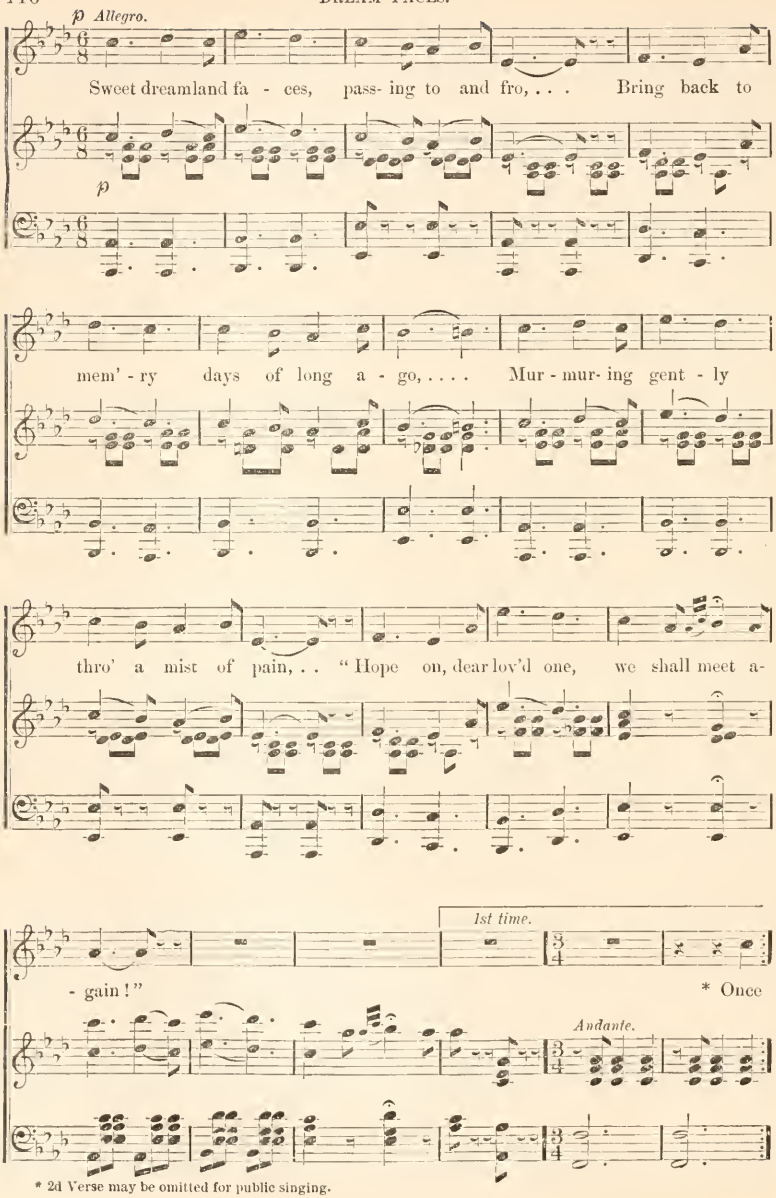
love . . . . . that lov'd me years a - go.

colla voce.

DREAM FACES.

W. M. HUTCHISON.





* 2d Verse may be omitted for public singing.

2d time. Andante.

p

3 But all I lov'd are gone, And I a- lone in life, To

p

pp cres - - -

wait, and wait, and wait, . . . Till death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I

pp cres - - -

- - - - - cen - - - - - - do.

pp rall.

join The hearts that loved me best, " Where the wick-ed cease from

- - - - - cen - - - - - - do.

pp rall.

ad lib.

troub- ling, And the wea- ry are at rest!" . . . .

ad lib.

p *Allegro.*

Sweet dreamland fa - ces, pass- ing to and fro, . . . Bring back to

p

mem' - ry days of long a - go, ... Mur - mur- ing gent - ly

still the old re - frain, . . "Hope on, dear lov'd one, we shall meet a-

cres - - -

cres - - - -

- - - *ff* *ad lib.*

gain, We shall meet, shall meet a - gain!" . . . .

- - - *ff* *ad lib.*

LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

B. C. STEPHENSON. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

dim. *p*

1 The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I stand be- side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring- ing out the dy - ing day, The

2 The clock is strik- ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But nei - ther heeds the time which on - ward glides, For

chil - dren sing - ing on their home - ward way, And
time may pass a - way, but love a - bides, I

cres. *dim.*

he is whisp'-ring words of sweet . . in - tent, While
feel his kiss - es on my fe - - ver'd brow,

cres. *dim.*

p *rall.*

I, half doubting, whis - per a con - sent.
If we must part, ah! why should it be now?

un poco piu lento.

p

p

Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain;

p

Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a-

cres.

-gain. Is this a dream? then

cres.

cres.

wak - ing would be pain; Oh! do not

f

appassionato. ad lib. con forza.

ff

wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.

f

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

Mrs. DANA. Mrs. SUE INGERSOLL SCOTT.

ff *Moderato con expressione.* *Fine.*

1 I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride, Be- decked in her snowy ar -
2 I saw the young moth-er in tender- ness bend O'er the couch of her slumbering
3 I saw a fa - ther and mother who leaned On the arms of a dear gift- ed

p

-ray, And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek, And the future looked blooming and
boy, And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name, While the dreamer lay smiling in
son, And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze As they saw the proud place he had

gay; And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of idolatrous
joy. Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew, When its fragrance is flung on the
won: And the fast-coming ev'ning of life promised fair, And its pathway grew smooth to their

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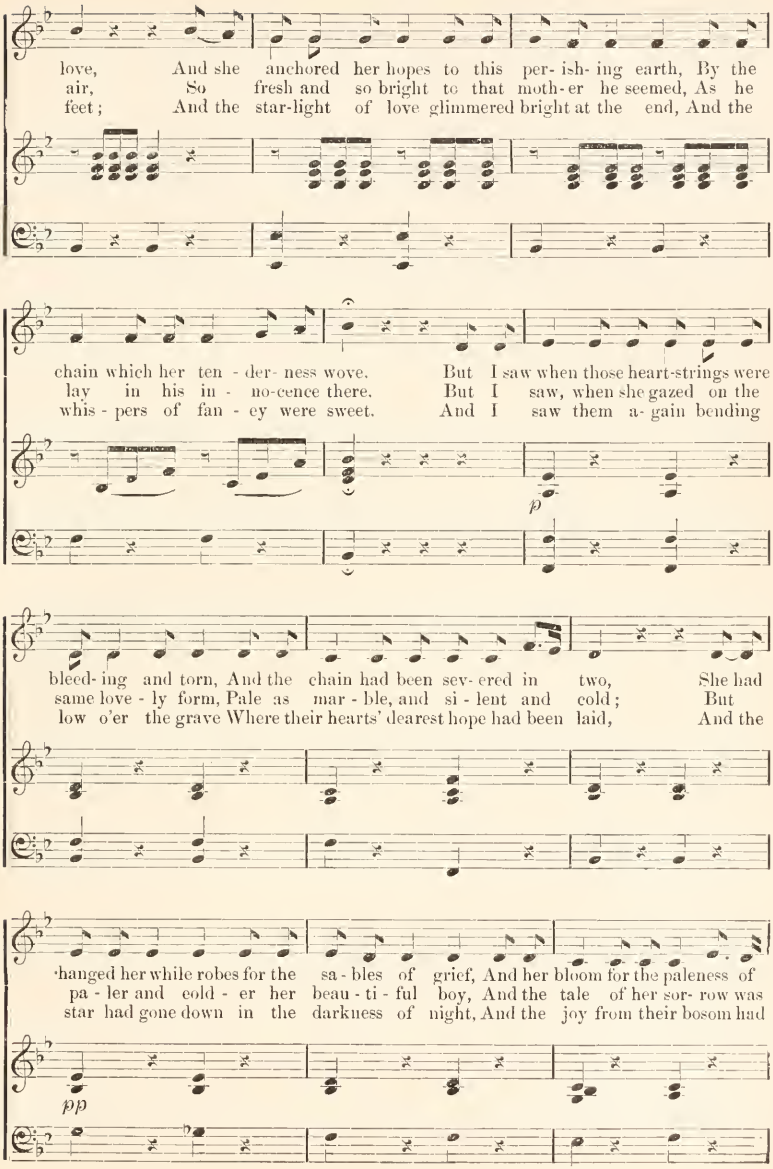
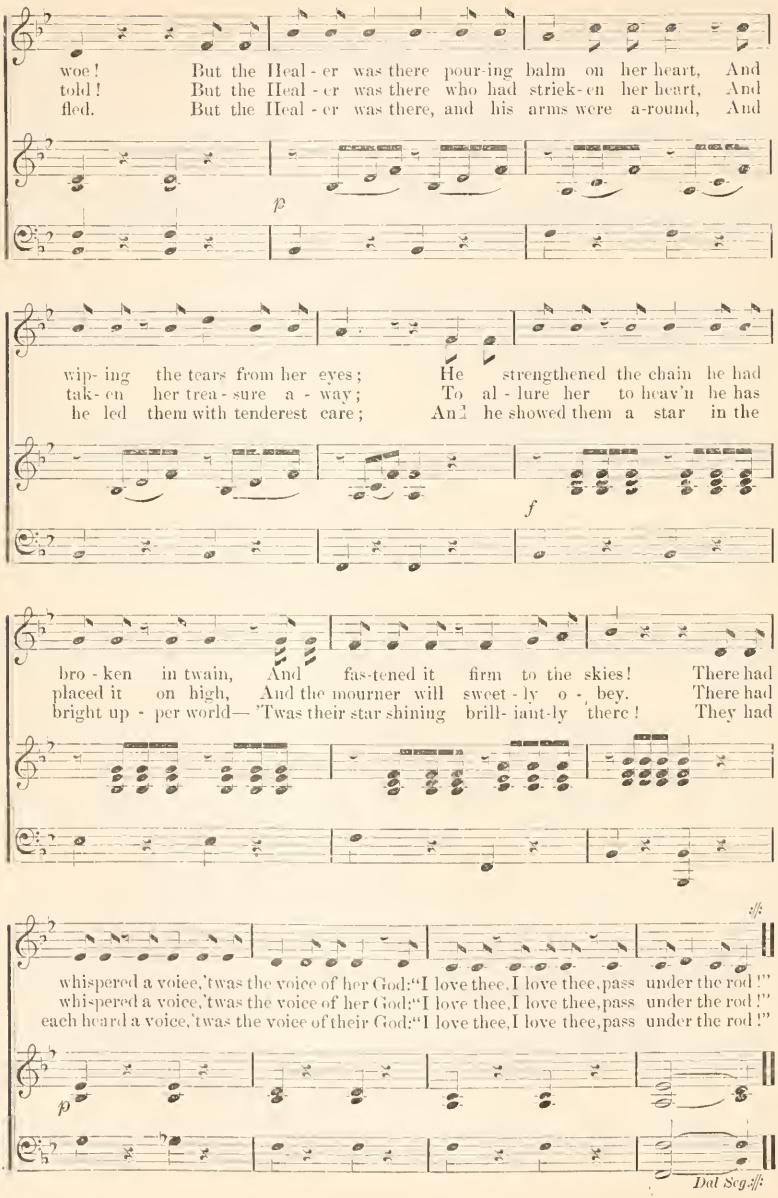

love, And she anchored her hopes to this per- ish- ing earth, By the
air, So fresh and so bright to that moth- er he seemed, As he
feet; And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end, And the
chain which her ten - der- ness wove. But I saw when those heart-strings were
lay in his in - no-cence there. But I saw, when she gazed on the
whis - pers of fan - ey were sweet. And I saw them a- gain bending
p
bleed- ing and torn, And the chain had been sev- ered in two, She had
same love - ly form, Pale as mar - ble, and si - lent and cold; But
low o'er the grave Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid, And the
-hanged her while robes for the sa - bles of grief, And her bloom for the paleness of
pa - ler and cold - er her beau - ti - ful boy, And the tale of her sor- row was
star had gone down in the darkness of night, And the joy from their bosom had
pp


woe! But the Heal - er was there pour-ing balm on her heart, And
told! But the Heal - er was there who had strick-en her heart, And
fled. But the Heal - er was there, and his arms were a-round, And
p
wip- ing the tears from her eyes; He strengthened the chain he had
tak- en her trea - sure a - way; To al - lure her to heav'n he has
he led them with tenderest care; And he showed them a star in the
f
bro - ken in twain, And fas-tened it firm to the skies! There had
placed it on high, And the mourner will sweet - ly o - bey. There had
bright up - per world— 'Twas their star shining brill- iant-ly there! They had
whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"
whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"
each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God: "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"
p
Dal Segno

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

This song is the twentieth of STEPHEN C. FOSTER'S "Plantation Melodies." Foster caught his idea of writing his, so-called, negro melodies from listening to the absurdities then in vogue with the burnt-cork gentry. The music is his own.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco Adagio.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'm by, hard times comes a

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knocking at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

2d Verse.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dar-kies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

Cho.

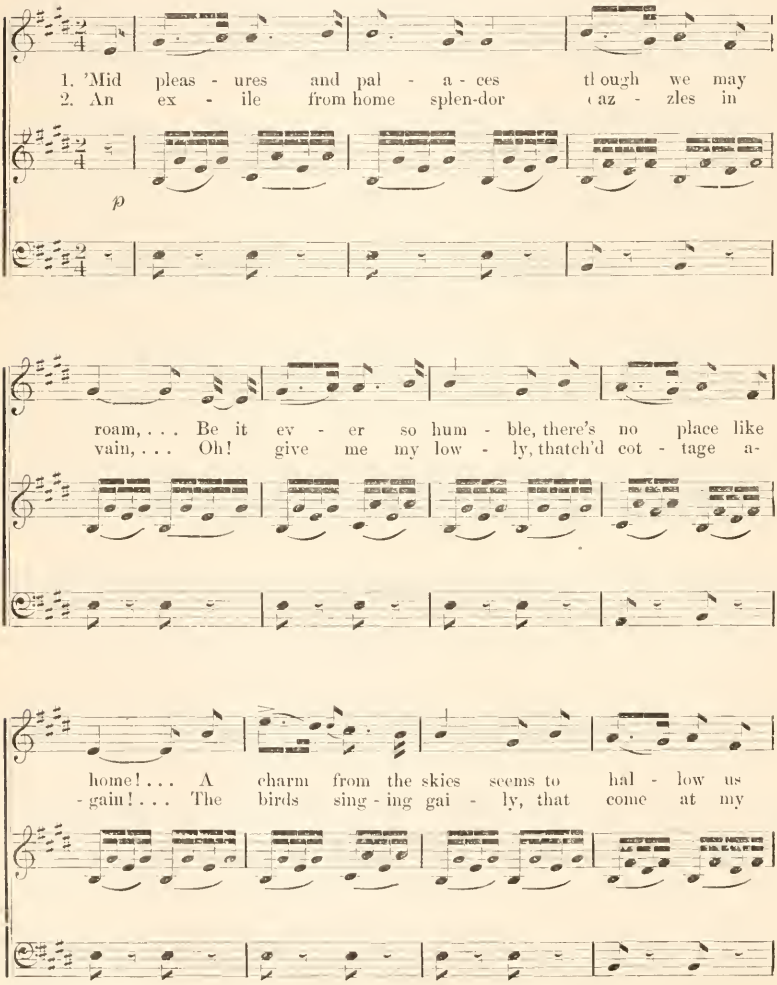
3d Verse.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend Wher-ev-er the darkey may go; A few more days and the trouble all will end In the field where the sugar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Kentuck-y home, good-night!

Cho.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

This song was first sung in an Opera written by P. Azne, and called: "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The music is a Sicilian air, adapted by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.



there, . . . Which, seek . . thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
call; . . . Give me them, with the peace of mind, dear - er than

- where. Home! home! . . . sweet, sweet home! There's
all. Home! home! . . . sweet, sweet home! There's

pp

no . . . place like home; . . . there's no place like . . . . home!
no . . . place like home; . . . there's no place like . . . . home!

colla voce.

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

4 To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.

8va

Andante.

pp

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere
2. When I re - mem - ber all The

8va *loco.*

p

slum - ber's chain has bound me, Fond mem' - ry brings the light Of
friends so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like

oth - er days a - round me, The smiles, the tears of boy - hood's years, The
leaves in win - try weath - er, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

words of Love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The
ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! Thus in the stil- ly night, Ere
all, but He, de - part - ed; Thus in the stil- ly night, Ere

slum- ber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'- ry brings the light Of
slum- ber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'- ry brings the light Of

oth - er days a - round me.
oth - er days a - round me.

YES, LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER DIE.

From the opera MARITANA. W. WALLACE.

Tempo di Marcia.

TRUMPETS.

mf

pp DRUMS.

p

1. Yes, let me like a sol - dier fall, Up - on some o - pen
2. I on - ly ask of that proud race, Which ends its blaze in

plain, This breast ex - pand - ing for the ball, To
me, To die the last, and not dis- grace Its

blot out ev' - ry stain. Brave, man- ly hearts con-
an cient chiv - al - ry! Tho' o'er my clay no

p

- fer my doom, That gent - ler ones may tell, How-
ban - - ner wave, Nor trum - pet re - quiem swell. E-

p *pp*

f

- e'er for - got, un-known my tomb, I like a sol - dier
- nough they mur - mur o'er my grave, "He like a sol - dier

pp

fell, How - e'er for- got, un - known my tomb, I like a
fell, E - nough they mur - mur o'er my grave, "He like a

cres.

sol - dier fell, I like a sol - dier fell!"
sol - dier fell, He like a sol - dier fell!"

ff *mf*

1st time.

p

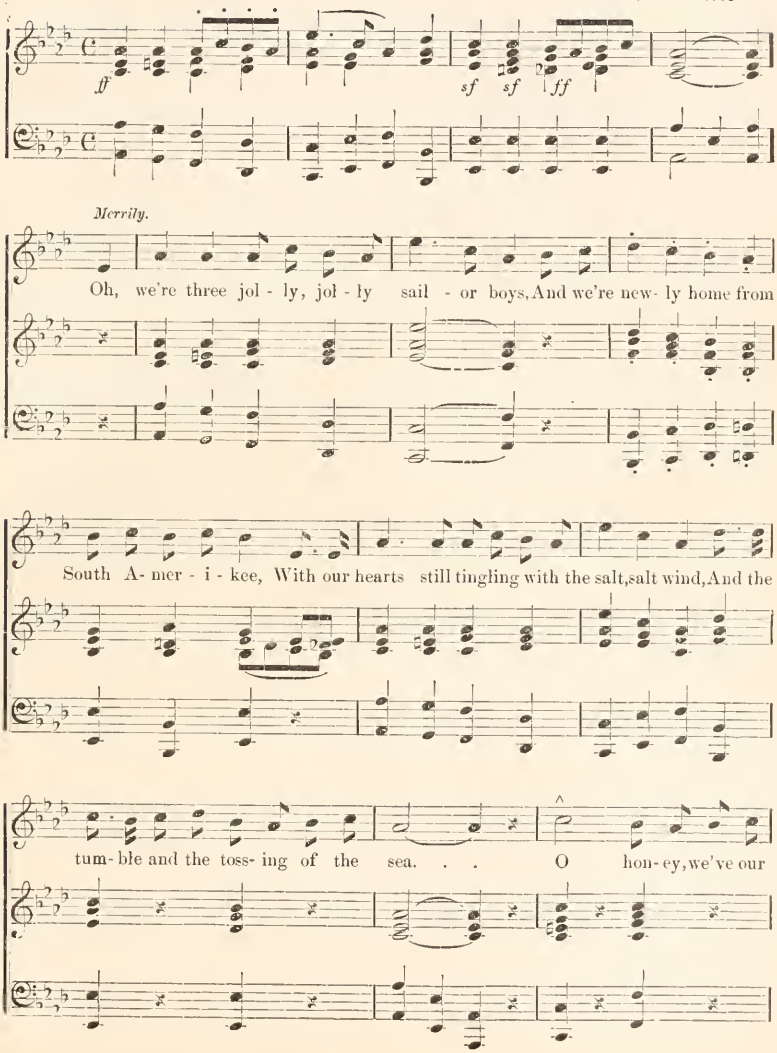
2d time.

cres - - cen - do. *ff*

p

THE THREE SAILOR BOYS.

THEO. MARZIALS.



poco rall.

pockets full of money, Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay, For the

a tempo.

wind's in the sail and the thunder in the gale, And our good ship plunging to be free.

ff

f

Fine.

There were three pret-ty girls in mer- ry Ports-mouth town, And each one was like a
Then up we spoke we jol - ly sail - or boys, All arm in arm so

pp

po - sy on the tree, There was great eyed Mar-ga- ret.and trim- set Sal,And sweet
jol - ly for to see "There are girls beside the water at Janeiro or Gibraltar Who can

Kit - ty from the north coun - tree, No, hon - ey, tho' your
dance right mer - ri - ly as ye;" So, hon - ey, while our

pocket's full of money,We won't trip,trip, trip,we won't trip it on the Quay,Till you've
pocket's full of money,Come and trip,trip, trip,come and trip it on the Quay, For we

D.S.

set the clerk a singing,and the we 'ding bells a ringing,And the parson has pocketed the fee.
sailors love the ocean,and the change and the commotion,And our good ship plunging on the sea.

ff

THE BRIDGE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. Miss M. LINDSAY.

Andante con espressione.

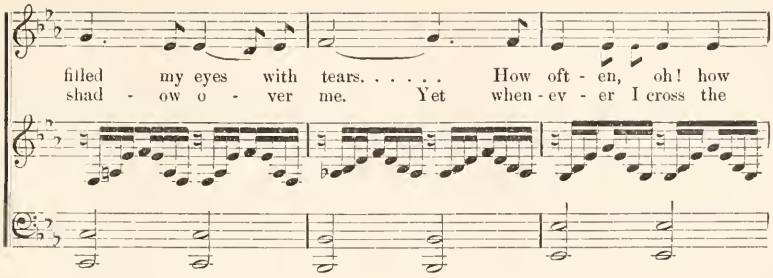
1. I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the
2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the

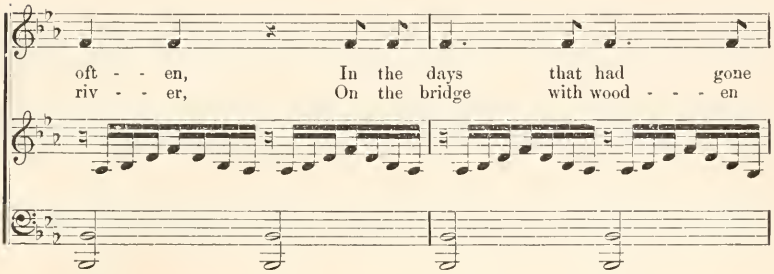
p

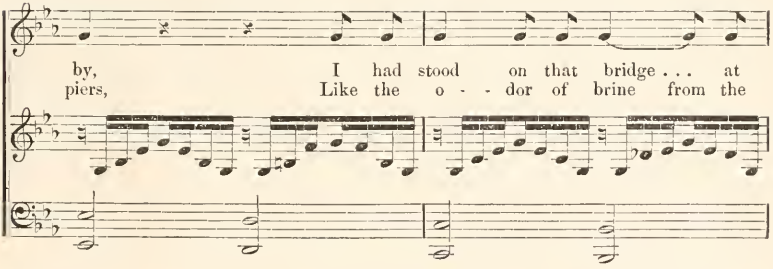
moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind the dark church tow'r; And
bur - den laid up - on me Seem'd greater than I could bear: But

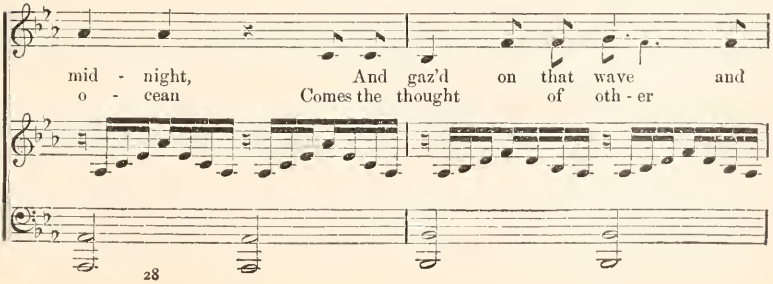
like the wa - ters rush - ing A- mong the wood - en
now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the

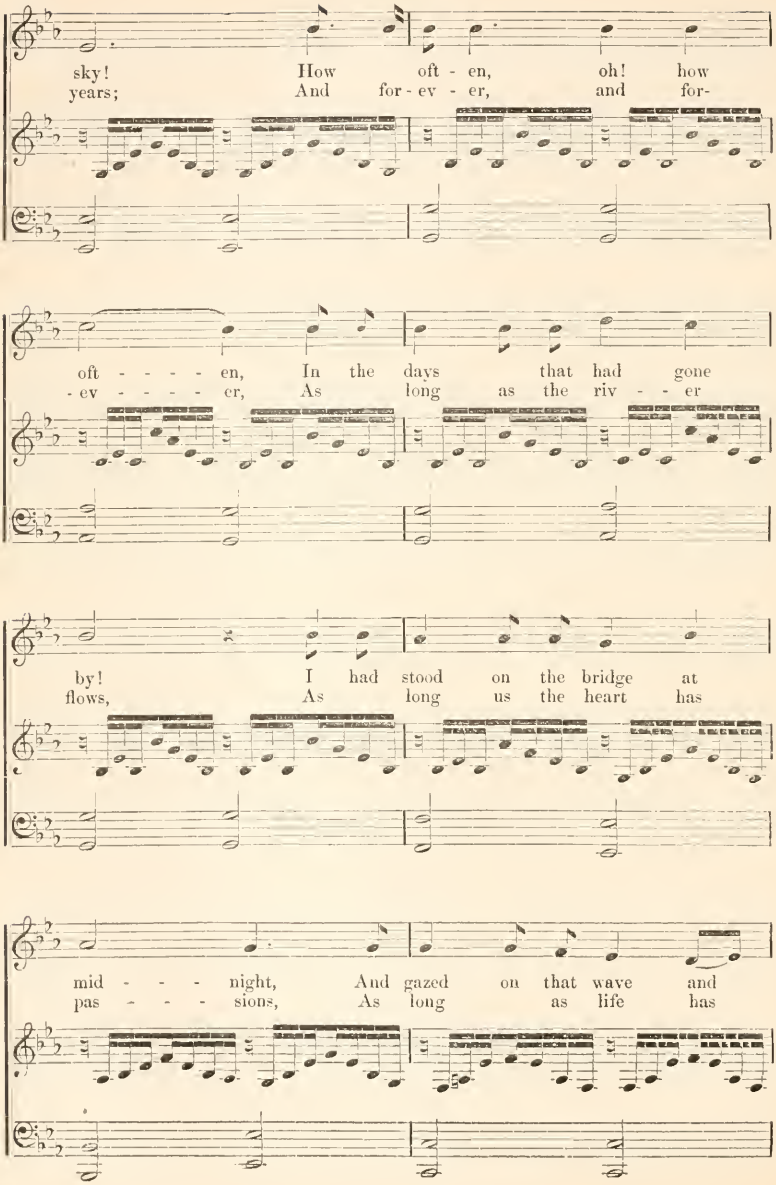
piers, ... A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That
sea, ... And on - ly the sor - row of others Throws its

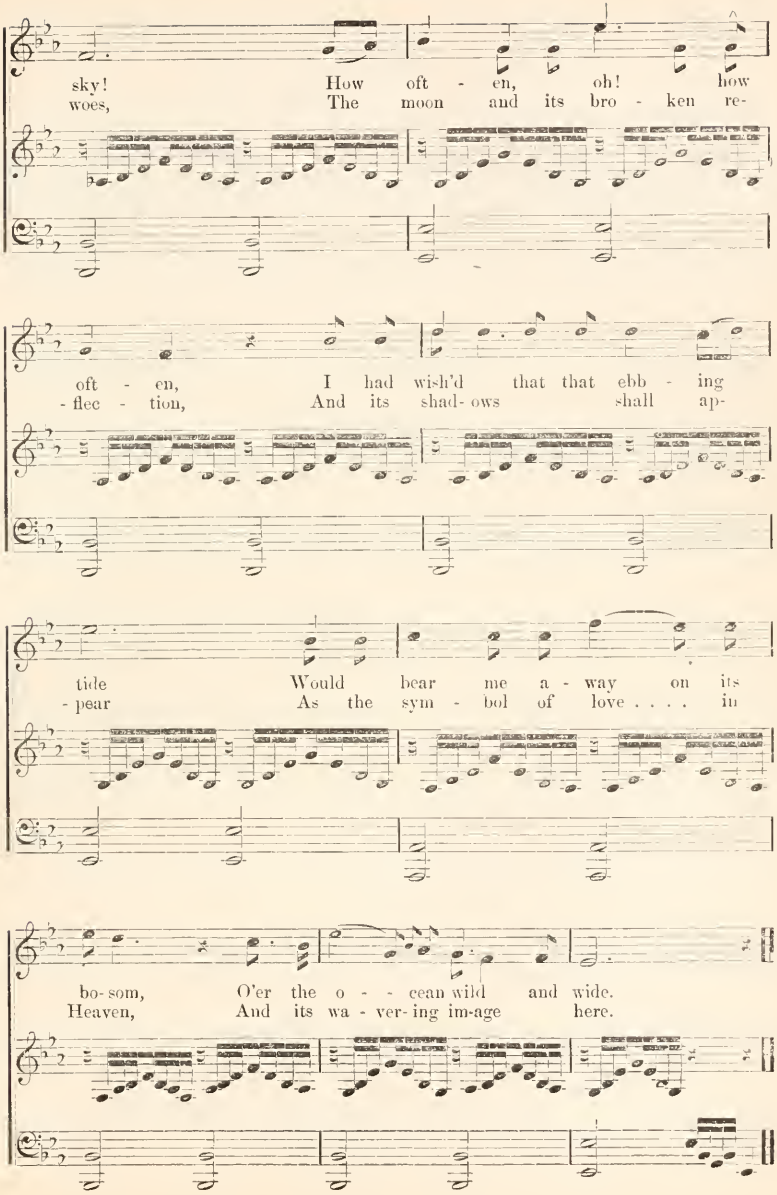

filled my eyes with tears. . . . . How oft - en, oh! how
shad - ow o - ver me. Yet when - ev - er I cross the


oft - - en, In the days that had gone
riv - - er, On the bridge with wood - - - en


by, I had stood on that bridge . . . at
piers, Like the o - - dor of brine from the


mid - night, And gaz'd on that wave and
o - cean Comes the thought of oth - er


sky! How oft - en, oh! how
years; And for - ev - er, and for-
oft - - - - en, In the days that had gone
- ev - - - - er, As long as the riv - - er
by! I had stood on the bridge at
flows, As long us the heart has
mid - - - night, And gazed on that wave and
pas - - - sions, As long as life has


sky! How oft - en, oh! how
woes, The moon and its bro - ken re-
oft - en, I had wish'd that that ebb - ing
- flec - tion, And its shad- ows shall ap-
tide Would bear me a - way on its
- pear As the sym - bol of love . . . . in
bo- som, O'er the o - - cean wild and wide.
Heaven, And its wa - ver- ing im-age here.

DOUGLAS! TENDER AND TRUE.

Lady JOHN SCOTT.

Soave

rall.

1 Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness

p

that I knew, I would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las!

Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

cres.

dim.

2. Nev - er a scorn - ful word should pain you, I'd smile as sweet as
3. Oh! to call back the days that are not; Mine eyes were blinded, your

p

an - gels do; Sweet as your smile on me shone ev - er,
words are few: Do you know the truth now up in Heav - en?

p

Doug- las! Doug-las! ten- der and true.
Doug- las! Doug-las! ten- der and true.

cres. *dim.*

4 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

5 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

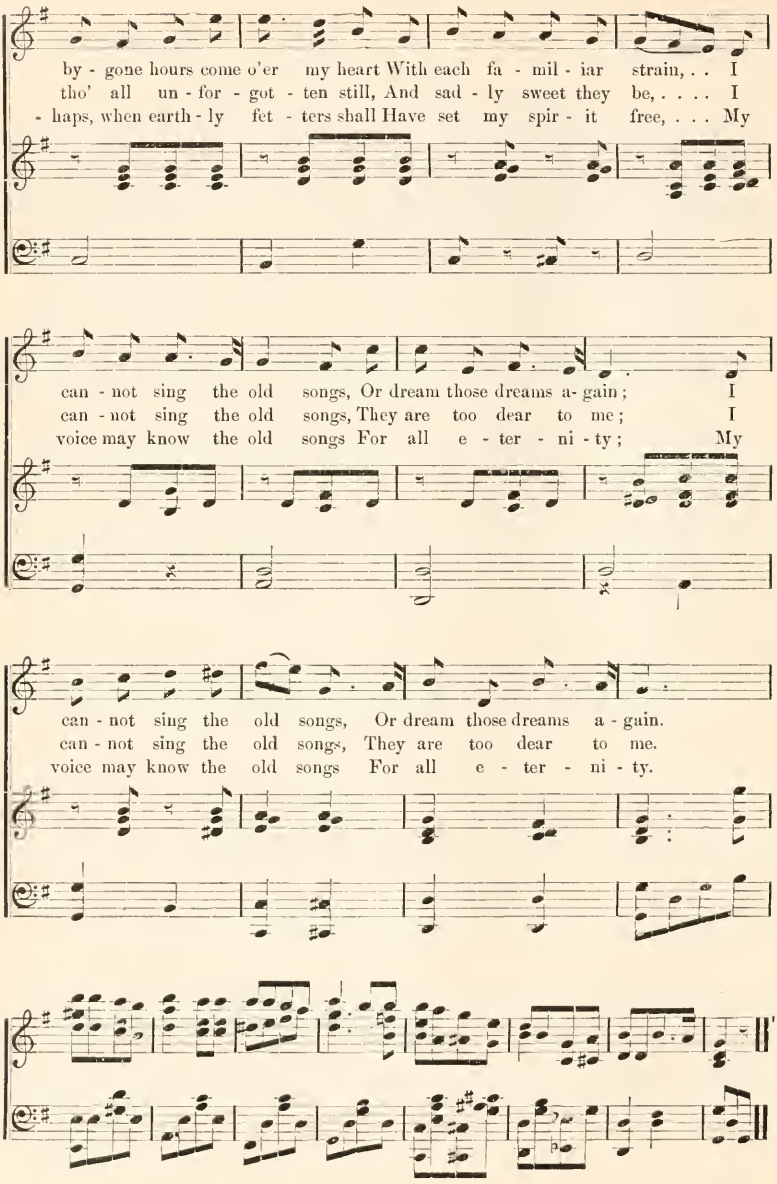
CLARIBEL. CLARIBEL.

Slowly.

mp

1 I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For
2 I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep, Their
3 I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow, For
mel - o - dies would wa - - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep, And
gold - en dreams de - part - - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per -


by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain, . . I
tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, ... I
- haps, when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, . . . My
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a- gain; I
can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; I
voice may know the old songs For all e - ter - ni - ty; My
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
voice may know the old songs For all e - ter - ni - ty.

GOING TO MARKET.

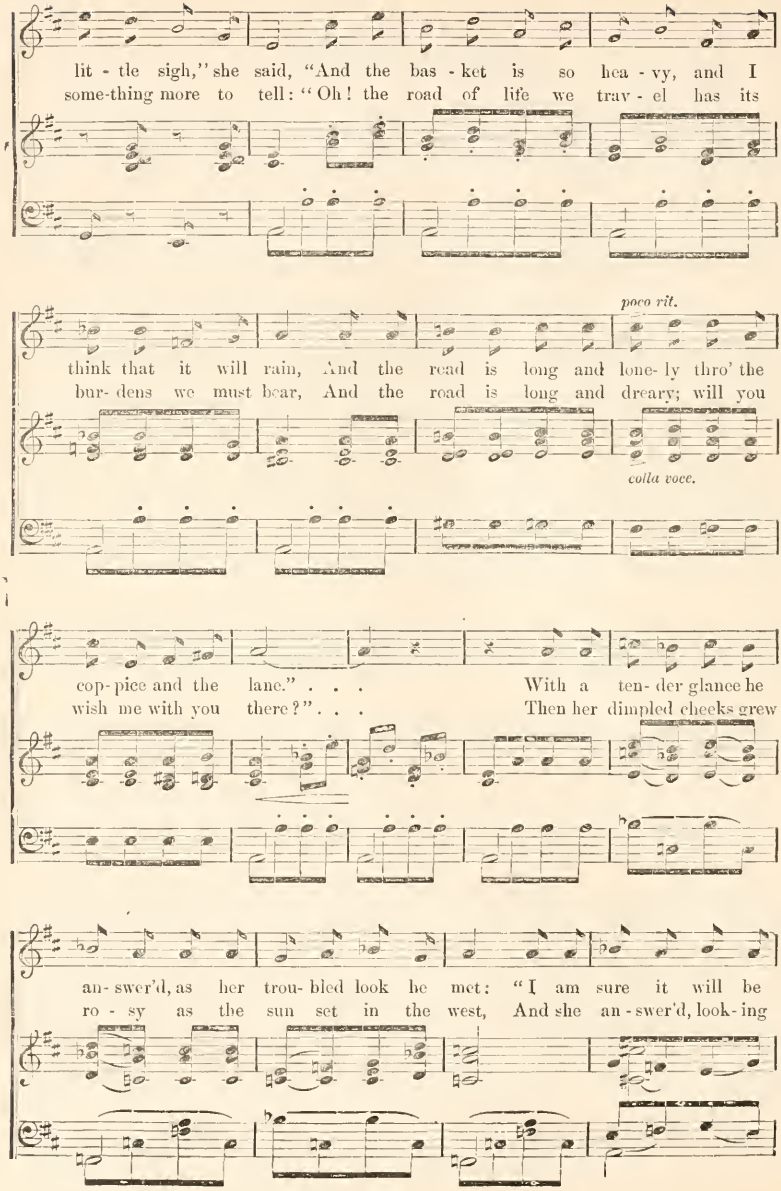
HAROLD WYNN. LOUIS DIEHL.

Allegretto con grazia.

p

1 She was stand - ing by the wick - et, and she
2 Ma - ny mer - ry words were spo - ken, and the

droop'd her pret - ty head: "I am go - ing to the mar- ket," with a
sun - light round them fell, But at e - ven, when re - turn - ing, he had


lit - tle sigh," she said, "And the bas - ket is so hea - vy, and I
some-thing more to tell: "Oh! the road of life we trav - el has its
poco rit.
think that it will rain, And the road is long and lone- ly thro' the
bur- dens we must bear, And the road is long and dreary; will you
colla voce.
cop- pice and the lane." . . . With a ten- der glance he
wish me with you there?" . . . Then her dimpled cheeks grew
an- swer'd, as her trou- bled look he met: "I am sure it will be
ro - sy as the sun set in the west, And she an - swer'd, look- ing

poco rit. *a tempo.*

wea - ry, and it might be ver - y wet, ... And the
shy - ly, at the lil - ies in her breast: . . . "You were

colla voce. *a tempo.*

hay is hard - ly ri - pen'd, so I hav - 'nt much to do, And if
kind to come to mar - ket, and you al - ways tell me true, So I

you will let me, Jen - nie, I would like to go with you; And if
think I'll have you, Don - ald, for the oth - er jour - ney, too; So I

colla voce.

poco a poco rit.

you will let me, Jen - nie, I should like to go with you."
think I'll have you, Don - ald, for the oth - er jour - ney, too."

Andantino con espress.

You and I . . . to - geth - - er, love, Nev - er mind the

p

weath - er, love, You and I . . . to - geth - er, love,

f

All the way, all the way; You and

p

I . . . . to - - geth - - er, love, Nev - - - er

mind the weath - er, love, You and I . . . to - geth - er,

colla voce. *f*

1st time.

love, ... All the way, all the way. . . . .

Tempo Io. *D.S.* *2d time.*

sf *ff*

"WE'RE WALKING DOWN THE HOMESTEAD LANE."

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

G. M. BALLARD. J. P. WEBSTER.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1 I'm dreaming a dream, this
2 I'm dreaming a-gain, this

Ped. * Ped. *

aft - er-noon, Of days ac-count - ed old - en, When
evening time, Of her whose love grew strong - er— We're

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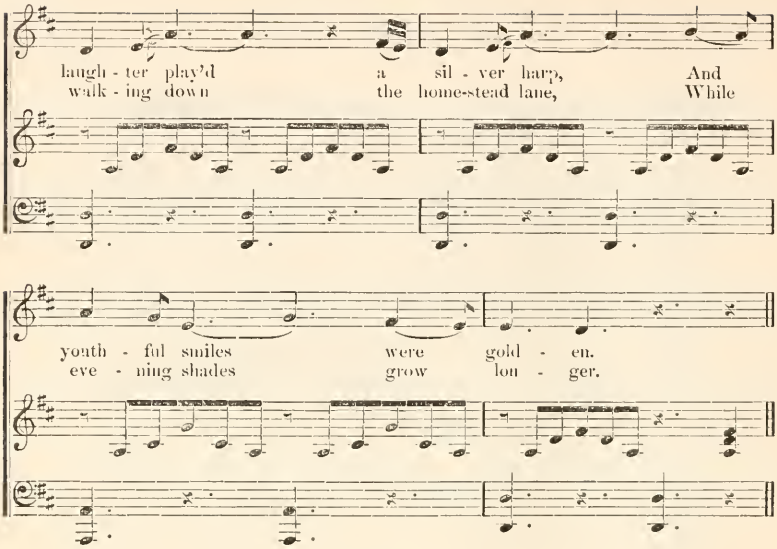
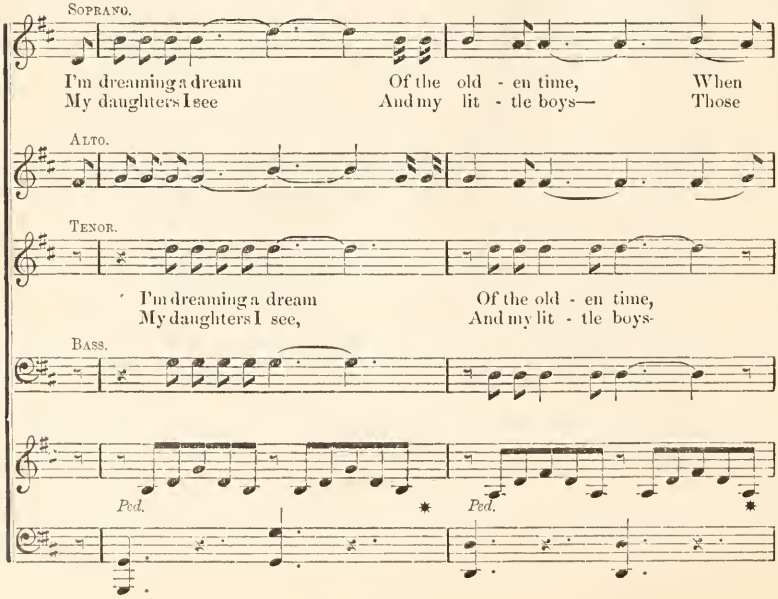

laugh - ter play'd a sil - ver harp, And
walk - ing down the home-stead lane, While
youth - ful smiles were gold - en.
eve - ning shades grow lon - ger.

CHORUS.


Soprano.
I'm dreaming a dream Of the old - en time, When
My daughters I see And my lit - tle boys— Those
Alto.
Tenor.
I'm dreaming a dream Of the old - en time,
My daughters I see, And my lit - tle boys-
Bass.
Ped. * Ped. *

life was smooth As the poet's rhyme, When my feet were bare And my
pledges of love That crown'd my joys; And the babe comes, too, And we

When life was smooth As the po - et's rhyme, When my feet were bare
Those pledges of love That crown'd my joys; And the babe comes, too,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cheeks were brown, And my heart was light As the Ei - der down.
all now meet, And I kiss them oft— Oh! my dreams are sweet.

And my cheeks were brown, And my heart was light As the Ei - der down.
And we all now meet, And I kiss them oft— Oh! my dreams are sweet.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

3. I'm dreaming no more this lone midnight, For foot - steps give me

warning, That soon I'll hear the stringlatch raise, And an - gels say–"Good

morning." I'm dreaming no more on this lone midnight, For the

em-bers give . . . . but a fee-ble light; And I hear a step in the

out - er halls,— Good night, good night, for the an - gel calls.

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

I'm dream - ing no more this cold midnight, For the

I'm dreaming no more this cold midnight,

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

em - bers give but a fee - ble light, And I hear a step in the

For the embers give but a fee - ble light, And I hear a step

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

out - er halls,— Good night, good night, for the an - gel calls.

in the outer halls,— Good night, good night, good night, for the angel calls.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

SWEET AND LOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON. J. BARNBY.

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa- ther will come to thee soon, Rest, rest on

pp

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa- ther will come to thee soon; Fa- ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un- der the sil - ver

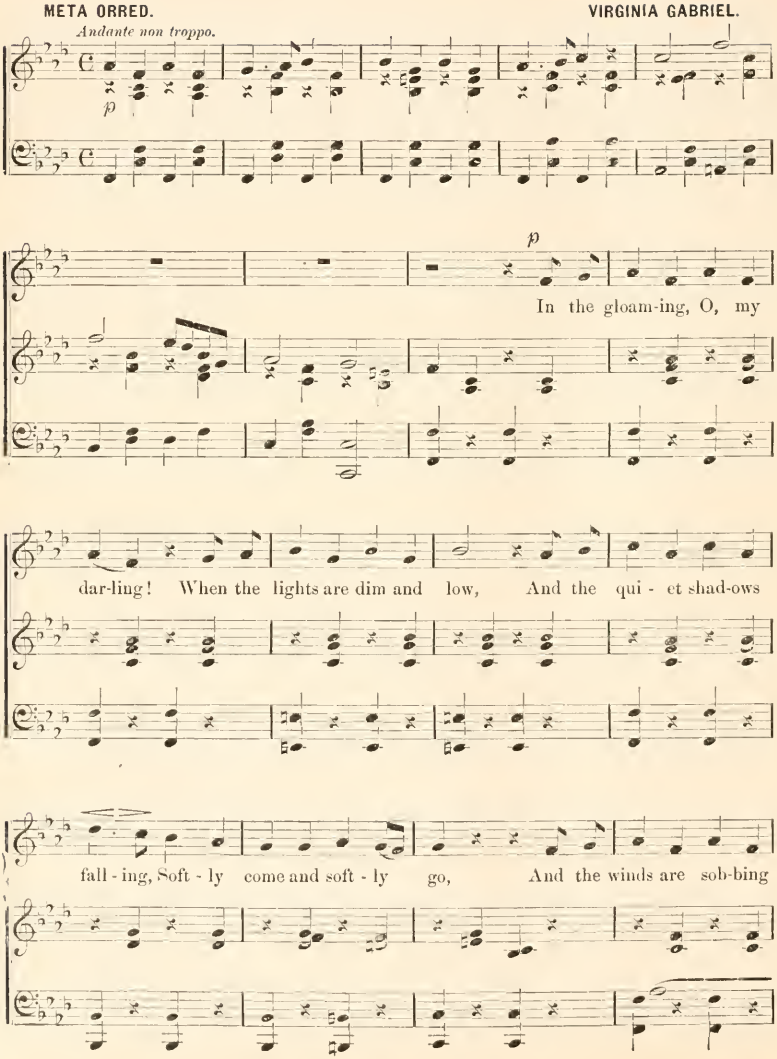
pp *f*

p *Rall e dim.* *pp*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .

p *Rall e dim.* *pp*

IN THE GLOAMING.



con espress.

faint- ly With a gen - tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and

con passione.

love me, As you once did long a - go? In the gloaming, O, my

pp

dar - ling! When the mer- ry song is stilled, . . . And your

cres.

voi - ces sink to whis - pers, And the tho't your heart has thrilled, Ris - es

un poco accel. *cres.*

all day long 'neath jest and laughter, And your eyes are filled with

molto espressione. *ad lib.* *Tempo primo.*

bit - ter tears for my lost face, Think on-ly of a trust - ful filled. In the

un poco allargando.

gloam-ing, O, my dar-ling! Think not bit - ter - ly of me, Though I

passed a- way in si- lence, Left you lone - ly, left you free. . .

sommo espress.

For my heart was crush'd with long - ing, What had been could nev - er

un poco agitato.

be, It was best to leave you quick - ly, Best for

dim. *cres.*

you and best for me, It was best to leave you

f

quick - ly, Best for you and best . . . for me.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

LULLABY.

Sir WALTER SCOTT. C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro grazioso.

pp

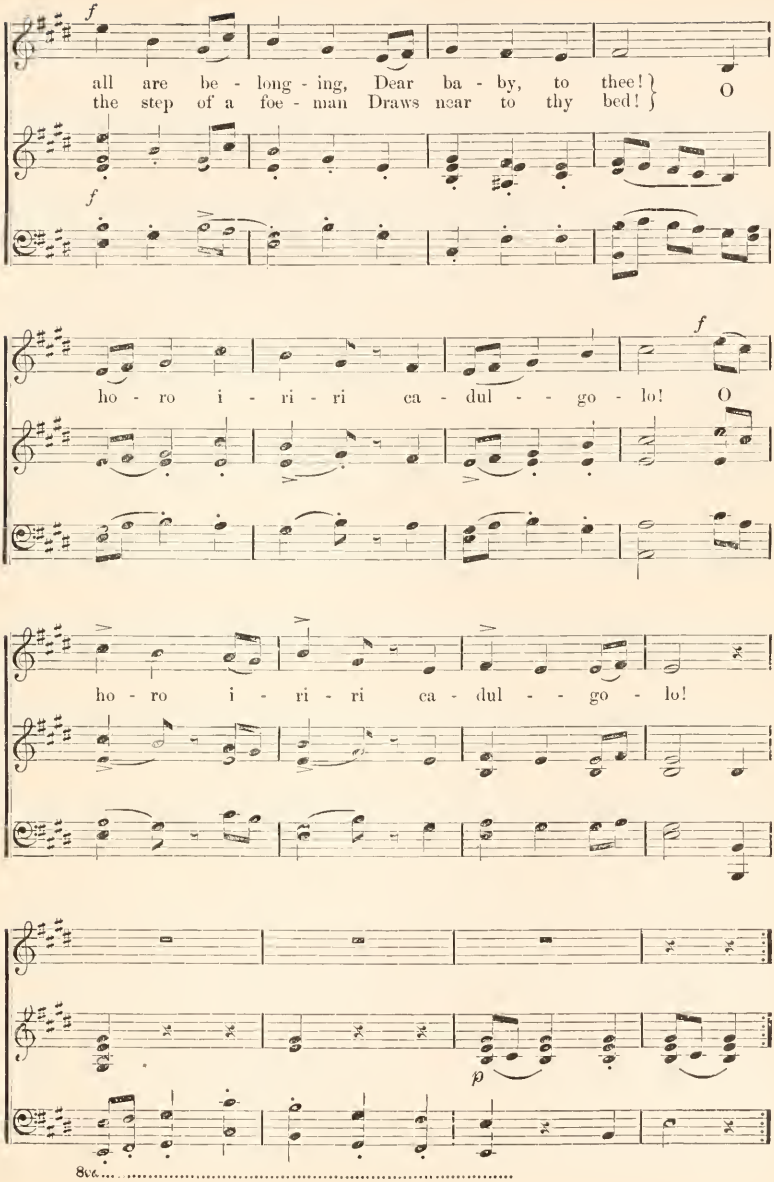
8va

1. O hush thee, my ba - by, Thy sire is a knight, Thy
2. O fear not the bu - gle, Tho' loud - ly it blows, It

moth - er a la - dy, Both love - ly and bright; The *cres -*
calls but the ward - ers Who guard thy re - pose; Their

- - - , cen - - do.

woods and the glens From the tow'r which we see, They
bows would be bend - ed, Their blades would be red, Ere


f
all are be - long - ing, Dear ba - by, to thee!
the step of a foe - man Draws near to thy bed!
O
f
f
ho - ro i - ri - ri ca - dul - - go - lo! O
ho - ro i - ri - ri ca - dul - - go - lo!
p
8va

p

3. O hush thee, my ba - by, The time will soon come, When thy

sleep shall be bro - ken By trum - pet and drum; Then

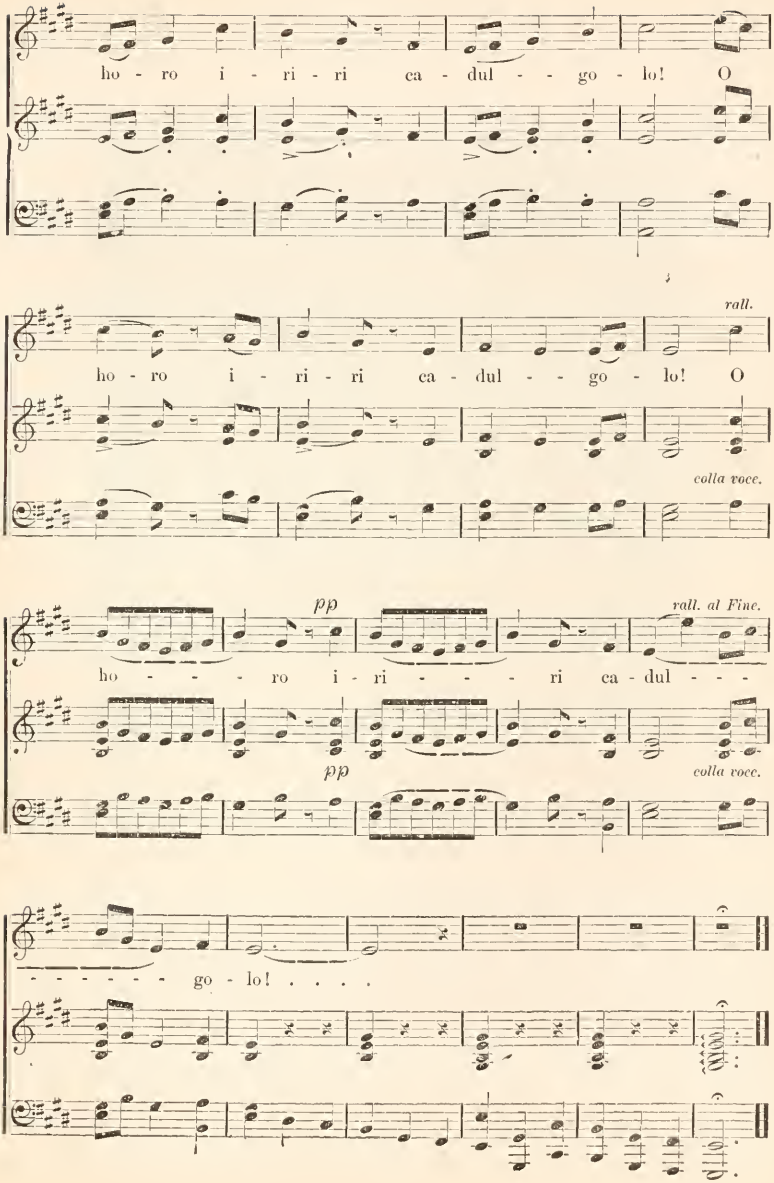
cres - - - cen - - - - do.

hush thee, my dar - ling, Take rest while you may, For

f *rall.* *p*

strife comes with man - hood, And wak - ing with day! O

f


ho - ro i - ri - ri ca - dul - - go - lo! O
rall.
ho - ro i - ri - ri ca - dul - - go - lo! O
colla voce.
pp
rall. al Fine.
ho - - - ro i - ri - - - ri ca - dul - - -
pp
colla voce.
- - - - - - go - lo! . . . .

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

POWER OF LOVE.

SATANELLA. M. W. BALFE.

Andante cantabile.

Sostenuto assai.

p dolce assai.

There's a pow'r whose sway . . .

p

An - gel souls a - dore, ... And the lost o - bey, . . . Weeping ev-er -

- more; . . . . . Doubt-ful mor - tals prize . . . Smiles from it a - bove, . .

cres.

Bliss that nev - er dies, . . . Such thy pow'r, O love!.... Source of joy and

cres.

woe, ... Foil - er of stern hate, . . . Lord of high and low, Woman,

ritenuto. *a tempo.* *cres.*

woman calls thee fate; . . . . . Fierceness owns thy spell, . . Vulture thou, and

ritenuto. *a tempo.* *cres.*

poco accel. *cres.*

Dove, ... Language can - not tell . . . Half thy pow'r, O love! . .

poco accel. *cres.*

cres. *f* *p* *riten.*

Lan - guage, lan - guage can-not tell half thy pow'r, Can-not,

f *p* *riten.*

f *f*

can-not tell thy pow'r, Language can-not tell thy pow'r, ...

f *p* *f*

riten. *a piacere.* *lunga pausa.*

. . . . no, no, no, no, no, Lan - guage can-not tell thy pow'r, O love!

f

riten. *a piacere.*

pp *ff*

MARY OF ARGYLE.

JEFFERYS. NELSON.

Poco allegretto e delicatezza.

1. I have heard the mavis singing His

p

love-song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop clinging To the

rose just new-ly born; But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me At the

cres.

ev'ning's gen-tle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the

ritard. *a tempo.*

dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma- ry, And thine

colla voce. *mf* *a tempo.*

ad lib.

art - less winning smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon - ny

ad lib.

Ma - ry of Ar- gyle. 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine

cres. *p*

eye its brightness, too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy

hair its sun- ny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than

cres.

all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beauty, But

ritard.

not for that a - lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma- ry, And its

colla voce.

mf

a tempo.

ad lib.

goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ever, Bonny Mary of . . . . . Argyle.

f

ad lib.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS. Scotch.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

2 We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

3 We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

4 And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

5 And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

NANCY LEE.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

With spirit.

f *ff*

1 Of all . . . the wives as e'er you
2 The har - bor's past, the breezes
3 The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be-

ff

know, . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's
blow, . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis
low, . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then

none like Nan-cy Lee, I trow, ... Yeo ho! lads!
long ere we come back I know, ... Yeo ho! lads!
here's a health a-fore we go, ... Yeo ho! lads!

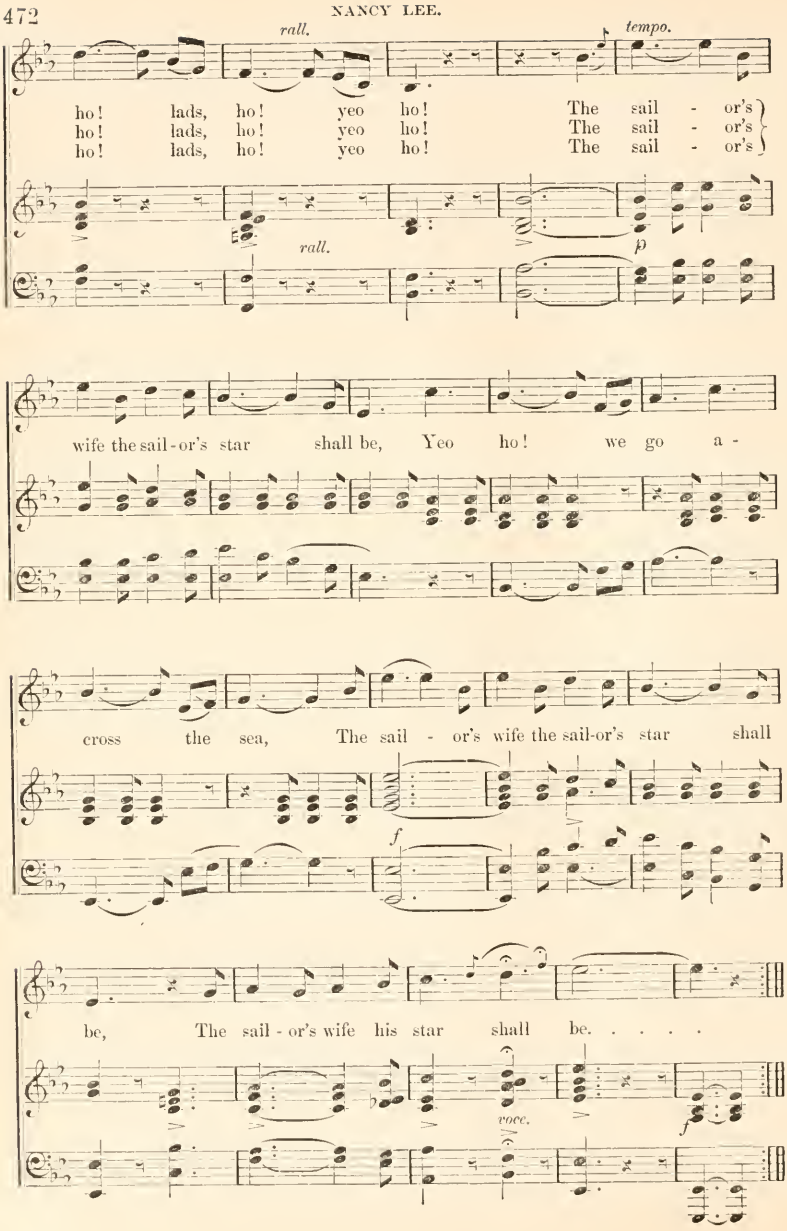
f

ho! yeo ho! See there she stands an' waves her hands up-
ho! yeo ho! But true an' bright from morn till night my
ho! yeo ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife an'

p

-on the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way she'll watch for
home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at
mates at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones wher-e'er we

me, An' whis-per low, when tem-pests blow, for Jack at sea, Yeo
sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place an' wel - come me; Yeo
be; An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo


rall.
tempo.
ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's
ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's
ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's
rall.
p
wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a -
cross the sea, The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall
f
be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be. . . . .
voce.
f

I LOVE MY LOVE.

C. MACKAY. C. PINSUTI.

Allegro moderato.

f

f

1. What is the meaning of the song That rings so clear and loud,
2. What is the meaning of thy tho't, O maid-en, fair and young?
3. Oh, hap-py words, at beau- ty's feet, We sing them ere our prime,

p

p

Thou night-in- gale a - mid the copse, Thou lark above the cloud? Thou
There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such mu - sic on thy tongue, Such
And when the ear - ly summers pass, And care comes on with time, And

p

un poco cres.

e leggiero. *p*

lark a - bove the cloud? What says thy song, thou
mu - sic on thy tongue; There is such glo - ry
care comes on with time, Still be it ours, in

p *molto legg.*

rf

joy - ous thrush, Up in the wal - nut tree? What
on thy face, What can the mean - ing be? There
care's de - spite, To join in cho - rus free, Still

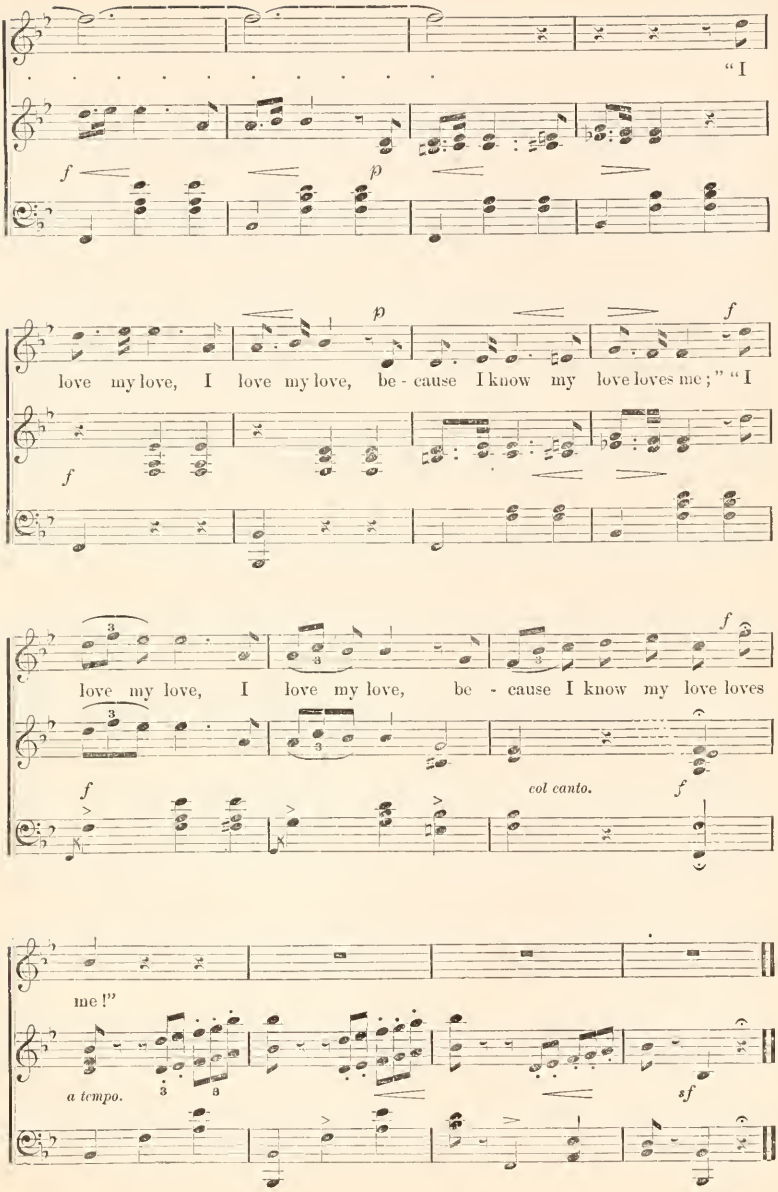
says thy song, thou joy - ous thrush, Up in the wal - nut
is such glo - - ry on thy face, What can the mean - ing
be it ours, in care's de - spite, To join in cho - rus

un poco cres. *cres.*

f *p* *f*

tree? What says thy song? What says thy song? . . .
be? O maid - en fair! O maid - en fair! . . .
free, The hap - py words, The hap - py words! . . .

f *p*


"I
f
p
p
f
love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me;" "I
f
f
love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves
f
f
col canto.
f
me!"
a tempo.
sf

IN THE STARLIGHT.

FOR TWO VOICES.

J. E. CARPENTER. STEPHEN GLOVER.

Allegretto.

p *mf*

1. In the starlight, in the star-light, Let us wan- der gay and
2. In the starlight, in the star-light, At the day-lights dew - y

f *p*

free, For there's nothing in the day-light Half so dear to you and
close, When the night-in- gale is sing- ing His last love - song to the

decres.

dolce.

me, Like the fair - ies in the shad - ow Of the woods we'll steal a-
rose; In the calm, clear night of sum - mer, When the breez - es soft - ly

p

dim.

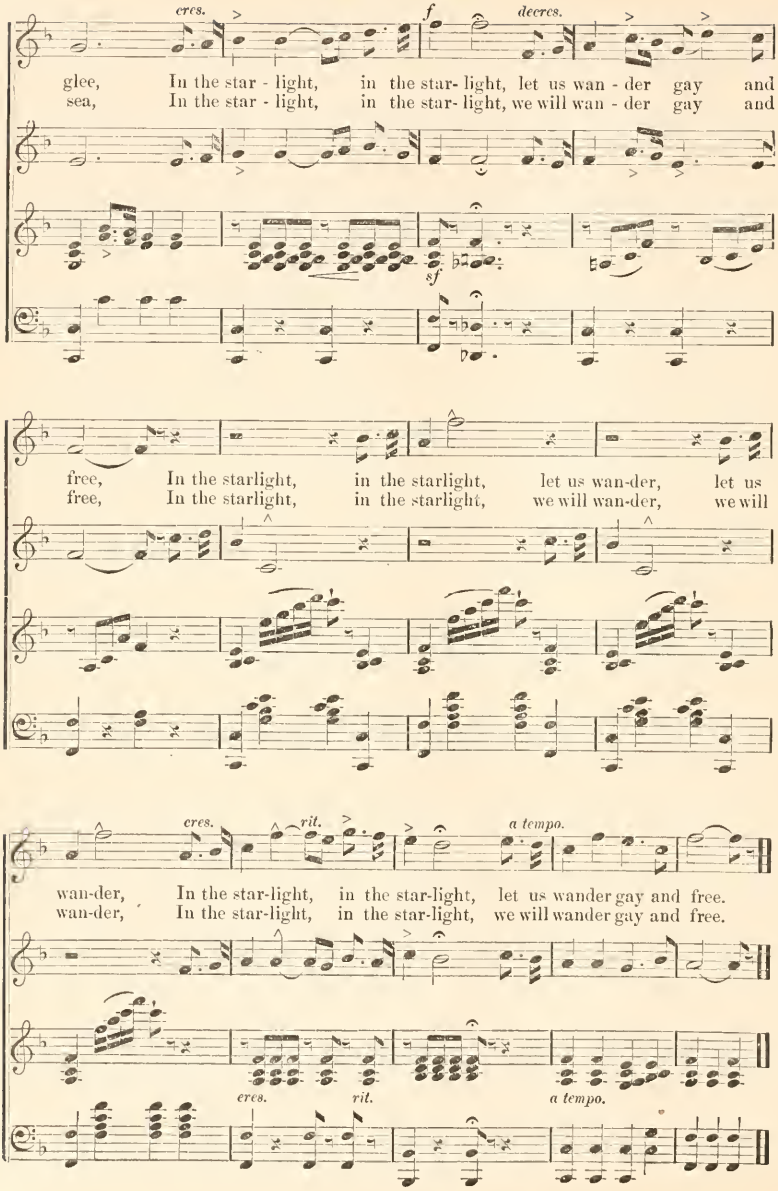
- long; And our sweet-est lays we'll war - ble, For the night was made for
play, From the glit - ter of our dwell - ing We will gen - tly steal a-

dim.

rit. *a tempo.*

song; . . . . When none are by to lis - ten, Or to chide us in our
- way . . . . Where the silv'-ry wa - ters mur-mur, By the mar - gin of the

rit. *a tempo.*


cres.
f
decres.
glee, In the star - light, in the star- light, let us wan - der gay and
sea, In the star - light, in the star- light, we will wan - der gay and
sf
free, In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wan-der, let us
free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wan-der, we will
cres.
rit.
a tempo.
wan-der, In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wander gay and free.
wan-der, In the star-light, in the star-light, we will wander gay and free.
cres.
rit.
a tempo.

ANGELS, EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

HANDEL.

Recitative.

O worse than death indeed! lead me, ye guards, lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames, I'll

thank your gracious mer- ey.

p

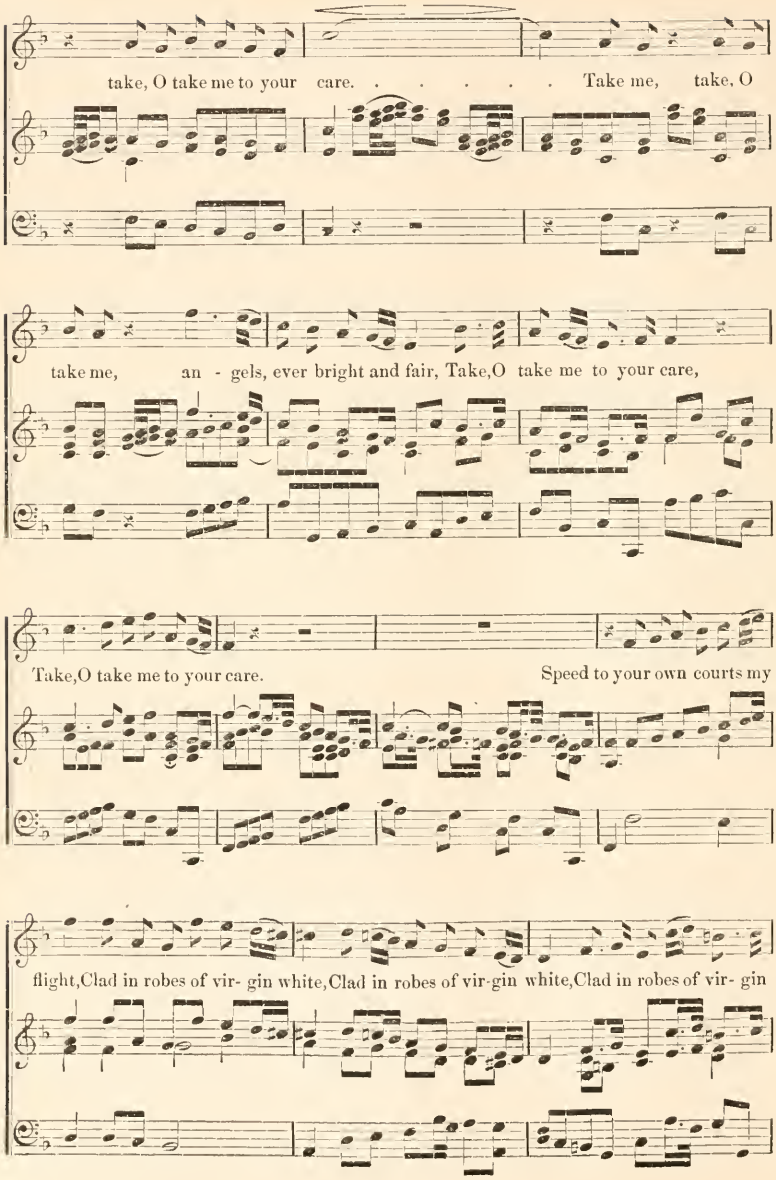
Larghetto.

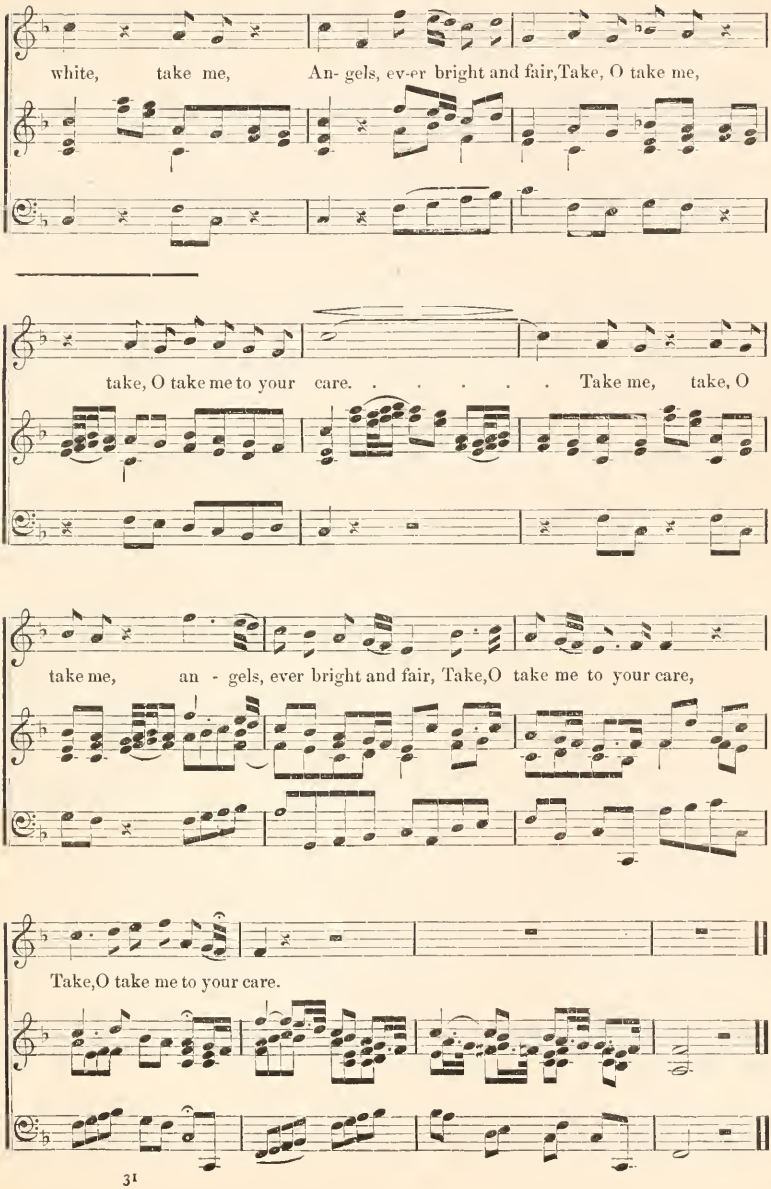
SOLO.

Angels, ever bright and

fair,

An- gels, ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me,


take, O take me to your care. . . . . Take me, take, O
take me, an - gels, ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care,
Take, O take me to your care. Speed to your own courts my
flight, Clad in robes of vir- gin white, Clad in robes of vir-gin white, Clad in robes of vir- gin


white, take me, An- gels, ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me,
take, O take me to your care. . . . . Take me, take, O
take me, an - gels, ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care,
Take, O take me to your care.

KILLARNEY.

M. F. BALFE.

Moderato.

f

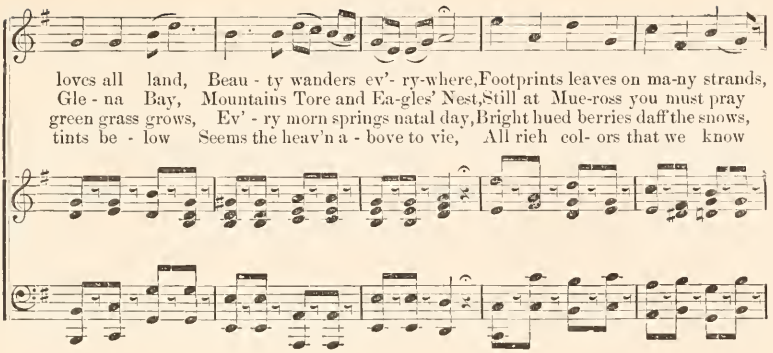
p

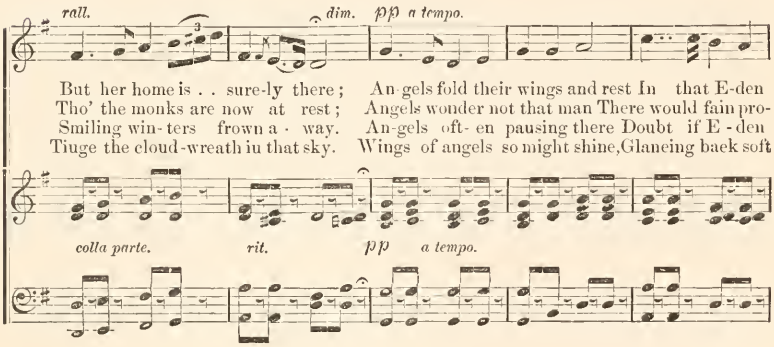
1 By Killar- ney's lakes and fells, Em'-rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2 In - nis-fal- len's ruined shrine May suggest a passing sigh, But man's faith can
3 No place else can charm the eye With such bright and varied tints; Ev - 'ry rock that
4 Mu- sic there for Ech-o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny; Ma - ny voic'd the

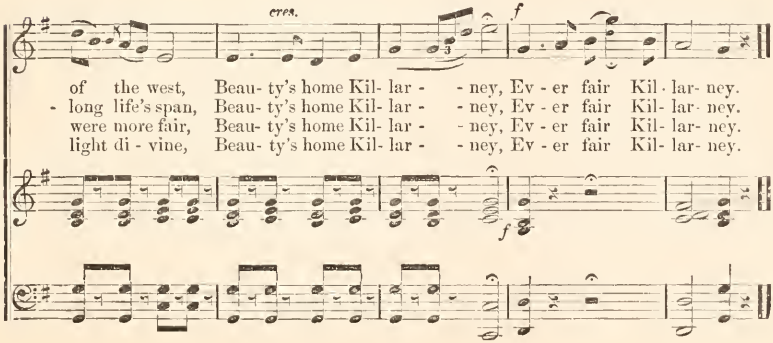
woodland dells, Mem' - ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Bount'ous nature
ne'er decline, Such God's wonders float- ing by; Castle Lough and
you pass by, Ver-dure broiders or besprints; Vir-gin there the
chorus swells, Till it faints in ecs - ta-cy; With the charmful

pp

sf

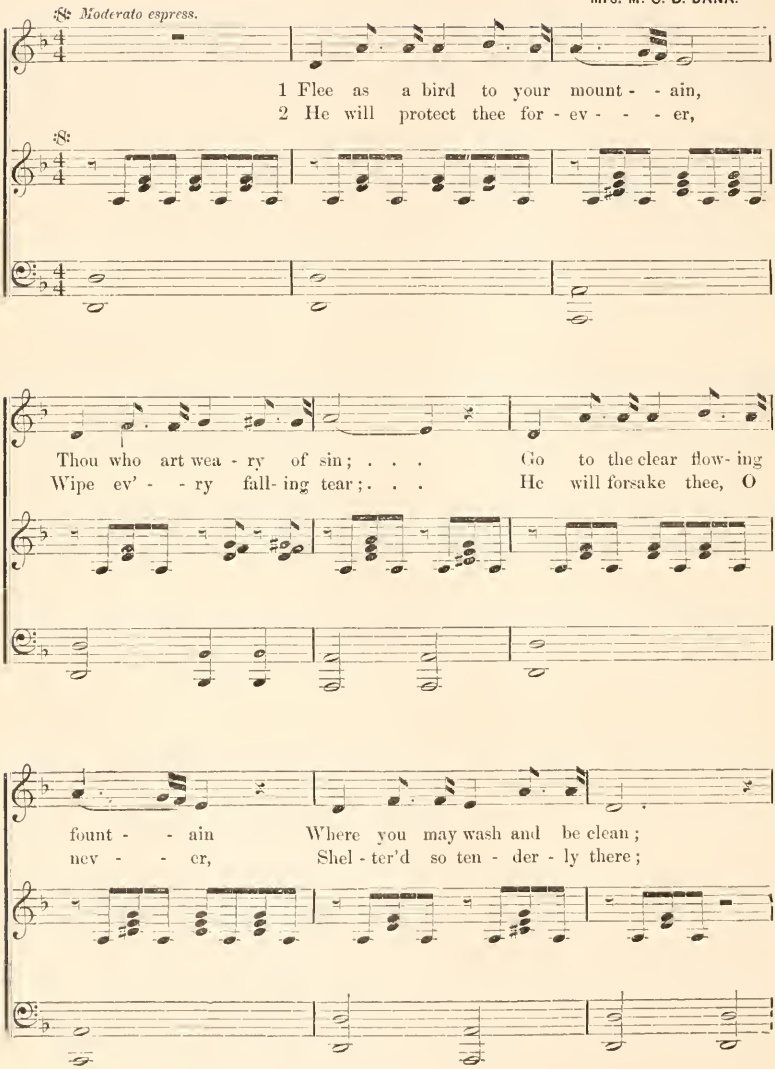

loves all land, Beau - ty wanders ev'- ry-where, Footprints leaves on ma-ny strands,
Gle - na Bay, Mountains Tore and Ea-gles' Nest, Still at Mue-ross you must pray
green grass grows, Ev' - ry morn springs natal day, Bright hued berries daff the snows,
tints be - low Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col- ors that we know


rall.
dim.
pp a tempo.
But her home is . . sure-ly there; An-gels fold their wings and rest In that E-den
Tho' the monks are now at rest; Angels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smiling win- ters frown a - way. An-gels oft- en pausing there Doubt if E - den
Tiuge the cloud-wreath iu that sky. Wings of angels so might shine, Glaneing back soft
colla parte.
rit.
pp
a tempo.


cres.
f
of the west, Beau- ty's home Kil- lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar- ney.
- long life's span, Beau- ty's home Kil- lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil- lar- ney.
were more fair, Beau- ty's home Kil- lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil- lar- ney.
light di - vine, Beau- ty's home Kil- lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil- lar- ney.
f

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.



Fly, for th'a-ven - ger is near . . . . thee, Call and the Sav-iour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - - - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear . . . . thee,
sigh - - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - - - ing, The

un poco ritenuto.

Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sav - iour will wipe ev' - ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev' - ry

sin.
tear.

SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS.

Allegro.

f

1 Y'heave ho! . . my
2 The sail - - or's
3 The tide . . is

mf

lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is
life is bold and free, His home is on the
flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set

on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean
roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or
ev' - ry sail, The har - bor bar we soon shall

cres.

clear, Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer; But
brave, Than he who launch - es on the wave; A-
clear, Fare - well, once more to home so dear, For

'ere we part from Eng- land's shores to - night, A
- far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With
when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long, That

p

song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam.
home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.

f

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up-

f

ad lib.

- on the wa- ters blue, Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding

colla voce. *p*

main, For ma- ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a-

- gain; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main, For

f

ad lib. *D.C.*

ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a - gain.

colla voce.

SILENT NIGHT.

BELL BARNBY.

p TREBLE. *Larghetto.* *dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright:

p ALTO. *dim.*

p TENOR. *dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam - ing bright:

p BASS. *dim.*

pp *cres - - - cen - - -*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright,

pp *cres - - - cen - - -*

pp *cres - - - cen - -*

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam - ing bright,

pp *cres - - - cen - - -*

- *do.* *mf* *mp*

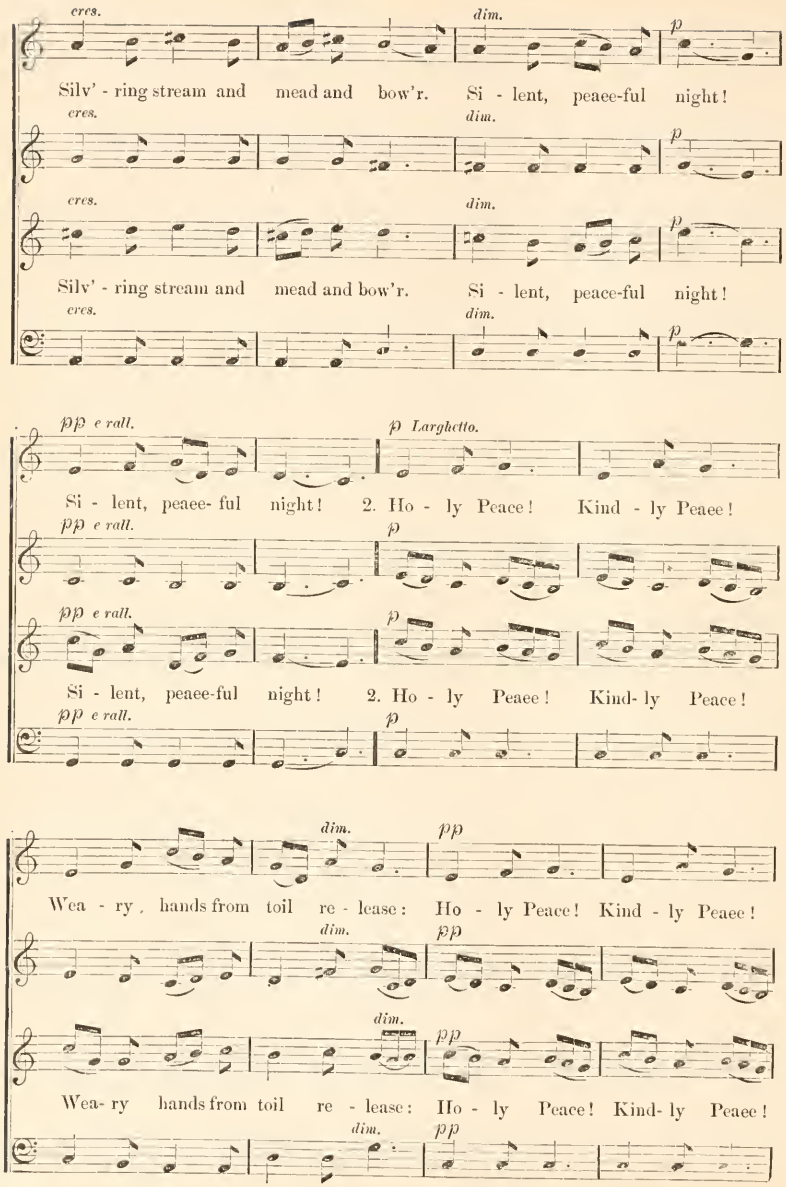
Now the stars are gleam-ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—

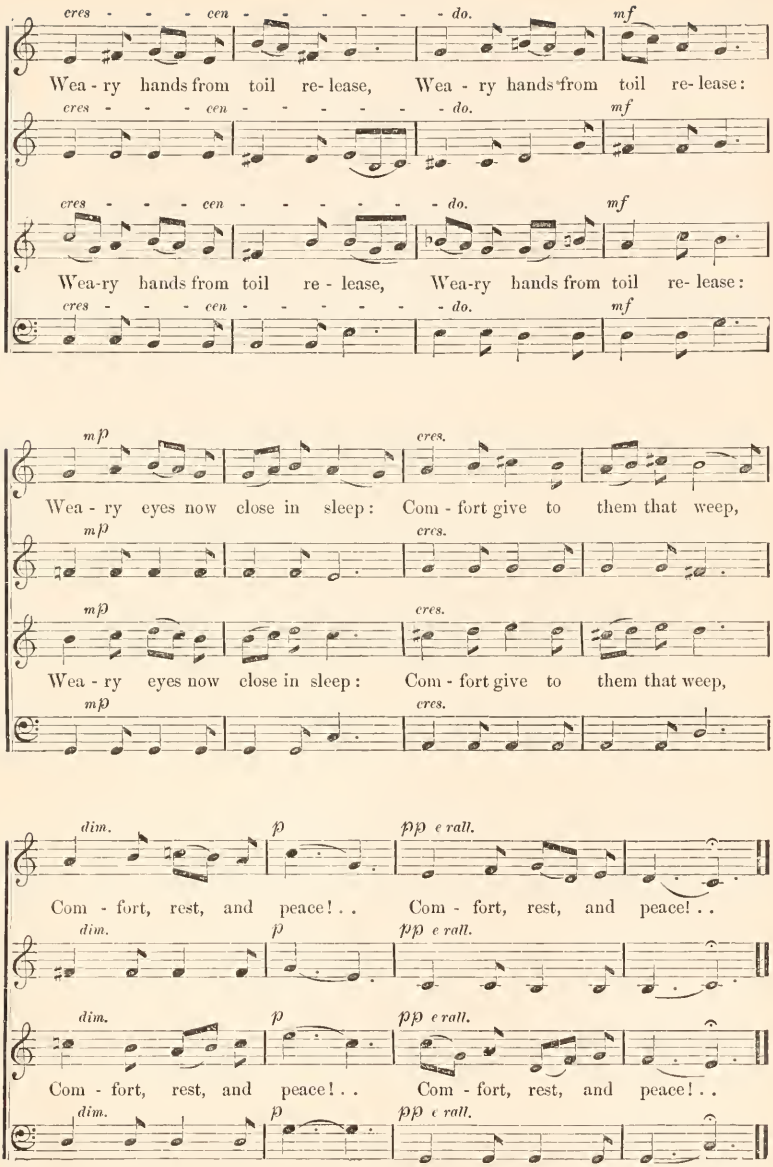
- *do.* *mf* *mp*

- *do.* *mf* *mf*

Now the stars are gleam-ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—

- *do.* *mf* *mp*


cres.
dim.
p
Silv' - ring stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peaee-ful night!
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
dim.
p
Silv' - ring stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night!
cres.
dim.
p
pp e rall.
p Larghetto.
Si - lent, peaee- ful night! 2. Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peaee!
pp e rall.
p
pp e rall.
p
Si - lent, peaee-ful night! 2. Ho - ly Peaee! Kind- ly Peace!
pp e rall.
p
dim.
pp
Wea - ry, hands from toil re - lease: Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peaee!
dim.
pp
dim.
pp
Wea- ry hands from toil re - lease: Ho - ly Peace! Kind- ly Peaee!
dim.
pp


cres - - - cen - - - - - - do.
mf
Wea - ry hands from toil re- lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re- lease:
cres - - - cen - - - - - - do.
mf
cres - - - cen - - - - - - do.
mf
Wea-ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea-ry hands from toil re- lease:
cres - - - cen - - - - - - do.
mf
mp
cres.
Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,
mp
cres.
mp
cres.
Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,
mp
cres.
dim.
p
pp e rall.
Com - fort, rest, and peace! . . Com - fort, rest, and peace! . .
dim.
p
pp e rall.
dim.
p
pp e rall.
Com - fort, rest, and peace! . . Com - fort, rest, and peace! . .
dim.
p
pp e rall.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

CLARIBEL. CLARIBEL.

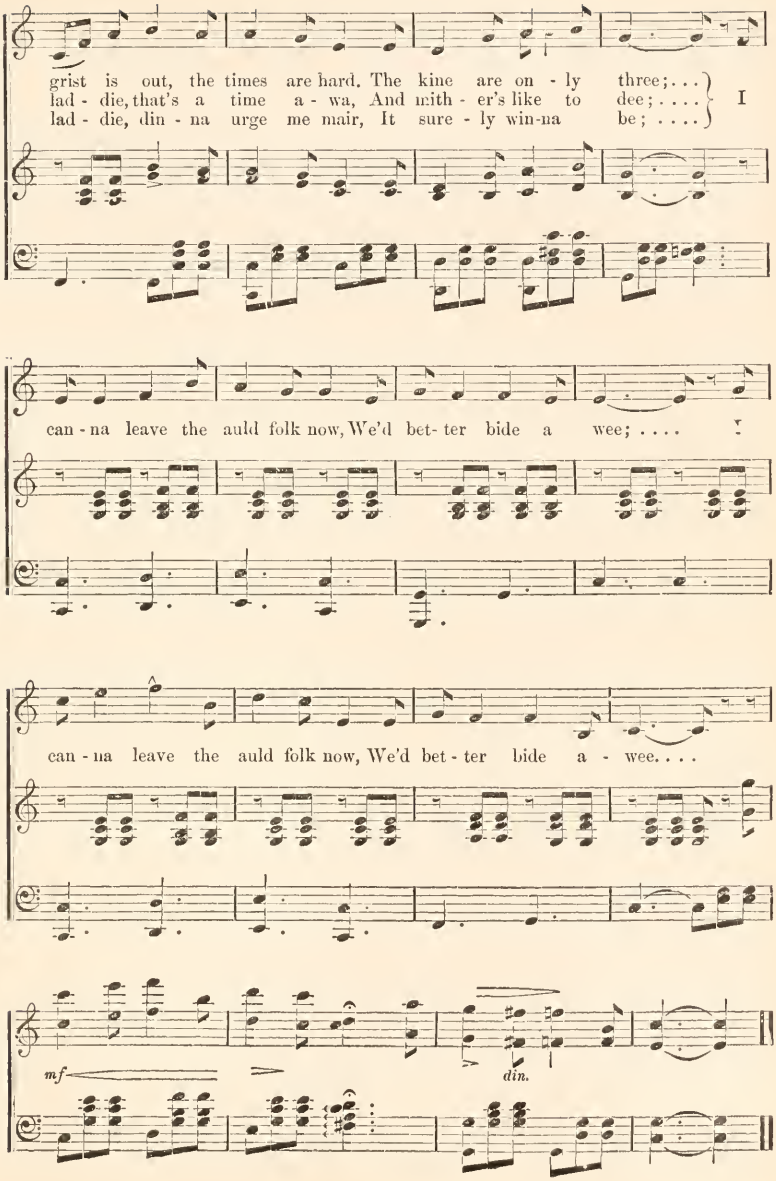
Andante moderato.

mp

1 The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail, and fail - ing sair, ... And
2 When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell sae free, ... They
3 I fear me sair, they're fail - ing baith, For, when I sit a - part, . . . They'll

p

weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came home nae mair; . . . The
gave nae thought to self at all, They did but think of me, ... But,
talk o' heav'n sae earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart! . . . So,


grist is out, the times are hard. The kine are on - ly three; . . .
lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee; . . . .
lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win-na be; . . . .
I
can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet- ter bide a wee; . . . .
can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a - wee. . . .
mf
din.

LARBOARD WATCH.

DUET.

T. WILLIAMS.

Andante.

p

f *p*

mf *p*

1. At dreary mid-night's cheerless hour, De- sert - ed e'en by Cynthia's beams, When

1. At dreary mid-night's cheerless hour, De- sert - ed e'en by Cynthia's beams, When

mf *p*

tem - pest beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;

tem - pest beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;

f *p*

The wea - ried sail - or spent with toil,

Clings firm- ly in the

p

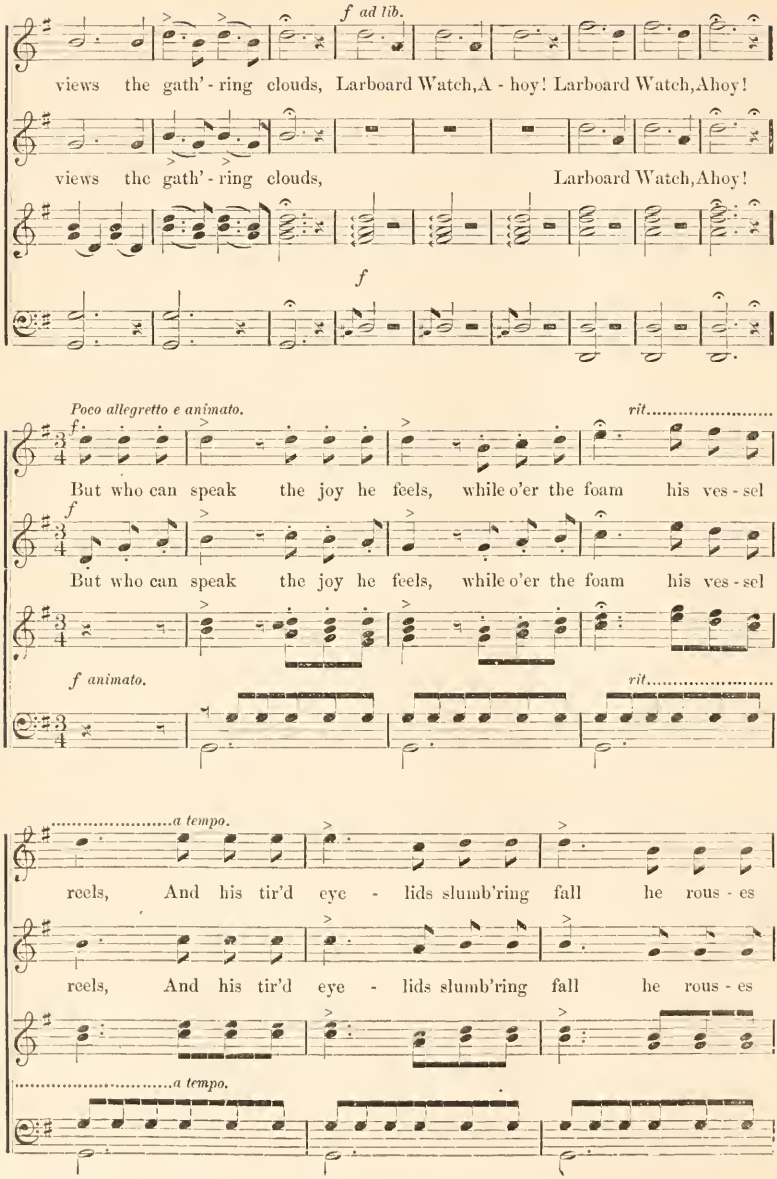
And still the length-en'd hour to guile,

weath-er shrouds, And still the lengthen'd

Sings as he views the gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he

hour to guile, Sings as he

dol.


f ad lib.
views the gath' - ring clouds, Larboard Watch, A - hoy! Larboard Watch, Ahoy!
views the gath' - ring clouds, Larboard Watch, Ahoy!
f
Poco allegretto e animato.
rit.
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
f animato.
rit.
a tempo.
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rous - es
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rous - es
a tempo.

at the wel - come call of Lar - board Watch, A-

at the wel - come call of Lar - board Watch, A-

f *p*

- hoy! Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch! Lar - board

- hoy! Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch! Lar - board

f *pp*

Fine.

Watch, A - hoy!

Watch, A - hoy!

pp *f* *Fine.*

2d Verse. (*little faster.*)

mf *p*

With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swelling threatens to o'er-whelm, And

With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swelling threatens to o'er-whelm, And

p

his storm beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm,

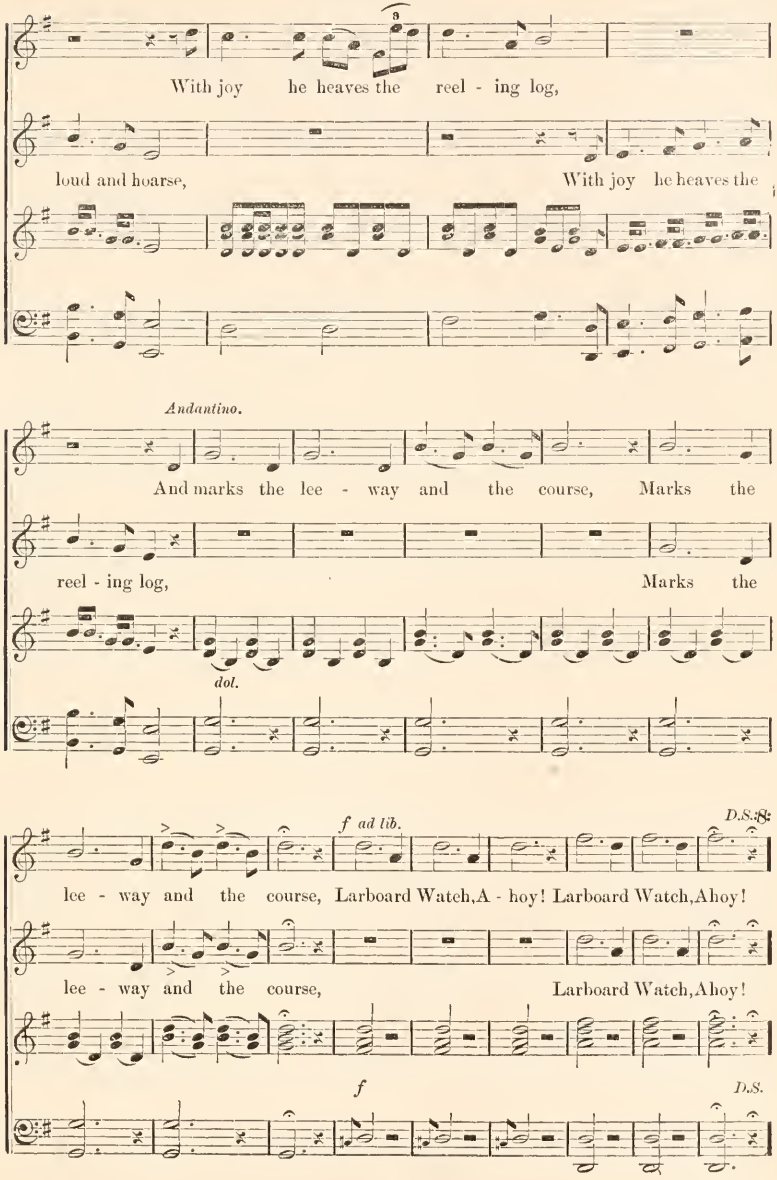
his storm beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm,

p

a

With joy he drinks the cheer-ing grog,

'Mid storms that bel-low


With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the
Andantino.
And marks the lee - way and the course, Marks the
reel - ing log, Marks the
dol.
f ad lib.
D.S.
lee - way and the course, Larboard Watch, A - hoy! Larboard Watch, Ahoy!
lee - way and the course, Larboard Watch, Ahoy!
f
D.S.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

From the BOHEMIAN GIRL.

ALFRED BUNN. M. W. BALFE.

Andante cantabile.

p

cres. *dolce.*

1 When oth - er lips and
2 When cold - ness or de -

a tempo.

pp

other hearts Their tales of love shall tell In lan-guage whose ex -
- ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they prize, And deem it but a

- cess im - - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may, per-haps, in
fad- ed light Which beams with-in your eyes, When hol- low hearts shall

such . . a . . . scene, Some re - col - lec - - - tion be Of
wear . . a . . . mask, 'Twill break your own . . . to see, In

f *f*

days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - - mem - - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - - mem - - ber

pp

me, ... And you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re - mem- ber me.
me, ... That you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re - mem- ber me.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

F. H. GORDON. FRANZ ABT.

1 When the
2 When the
3 Hush! my

Andantino.

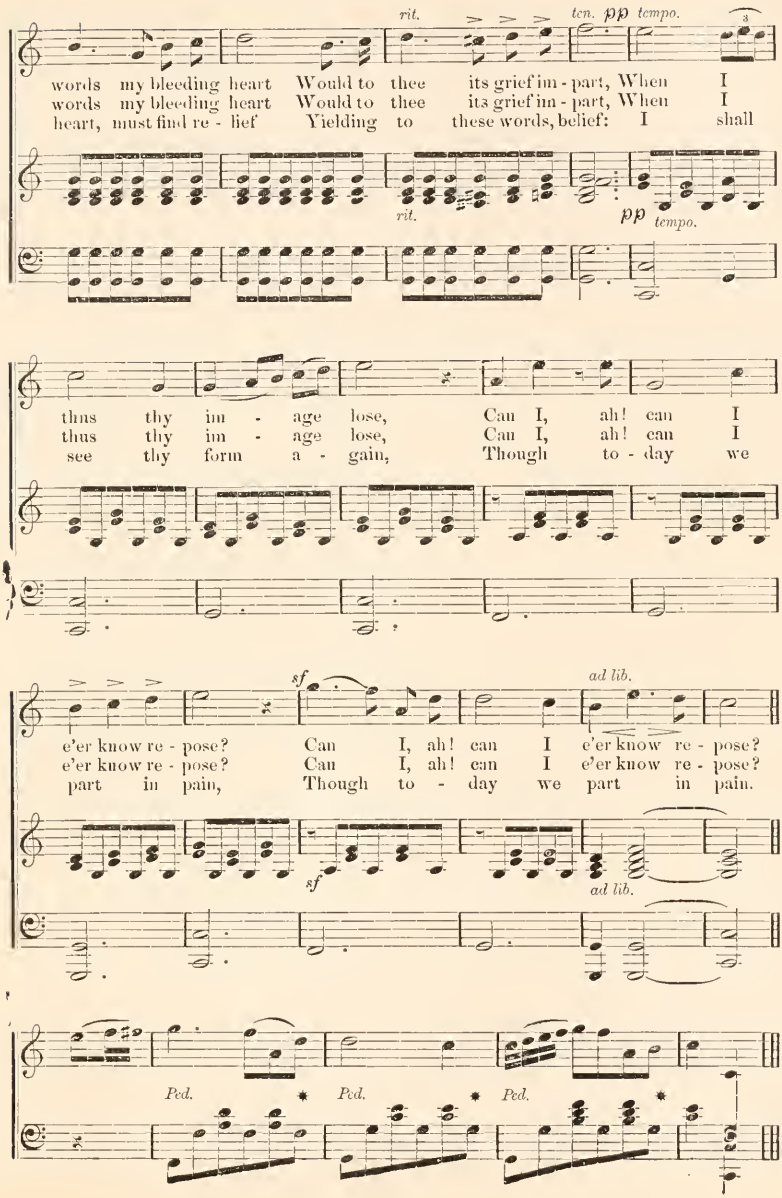
p

swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd lie, When from
white swan southward roves, There to seek the or - ange groves, When the
heart, why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Though on

pp

nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the silv'-ry night - in - gale, In these
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest, In these
earth no more we rove Loud-ly breathing vows of love; Thou, my

pp


rit.
ten. pp tempo.
words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I
words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I
heart, must find re - lief Yielding to these words, belief: I shall
rit.
pp tempo.
thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah! can I
thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah! can I
see thy form a - gain, Though to - day we
sf
ad lib.
e'er know re - pose? Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
e'er know re - pose? Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
part in pain, Though to - day we part in pain.
sf
ad lib.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ROBIN ADAIR.

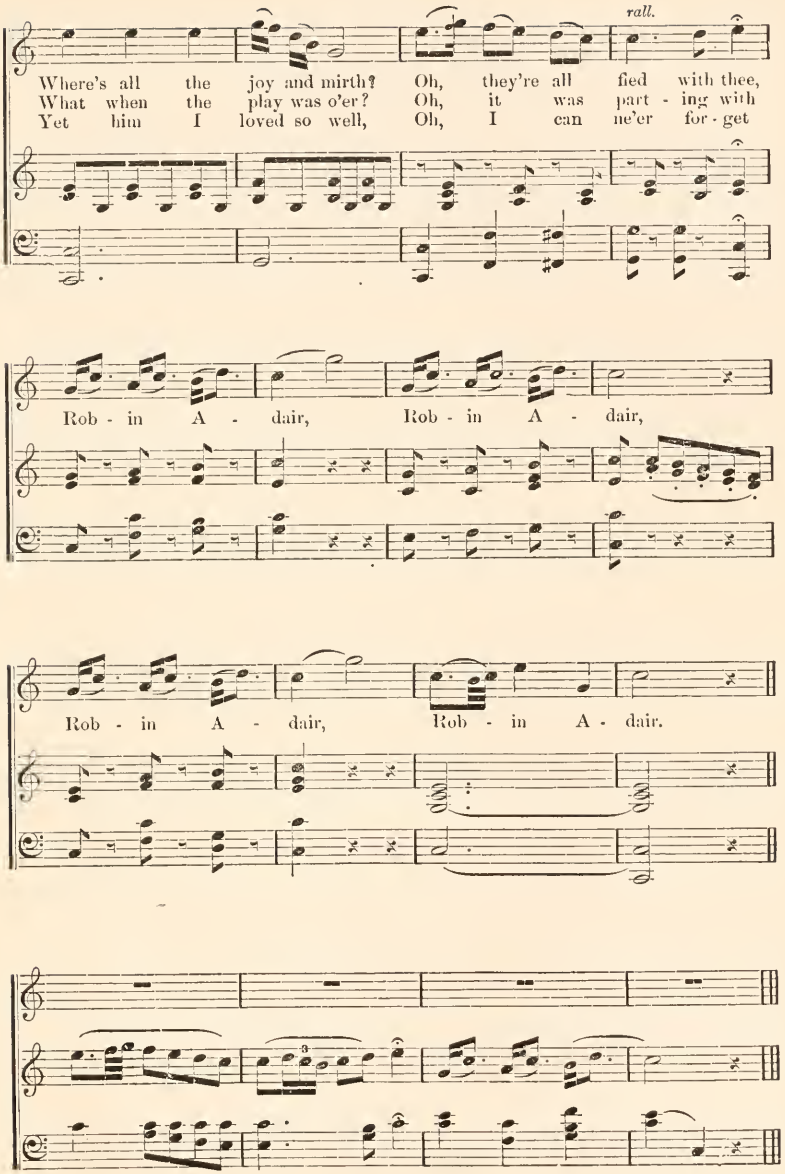
Andante.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair.
3. But now thou'rt far from me, Rob - in A - dair.

p

He whom I wish'd to see, wish'd for to hear.
What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin A - dair.
But now I nev - er see Ro - bin A - dair.

Where's all the joy and mirth Made life a Heav'n on earth;
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?
Yet him I loved so well Still in my heart shall dwell.


rall.
Where's all the joy and mirth? Oh, they're all fled with thee,
What when the play was o'er? Oh, it was part - ing with
Yet him I loved so well, Oh, I can ne'er for - get
Rob - in A - dair, Rob - in A - dair,
Rob - in A - dair, Rob - in A - dair.

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

VIOLET FANE. F. PAOLO TOSTI.

Assai moderato.

p

pp e assai legato.

I think of all . . . thou art to me, . . I dream of

pp

what . . thou canst not be; My life is cursed with thoughts of

p *p piu animato.*

thee, For- ev - er and for - ev - er. My heart is full of grief and

p *p*

cres - - cen - - do. *a tempo.* *pp*

woe, I see thy face where'er I go; . . . I would, a - las! it were not

pp

p rit.

so, . . For- ev- er and for - ev - er.

col canto.

p

p

Perchance, if we . . . had nev - er met, I had been

pp

spared this mad re - gret, This end - less striv - - ing To for-

- get, For- ev - er and for - ev - er. Perchance, if thou wert far a-

p *p piu animato.*

p *p piu animato.*

cres - - cen - - do. *cres.* *a tempo.* *pp* *p*

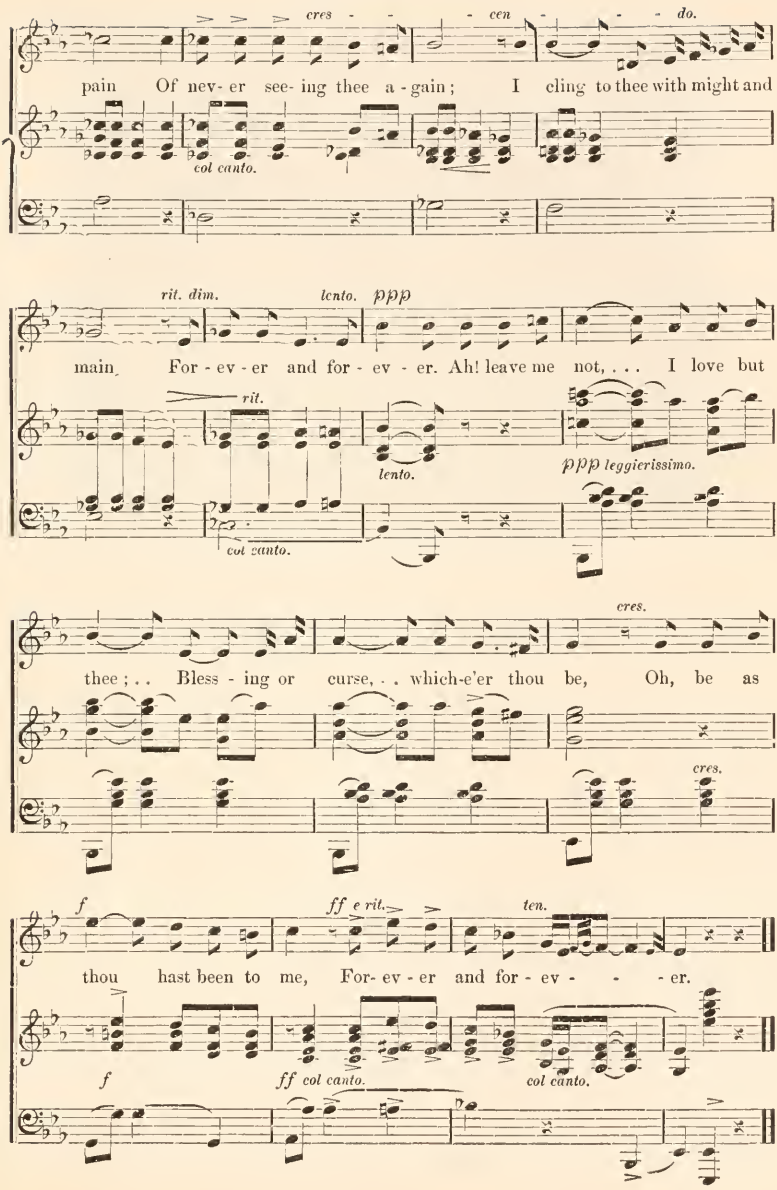
way, Did I not see thee day by day, I might a - gain be blithe and

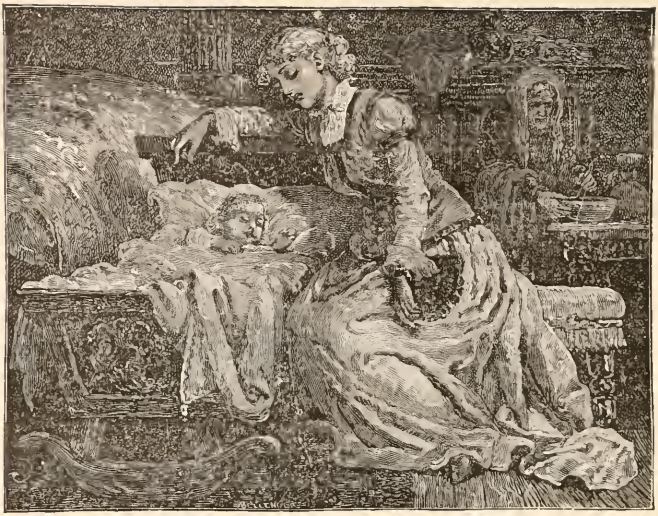
a tempo.

rit. *affrett.*

gay, For- ev - er and for - ev - er. Ah! no; I could not bear the

cal canto.


cres - - - cen - - - do.
pain Of nev- er see- ing thee a - gain; I cling to thee with might and
col canto.
rit. dim.
lento.
ppp
main For - ev - er and for - ev - er. Ah! leave me not, . . . I love but
rit.
lento.
ppp leggierissimo.
col canto.
cres.
thee; . . Bless - ing or curse, . . which-e'er thou be, Oh, be as
cres.
f
ff e rit.
ten.
thou hast been to me, For- ev - er and for - ev - - - er.
f
ff col canto.
col canto.



ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

FLORENCE PERCY. ERNEST LESLIE.

With feeling.

1 Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!
2 O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er-love ev-er has shone;
3 Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders a-gain as of old;

Mother, come back from the ech-o-less shore,
No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures,
Let it drop o-ver my fore-head to-night,

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Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore, Kiss from my forehead the
Faith-ful, un - self - ish, and pa - tient like yours; None like a moth-er can
Shad-ing my faint eyes a - way from the light, For with its sun-ny-edged

fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair,
charm a - way pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
shad-ows once more, Hap-ly will throng the sweet visions of yore;

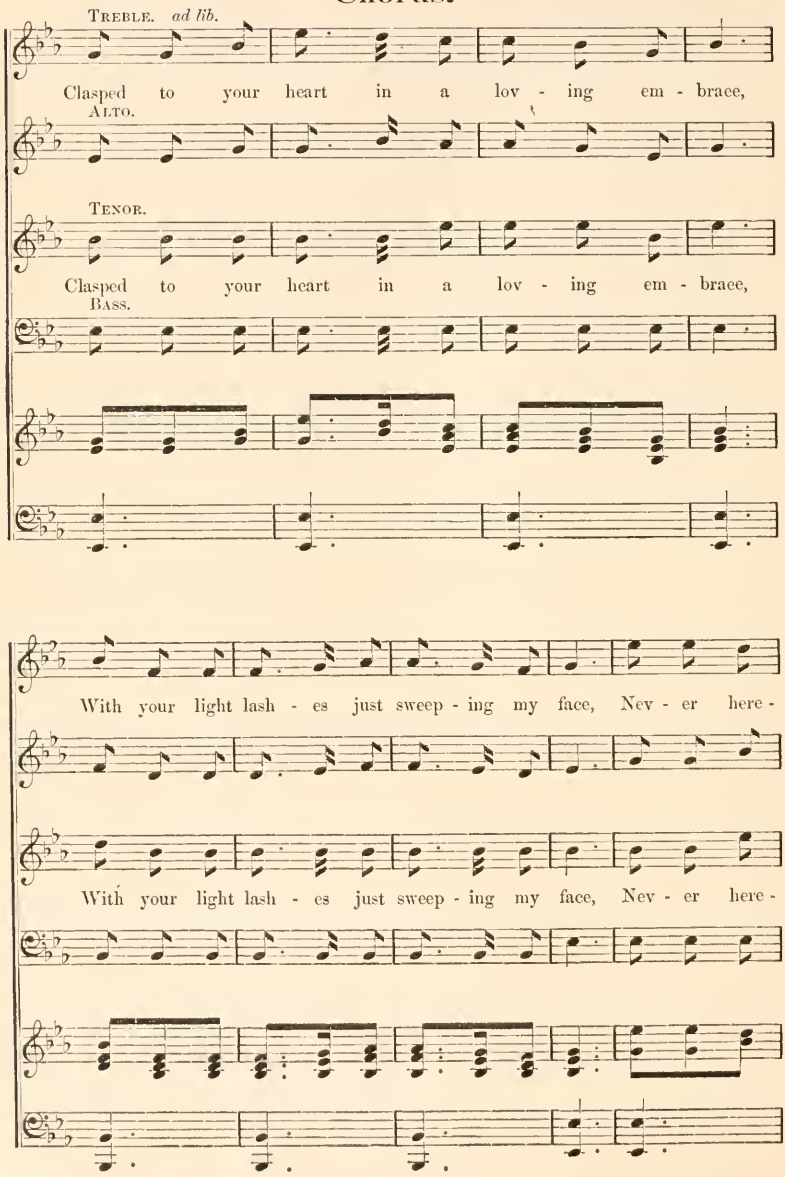
O - ver my slumbers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er,
Slumber's soft calms o'er my hea - vy lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er,
Lov-ing-ly, soft-ly, its bright billows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er,

rock me to sleep.
rock me to sleep.
rock me to sleep.

*

* This interlude is not to be played if the Chorus is sung.

Chorus.


Treble. ad lib.
Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,
Alto.
Tenor.
Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,
Bass.
With your light lash - es just sweep - ing my face, Nev - er here -
With your light lash - es just sweep - ing my face, Nev - er here -

-af - ter to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, moth-er,

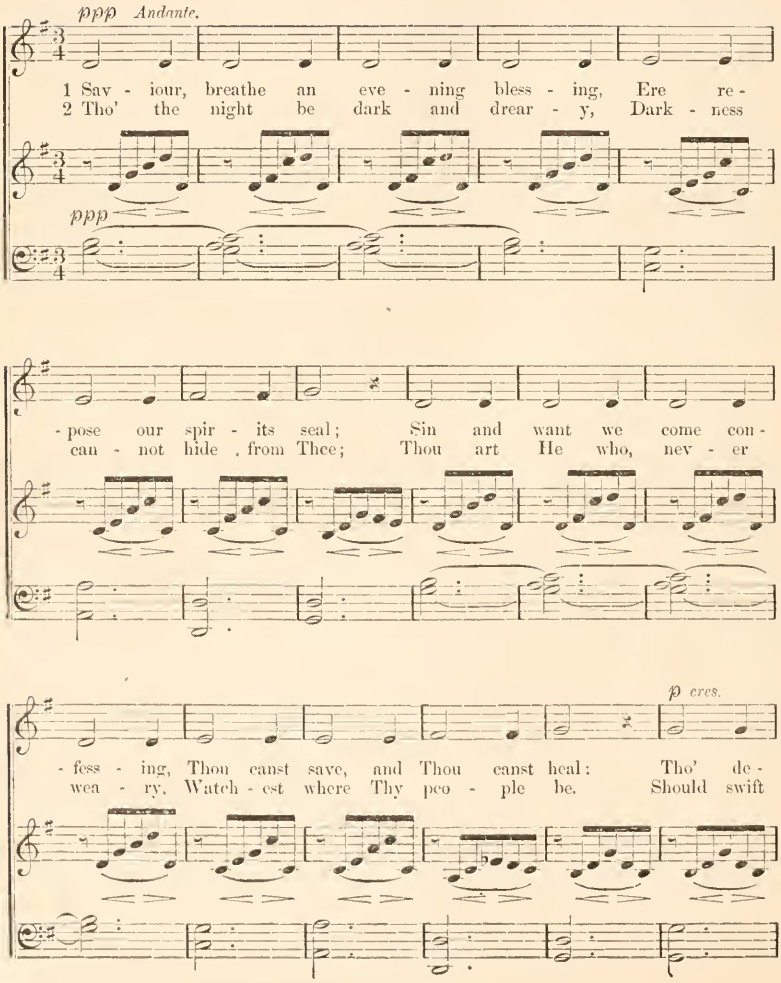
-af - ter to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, moth-er,

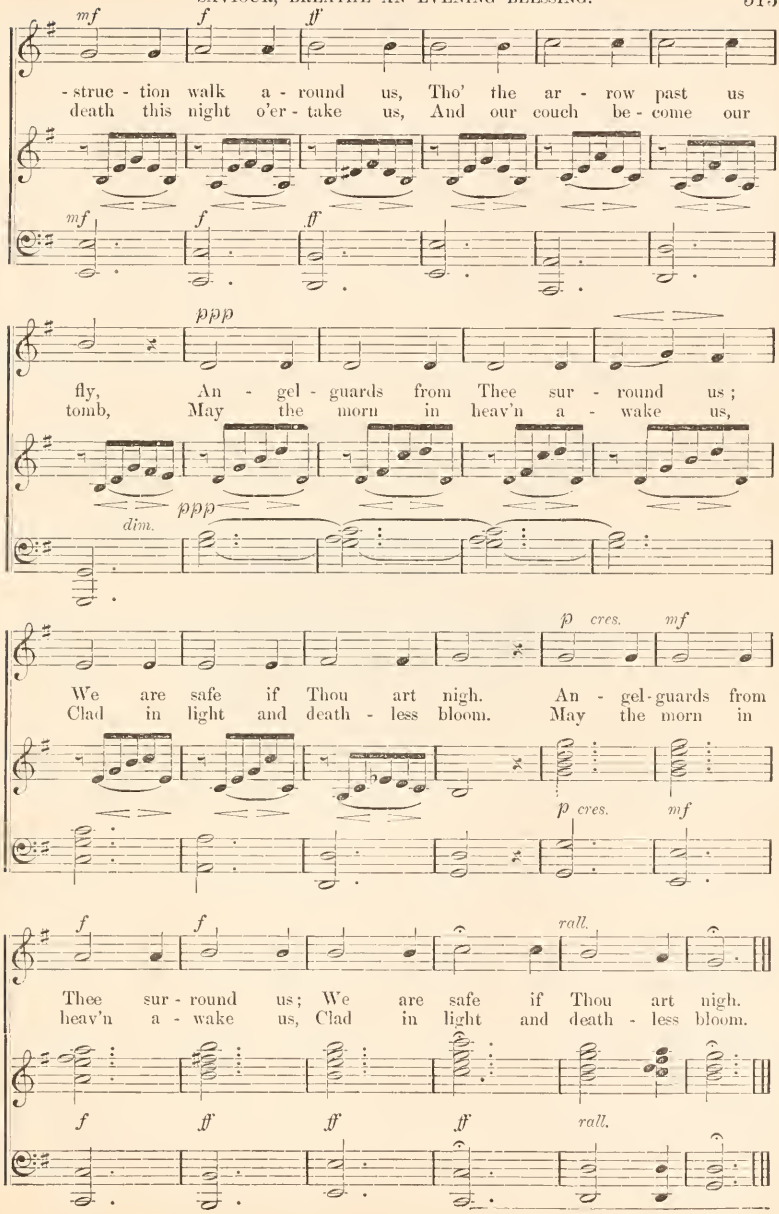
rock me to sleep!

rock me to sleep!

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

HARRY SPENCER.





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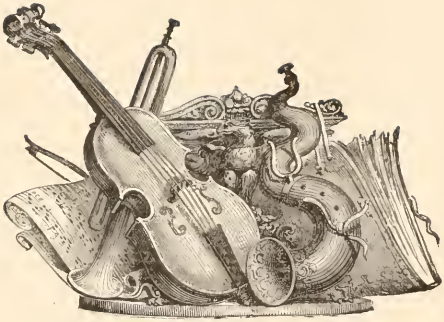

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

OF

CONTRIBUTORS TO "PERFECT JEWELS."

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Wiltshire, England, May 1st, 1672. At the age of fifteen he entered King's College, Oxford. When about twenty-two years of age he addressed some verses to the celebrated poet Dryden, which were highly praised both by Dryden himself and other competent judges. In 1695 he received a pension of £300 per annum, which was occasioned by a poem which he addressed to King William on one of his campaigns; but he lost the pension again upon that king's death in 1702. Addison contributed largely to the *Tattler*, the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. The beauty of his style has been the subject of the highest encomiums by all critics who have treated of his writings. He died on the 17th of June, 1719.

AIRD.

THOMAS AIRD, a great poet, although little known, was born in Roxburyshire, Scotland, 1802. As a prose writer he also held a high rank. His "Religious Characteristics," a prose work of remarkable eloquence, was published in 1856. He edited the poems of D. M. Moir, his friend (the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*), in 1852. We have given elsewhere his great poem, "The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck," believed by many to be the sublimest poem written in our day. Aird was for many years editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. He died at Dumfries at the age of seventy-three.

ALDRICH.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was born November 11th, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He entered the counting-house of his uncle, a New York merchant, where he remained three years, during which period he began to write for the journals, and was afterwards for a time proof-reader. He has contributed prose and verse to various periodicals, most of which have subsequently been published separately. He was for a time assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, New York. Mr. Aldrich is now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston.

ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was distinguished both as an artist and poet. He was born in Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1779. He entered Harvard College in 1796. He published a volume of poems in London in 1813. Allston was said to be distinguished for his conversational powers and amiability of deportment as well as for his genius and literary taste. He died in 1843.

BARKER.

EDMOND HENRY BARKER was born in 1788. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1807. He was a contributor to the *Classical Journal* for twenty years. He was an indefatigable worker. He died in 1839.

BAYLEY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY was born near Bath, England, where his father was an eminent solicitor. He was intended for the church and studied for some time in Oxford. In 1826 he married. In a few years he

wrote no less than thirty six pieces for the stage, several novels and tales, and his "songs came to be numbered by hundreds." He died in 1839.

BEATTIE.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE was born in Scotland on the 25th day of October, 1735. In 1758 he became Master of the Grammar-school of Aberdeen. In 1760 he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in Marischal College, but his reputation as a poet has surpassed his reputation as a philosopher. He died on the 18th of August, 1803.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THESE two great dramatists united themselves so closely in life that (as it has been said) "in death they have not been divided" by the biographer. Francis Beaumont was born in 1585, and died before he had attained his thirtieth year. Of his life but little is known.

John Fletcher was born in 1576. He was the son of Richard Fletcher, who was successively Bishop of Bristol, Worcester and London. Our poet was educated at Cambridge and had the reputation of respectable proficiency in the classics. He died of the plague, in London, in 1625, and was buried in St. Saviour, Southwark.

BENJAMIN.

PARK BENJAMIN was born 1809, at Demerara, in British Guiana, where his father, a merchant from New England, resided for some years. In 1825 he entered Harvard College, which he left before the end of the second year in consequence of bad health When restored to health he entered Washington College, Hartford, where he graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1829. He was connected editorially with the *American Monthly Magazine*, the *New Yorker*, etc.

BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born at Honington, in Suffolk, in 1766. He was the son of a tailor, and was early left fatherless. He was taught to read by his mother, who kept a village school, and this was in fact his only education. At the age of eleven he was employed in such husbandry labor as he could perform, but his constitution being delicate, he was subsequently apprenticed to the trade of shoemaking, at which he worked as a journeyman for many years. His leisure hours were spent in reading and in the composition of verses. Ill-health and misfortunes clouded the latter years of this modest and meritorious writer, and he died in 1823, when he was almost on the verge of insanity.

BOURDILLON.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON, one of the younger English poets, was born in 1852. While yet an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford, he won reputation as a poet by two graceful stanzas, eight lines in all, entitled "Light." They were speedily translated into the principal languages of Europe. Bourdillon is a native of Woolbedding, in Sussex.

BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born in London. She was educated with great care, and at an early age gave proof of great genius. Her "Essay on Mind and other Poems" was published at the age of seventeen. Miss Barrett was married in 1846 to Robert Browning, the poet. Mrs. Browning died in 1861.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in 1812 at Camberwell, England. He was educated at the London University. He has published a number of dramas and poems of striking originality and power, but many are somewhat obscure. His tragedy of Strafford was produced on the stage in 1837, the character of the hero being personated by Macready. Mr. Browning was married in November, 1846, to Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest poetess which England has produced.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, a true "poet of nature," was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3d, 1797. At the early age of ten years he published translations from some of the Latin poets, and when only thirteen wrote a political satire, which was printed in Boston in 1808. He was admitted to the bar in 1815. He practised law for ten years and was eminently successful, but literature was more congenial to his taste, and

in 1825, in conjunction with another gentleman, he established the New York *Review and Athenæum Magazine.* In 1826 he became editor of the New York *Evening Post.* Bryant died June 12th, 1878.

BURRITT.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, was born in 1811, at New Britain, Connecticut. He acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Spanish, Danish, Bohemian and Polish languages. In 1842 he translated some of the Icelandic sagas, and also published translations from the Samaritan, Arabic and Hebrew. In 1843 he began the study of the Ethiopic, Persian and Turkish languages. The Latin and French he studied while an apprentice to his trade. He has been the editor of many journals, and has travelled and lectured throughout Europe and America. He died March 7th, 1879.

BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, the poet of intensity and passion, was born at Dover on the 22d of January, 1788. His constitution was naturally weak, and there was a slight malformation of one of his feet which to one of his sensitive nature was a constant cause of mental anguish. His boyhood was spent among the Scottish hills, and as he was naturally of a brave disposition and a lover of manly sports, his constitution became greatly strengthened. Still the fiery and restless spirit was too much for the body which contained it, and dissipation and recklessness carried him off prematurely.

Byron in youth was disappointed in love, and the effect of his unreturned passion clung to him through life. On the 2d of January, 1815, he married Miss Milbank, by whom he had a daughter—the Ada of his Childe Harold—but they soon parted forever, and Byron left England in the spring of 1816, never again to return. In Italy he plunged into dissipation, but a better spirit was at work within him, and he left Italy for the purpose of assisting Greece in her endeavor to free herself from the hated rule of the Turk. He reached Greece, but died shortly afterwards, being carried off by a fever at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824.

BYROM.

JOHN BYROM was born in 1691, near Manchester, England. He was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, and took his degree of B. A. 1711. He travelled for some time in France, and upon his return home he married his cousin, which incensed his father and uncle, and the young couple were thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood. Byrom then gave lessons in stenography. By his brother's death he came into possession of the family estate, and the remainder of his days was spent in the enjoyment of competence. It is said that Byrom always found it easier to express his thoughts in verse than in prose. He died in 1763.

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born in 1777, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and was educated at the university of that city, where he was distinguished for his proficiency in classical studies. At the age of twenty-two he published his world-famed poem, "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell then visited the continent, and from the monastery of St. Jacob witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, December 3d, 1800. His poem written in commemoration of the dreadful spectacle will never be forgotten. In 1803 he was married to Miss Martha Sinclair, of Edinburgh. He died June 15th, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

CARY.

ALICE CARY was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820. She contributed for several years to Western periodicals, before the first collection of her poems, which appeared in Philadelphia in 1849. Besides other volumes of poems she published several romances and novels. She died February 12th, 1871.

PHŒBE CARY, sister of Alice Cary, was born in 1825. Besides poems published in conjunction with her sister, she published a volume entitled "Poems and Parodies" in 1854.

HENRY CAREY, a humorous poet and musical composer, was born toward the end of the seventeenth century and died in 1743. He published essays, poems and dramas.

CARLETON.

WILL CARLETON, author of "Farm Ballads," etc., was born in Hudson, Michigan, in 1845. His

father was a pioneer settler from New Hampshire. For four years of his youth he divided his time between attending school, teaching and assisting his father on the farm. He was graduated from Hillside College, Mich., in 1869. Since then he has been engaged in literary and journalistic work and in lecturing. In 1872 appeared his ballad of "Betsy and I are out," which was reprinted with illustrations in *Harper's Weekly* and gave the author an extended reputation. His "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," published by Harper & Brothers, attained great popularity.

CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born on the 4th of December, 1795, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Although his parents were poor, they were bent upon giving him a good education as a preparation for the ministry, for which they had intended him. He was accordingly sent to Edinburgh at the age of fourteen, where he devoted himself to close study. But, although naturally of a religious turn of mind, he became convinced that he was not adapted for the ministry. He betook himself to literature as a profession, and after many struggles and severe hardships succeeded in being looked up to by many as the first writer of his day. He died on the 5th of February, 1881.

CHATHAM.

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, was born in 1708. He studied at Eton and Trinity Colleges, Oxford. He became member of Parliament in 1736. Here his distinguished political ability and his oratorical power drew the eyes of the world upon him. He is regarded as one of the greatest statesmen and orators that have ever lived. He died in 1788.

CHOATE.

RUFUS CHOATE, the great American advocate, was born in Essex, Massachusetts, in 1799. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, studied a few months in the Cambridge Law School, and went to Washington, where he was for about a year in the office of William Wirt. He was admitted to the bar in 1824, and began to practise law in Danvers, Massachusetts, but soon removed to Salem. In 1832 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives. In 1841 he was elected to the United States Senate in place of Mr. Webster, who had entered the Cabinet. Worn down by overwork, he embarked for Europe in July, 1859, but he was obliged to leave the steamer at Halifax, where he died soon after his arrival.

CLARKE.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D., was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, April 4th, 1810. He graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833, and had charge of a Unitarian church at Louisville, Kentucky, from 1833 to 1841. In 1841 he became pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, which position he still retains. Besides numerous contributions to periodical literature, he translated De Wette's "Theodore," 1840. He has since published many valuable theological works.

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery Saint Mary, a town of Devonshire, in 1773. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar there, and is said to have been a person of considerable learning. Coleridge was educated at Christ's Hospital School, London. At an early age he became proficient in the knowledge of the Greek, Roman and English classics. Theology and metaphysics possessed for him, however, the greatest charm. He subsequently devoted his attention to poetry and produced some of the finest poems in our language. His philosophical writings are also held in the highest esteem. Coleridge married Miss Sarah Fricker in 1795, and in the following year his eldest son, Hartley, was born, who, like his father, was also a poet. In the latter years of Coleridge's life he received an annuity of £100 per annum from the government. He died on the 25th of July, 1834.

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, England, on Christmas Day, 1720. He was acquainted not only with the Greek and Latin languages, but also with the Italian, French and Spanish languages, the literature of fiction being that in which he most delighted. In his later years his mind gave way, and he was confined in a house for lunatics. He died in 1756.

COLLYER.

ROBERT COLLYER was born at Keighly, Yorkshire, December 8th, 1823. His early years were passed at a factory and at a forge, but he spent all his spare time in study. In 1847 he went to the United States and became a Methodist preacher, working at the same time at his trade of blacksmith at Shoemakerstown, Pennsylvania. His views changing towards Unitarianism, he was brought up for heresy and refused a license to preach. Entering the Unitarian Church he was settled over the Unity Church, Chicago, from 1859 to 1879, and since then he has had charge of the Church of the Messiah at New York.

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, born in 1731, was the son of the Rev. John Cowper, chaplain to George II. and rector of Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, at which place the eminent poet was born. Cowper was of a timid and sensitive nature, and his life at school was to him intolerable on account of rough usage by other boys. He afterwards engaged to study law, but instead spent his time in trifling. He was subject to fits of depression and, indeed, to fits of insanity, in which he attempted suicide. He died on the 25th of April, 1800.

CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, born in 1785, a native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, was the son of a gardener. He was apprenticed to his uncle, a country mason, but feeling dissatisfied with this position, he removed in 1810 to London, where he became connected with the newspaper press. In 1814 he became clerk and overseer of the establishment of the celebrated sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey. His leisure hours he devoted to literary pursuits. He died in 1842.

DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, "The English Opium-Eater," was born in Manchester, 1786, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. The sufferings of his youth drove him to the taking of opium as a relief for pain. This soon grew into a habit, from which he never altogether freed himself; although his efforts to do so were most heroic. His writings show a vast range of study, and no writer in the English language surpasses him in beauty of style, or its artistic character. He died at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in 1859.

DIBDIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN, famous as an actor and dramatist, and still more so as a composer of sea-songs, was born in 1745. He published "A Complete History of the English Stage," in five volumes. Among other publications, forty-seven dramatic pieces are traced to his hand. His sea-songs amount to nearly twelve hundred in number. His brother was Captain Thomas Dibdin, celebrated by our poet as

"Poor Tom Bowling, the darling of our crew."

Dibdin had two sons, who were also dramatic poets and song-writers; one (Thomas) who composed more than one thousand songs. His nephew (son of Captain Thomas, above mentioned) was also celebrated as an author. Dibdin died in 1814.

DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the celebrated novelist, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His father, John Dickens, intended that he should study law; but this being distasteful to Charles, he obtained his father's consent to "join the parliamentary corps of a daily newspaper." During his connection with the *Morning Chronicle* he published "Sketches of Life and Character," which brought him at once into notice. Then came the "Pickwick Papers," and Dickens was soon one of the most popular of writers. He visited America twice. His books touching upon his first visit were not agreeable to his American readers; but his second visit swept away all dissatisfaction. Dickens died suddenly in 1870, leaving his last novel unfinished.

DODDRIDGE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was the twentieth child of a London merchant, and lost both of his parents at an early

age. He was born in 1702. At the age of fourteen he visited the poor, and called their attention to the subject of personal religion, and commenced keeping a diary, in which he "accounted for every hour of his time." In his twentieth year he commenced preaching to a small congregation at Kibwork. He subsequently published many excellent religious works. He died at Lisbon in 1751.

FINLAY.

JOHN FINLAY, a modern Scotch poet, was born at Glasgow in 1782. He was the author of "Wallace of Ellerslie," a "Life of Cervantes," and the edition of "A Collection of Scottish Ballads, Historical and Romantic." He died in 1810.

FLETCHER.

PHINEAS FLETCHER was born about 1582. In 1621 he obtained the living of Hilgay in Norfolk, where he died in 1650. He is best known by a poem entitled "The Purple Island," which is an allegorical description of man, in twelve books, written in Spenserian verse.

FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whose name must ever be held in the highest honor by the American people, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on January 17th, 1706. At the age of eight years he was sent to a grammar school. At ten years of age he was set to candle-making, but this was very distasteful to the youthful philosopher. His father then bound him apprentice to his brother James, who had established a printing press in Boston. The ill-treatment of his brother induced him to remove to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment with a printer named Keiner. To give but a faint idea of Franklin's services to his country, as a statesman and a soldier, would reach far beyond the limits of our space, but happily the history of them lies within the reach of all. He died of a disease of the lungs, after a short illness, on the 17th of April, 1790.

GILBERT.

WILLIAM SCHENCK GILBERT, B. A., was born November 18th, 1836, at 17 Southampton street, Strand, London, and educated at Great Ealing School. He took the degree of B. A. at the University of London, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in November, 1864. He was Clerk in the Privy Council Office from 1857 to 1862, and was appointed captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia) in 1868. Mr. Gilbert is well known as a dramatic author and contributor to periodical literature. His latest operas, which have proved so eminently successful, viz., "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience," were written in conjunction with Dr. Arthur Sullivan.

GOETHE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, the greatest poet of Germany, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28th, 1749. Drawing, music, natural science, the elements of jurisprudence, and the languages occupied his early years, and when he was fifteen he was sent to the University of Leipsic, but did not follow any regular course of studies. In 1768 he quitted Leipsic, and subsequently went to the University of Strasburg to qualify himself for the law; but he paid more attention to chemistry and anatomy than to his nominal pursuit. In 1786 he made a journey to Italy, where he remained two years, visited Sicily, and remained a long time in Rome. In 1807 he received the order of Alexander-Newsky from Alexander of Russia, and the grand cross of the legion of honor from Napoleon. He died at Weimar, March 22d, 1832, aged eighty-two. Goethe was an intellectual giant, and his works are among the greatest ever produced.

GOLDSMITH.

FEW more pleasing writers have lived than Oliver Goldsmith, who was born in Leinster, Ireland, on November 10th, 1728. At the age of six years Oliver was placed under charge of the village schoolmaster, a retired quartermaster of an Irish regiment. In 1745 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. In 1749 he was made Bachelor of Arts. He was induced to apply for admission into the ministry, for which he was not at all suited. Indeed, there was something ludicrous about his very rejection; one account giving the reason because of his application for holy orders "in a pair of scarlet breeches." In 1755 he undertook to travel

through Europe with "a guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand." Upon his return to England Goldsmith earned a scanty subsistence as a hack writer, yet some of our sweetest poems also emanated from his pen. He died on April 4th, 1774.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London on the 26th of December, 1716. It is said that when a young man at college his fellow-students used to call him *Miss* Gray on account of the delicacy of his manners, his effeminacy and his fair complexion. His natural sensibility inclined him strongly to the muses, and his poems betray careful and delicate finish. He died on the 31st of May, 1771.

HALE.

MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, formerly Miss Buell, and widow of David Hale, a distinguished lawyer, who died at an early age in 1822. In 1828 Mrs. Hale became the editor of *The Ladies' Magazine*, published at Boston, and discharged the duties of this responsible position until 1837, when this periodical was united with the *Lady's Book* of Philadelphia.

HALLECK.

FITZGREENE HALLECK was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795. He entered a banking house in New York in 1813, and resided in that city; engaged in mercantile and kindred pursuits until 1849, when he returned to his native town in Connecticut. For many years he acted as confidential agent for John Jacob Astor. Halleck commenced contributing to the papers of the day at an early age. In 1819 he made the acquaintance of Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "The Culprit Fay," "The American Flag," and other well-known poems, and produced in conjunction with him the "Croker Papers," published in the *New York Evening Post*, 1819. In 1822–23 he visited Europe, and the scenery of his travels suggested to him some of his finest poems. He died in 1807, at Guilford, Conn.

HARTE.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born at Albany, New York, August 25th, 1839. He went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, school-teacher, express messenger, printer, and finally editor of a newspaper. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, holding the office until 1870. In 1868, upon the establishment of the *Overland Monthly*, he became its editor. In 1869 appeared in it his humorous poem, "The Heathen Chinee," which at once made him famous. He was appointed United States Consul at Crefield in 1878, from which he was transferred to Glasgow in March, 1880, where he still remains.

HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, about 1807, and graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1825. In 1846 he received the appointment of Surveyor in the Custom House at Salem, which post he retained for about a twelvemonth, but a change of administration forced him to vacate the office. In 1853 Hawthorne was appointed by President Pierce American Consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne was one of the greatest novelists and writers of short stories which our country has produced. There is a weird intensity in his romances which acts like a spell upon the reader and forbids him laying down the book until the story is finished. Hawthorne died in May, 1864, at Plymouth, N. H.

HEINE.

HEINRICH HEINE, a German poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Dusseldorf, 1797, and studied at Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin, with the view of embracing a legal career; but his temper rendered a residence in Germany distasteful, and he repaired to Paris about 1820, where he continued thenceforward principally to reside. His works comprise two plays, political pamphlets and satires, views of French society, etc., but his fame chiefly depends on his poems, which, though often deformed by a spirit of raillery and satire that knows no bounds, are full of grace, tenderness and artless ease. He died in 1856.

HEMANS.

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was a native of Liverpool. She was born in 1794. She printed a volume of poems before she was fifteen years of age. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment. In 1818 Captain Hemans removed to Italy, avowedly for the benefit of his health, leaving his wife and five sons. She never saw him again—he in whom she had so greatly confided having basely deserted her. There is no poetry more sweet and womanly than that of Mrs. Hemans. She died in 1835.

HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT, a descendant of the Earls of Pembroke, was born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, in 1593. He was educated at Westminster School, and there elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow. In 1630 he was presented by King Charles I. to the living of Bemerton. He died in 1632.

HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829; began the study of law, which he abandoned for that of medicine. Having attended the hospitals of Paris and other European cities, he commenced practice in Boston in 1836. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in the Massachusetts Medical School, from which he retired in 1882. Not only has he been distinguished in purely medical literature, but as a writer of songs, lyrics and poems for festive occasions he occupies the first place.

HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD, the famous humorist, was born in London in 1798. He was apprenticed to the engraving business, but finally adopted the anxious life and depended upon the uncertain gains of a London man-of-letters at large. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, was subsequently a contributor to *Punch*, editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for one year editor of the *Gem*. About a year before his death a pension of £150 per annum was granted by government to his wife. Hood died in 1845. Before he died he said that his epitaph ought to be: "Here lies the man who spat more blood and made more puns than any other."

HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, born October 19, 1784, at Southgate, Middlesex, was the son of the Rev. Isaac Hunt and Miss Mary Shewell, the daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of Philadelphia. An aunt of this lady was the wife of Benjamin West, the eminent American painter. Young Hunt commenced authorship at an early period, and when the poet was only about sixteen years of age his father collected his verses and published them in 1801. Hunt united in 1808 with his brother John in the establishment of a weekly paper entitled *The Examiner*. In 1847 Hunt received a pension of £200 per annum. He died in 1859.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born April 3d, 1783, in the city of New York. His father was a native of Scotland, his mother an Englishwoman, and some have fancied that the national characteristics of both parents may be discerned in his writings. Irving engaged in the study of law, but the state of his health caused him in 1804 to seek for that physical benefit which a change of scene and climate might be expected to afford. After an absence of two years in Italy, Switzerland, France, England, etc., he returned home in 1806, resumed his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar. Between the years 1815 and 1832 Irving travelled very extensively both in the interests of literature and business. Shortly after his return to his native land, in 1832, he visited the great West, and published the fruits of his researches among the Indians in the *Crayon Miscellany* in 1835. He died in 1859.

JEFFERSON.

THE illustrious Thomas Jefferson was born on April 2d, 1743, in Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia. It is almost needless to dwell upon the particulars of this great man's life. His authorship of the "Declaration of Independence" would alone have sufficed to render his name immortal. He died on the same day as John Adams—the 4th of July, 1826.

JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, a native of Sheerness in Kent, after being a midshipman in the Royal Navy and subsequently a printer, had his fate decided for authorship by the success of the drama of "Black-eyed Susan," written before he was of age. This piece was followed by many other successful dramas. Jerrold was also a contributor to *Punch*, in which his celebrated "Caudle Lectures" were published. He was born in 1803 and died in 1857.

JONES.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, one of the most remarkable and learned men that ever lived, was a native of London and born on September 28th, 1746. His father was a very eminent mathematician and the friend of Halley and Sir Isaac Newton. His mother was also noted for her learning, accomplishments and virtues, and it was to her sole charge that William Jones was left, by the decease of his father, when he had scarcely reached his third year. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1774. In 1783 he was knighted, and about the same time he was married to Anna Maria Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. The same year he and his wife embarked for India. Lady Jones was compelled by ill-health to return to England in 1793, and Sir William had intended to return to England also in 1795, but this was not to be. In April, 1794, after a week's illness, he died. Of our author T. Campbell, the poet, has said that "in the course of a short life Sir William Jones acquired a degree of knowledge which the ordinary faculties of men, if they were blessed with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass." Sir William, indeed, opened up a new world of knowledge to the mind of the West by his Asiatic researches, and his character was no less noble than his learning was vast.

KEATS.

PERHAPS no poet gave so much promise of greatness when called away from the world as John Keats. He was born in Moorfield, London, October 29th, 1796, and died in Rome on the 24th of February, 1821. His health was always delicate, for he had been a seven months' child. Consumption was the immediate cause of his death, but which was aggravated by his extreme sensitiveness to criticism, and in his own day criticism dealt harshly with him. The greatest names in our language have, however, no equal works to show as having been written at the same age in which Keats gave his to the world.

KNOX.

WILLIAM KNOX, the author of the verses on Mortality, the favorite poem of President Lincoln, "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud," was born in the parish of Lillieleaf, Roxburghshire, Scotland, on August 17th, 1789. He was educated there and at Musselburgh Grammar School. He took a farm near Langholm, but was unsuccessful, and then adopted literature as a profession. The names of the poetical volumes published by him are "The Lonely Hearth," "Songs of Israel" and "Harp of Zion." He died November 12th, 1825.

LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, born February 18th, 1775, was a native of London. After an early education at the school of Christ's Hospital and a brief engagement in the South Sea House under his brother John, Charles was so fortunate as to obtain a permanent situation in the accountant's office of the East India Company, which he held from April, 1792, until March, 1825, retiring on a pension of £450 per annum. His sister, Mary, in a fit of insanity, in the month of September, 1796, suddenly deprived her mother of life, and she was confided to the care of Charles for safe-keeping. The manner in which he fulfilled his charge is to his everlasting honor. He had contemplated marriage with one to whom he was deeply attached, but abandoned his intention and nerved himself to the discharge of his fraternal and filial duties. His father soon followed the mother to the grave. Lamb died December 27th, 1834. His sister survived him thirteen years. She was ten years his senior.

LEVER.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER, M. D., the popular novelist, was born in Dublin, August 31st, 1806; was educated at Göttingen, practised medicine with great success in the north of Ireland during the cholera season

of 1832, was subsequently nominated to the post of Physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and filled this office for three years. In 1845 he removed to Florence. He died in 1872.

LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most illustrious of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Hawthorne. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in 1826, then passed four years in Europe, and on his return commenced the duties of his chair. In 1835 he succeeded George Ticknor in the chair of *Belles Lettres* at Harvard, when he again visited Europe. He gave up his professorship in 1854 and devoted himself exclusively to literature. He died in 1882.

LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE, the cavalier poet, was born in 1618, at Kent, England. In the civil war he embraced the royal cause. Subsequently he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648 he returned to England, and was imprisoned until after the king's death. He died in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, in 1658.

LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, LL. D., D. C. L., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. February 22d, 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and studied law, but soon abandoned law for literature. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and *Belles Lettres* in Harvard College. Towards the close of 1874 he was offered the post of Minister to Russia, which he declined, but in 1877 accepted that of Minister to Spain, from which he was transferred in January, 1880, to that of Minister to Great Britain.

LYTE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE was born in Ednan, Scotland, the birthplace of the poet Thomson, in 1793. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, and on three occasions carried off the prize for English poetry. He settled as a clergyman in Devonshire, where he labored for twenty years. He died in 1847, his hymn "Abide with Me" being written the same year in view of his approaching death.

LORD LYTTON.

EDWARD G. L. BULWER, Lord Lytton, was born in 1805. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated B. A. in 1826 and M. A. in 1835. He was elected member of Parliament in 1832, and represented the Radical party there until 1841. He again took his seat in the House of Commons in 1852. In December, 1856, he was elected Lord-Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1827 Bulwer married an Irish lady of great literary ability, but they subsequently separated. Bulwer commenced authorship at the rather juvenile age of six years, and until his latest years his pen was most prolific. He has shown more versatility than any other writer of his day. He died in 1873.

MILNES.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Lord Houghton, was born in 1809. He graduated M. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1831, was returned for Pontefract in 1837, and in 1851 was married to the Hon. Arabella Hungerford, youngest daughter of the second Baron Crewe.

MILTON.

THE most sublime of English poets was born on the 9th of December, 1608. From his twelfth year to early manhood he commonly continued his studies till midnight in spite of injury to his eyes and frequent headaches. This spirit characterized Milton throughout his whole life. When a young man, whilst travelling in Italy, he visited Galileo, who was then a prisoner to the inquisition. Instead of continuing his travels, as he had intended, he returned to England upon the news of a civil war between the king and Parliament. He wrote a "Defence of the People of England," but his labors in behalf of liberty resulted in total blindness.

During his blindness he composed the greatest poem in the English language—"Paradise Lost." He died November, 1674, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE first opened his eyes to the light in Dublin, May 28th, 1779. Moore commenced versifying at a very early age. At the age of fourteen he forwarded some poems to the editor of the *Anthologia Hibernica*, and being doubtful about letting his name be known, merely signed himself Th-m-s M—re. Possibly he thought that the editor would be puzzled as to what name could be made of that signature. In the summer of 1794 Moore was entered at Trinity College, and took his degree of B. A. in 1798 or 1799. In 1803 he visited America, returning to England in 1804. In 1811 he married. In 1835 he received a pension from the government of £300 per annum. For about three years before his death he was reduced by softening of the brain to mental incapacity. He died February 25th, 1852.

MORRIS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, a lyric poet and journalist, was born in Philadelphia, 1802. In 1823 he assisted in starting the New York *Mirror*, with which he continued associated until its discontinuance in 1842. In 1843 he joined N. P. Willis in the *New Mirror*, and in the following year commenced the *Evening Mirror*. Subsequently he became one of the editors of the *Home Journal*, which he remained until his death, which occurred in 1864.

POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore in 1811. By the death of his parents, in 1815, he was left with his brother Henry and sister Rosalie in a state of "homeless poverty." Adopted by a kind-hearted merchant, Mr. Allan, of Baltimore, he was in 1816 placed at a school near Loudon, and in 1822 removed to the University of Virginia. He became a student at the Military Academy at West Point, from where he was expelled for misconduct. Exposure to the night air, resulting from the debility of intoxication, brought on a raging fever, of which he died, after two days' illness, at the Baltimore Hospital, October 7th, 1849.

POLLOCK.

ROBERT POLLOCK was a native of Renfrewshire, Scotland. He was born in 1799. Pollock was educated at the University of Glasgow. Subsequently he studied theology for five years under Dr. Dick. On account of his ill-health friends persuaded him to try the effects of the climate of Italy; but, whilst awaiting sufficient strength to allow of embarkation, he died near Southampton, September 15th, 1827.

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was a native of London and born May 21st, 1688. Whilst yet a mere child he was a composer of verses, and throughout his whole life his literary industry was great. As a rule the lives of poets consist mainly in an enumeration of their works, and this our limits forbid. Pope was of a feeble constitution, deformed, and low in stature. He was tricky and uncandid, but he was a good son and a great genius. He died May 30th, 1744.

PRENTICE.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE, poet and journalist, was born in Connecticut in 1802. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but entered on his career as an editor in 1828 in the *N. E. Weekly Review* at Hartford. In 1830 he began to edit in Louisville, Kentucky, the Louisville *Journal*, which soon became distinguished for its wit and satire even more, perhaps, than for its merely political ability. In 1831 he published a "Life of Clay," and adhered to the fortunes of this eminent leader and his party to the close of his career. He published numerous fugitive poems, but they were never during his lifetime collected into a volume. During the civil war he maintained the Union side with great ardor and ability. He died in 1870.

PRINGLE.

THOMAS PRINGLE, born in 1789, was a native of Blaiklaw, Teviotdale, Scotland. He had the misfortune in infancy to dislocate his hip-joint, in consequence of which he was obliged to carry crutches for life. In

1820 he emigrated to South Africa. He returned to London in 1826, and in 1827 became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. He died in 1834.

PROCTOR.

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR, the daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor (Barry Cornwall), was born in London, October 30th, 1825. She was the "golden-tressed Adelaide" of her father's beautiful poem of that title. In 1851 she became a convert to and a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church. Her zeal in the performance of good works brought her to an early grave. She died February 3d, 1864.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (Barry Cornwall) was born in 1787 and educated at Harrow School. Byron, the great poet, and Sir Robert Peele, the great statesman, were his contemporaries at that school. He subsequently studied law and was called to the bar in 1831. Proctor died in 1874.

READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born at Chester, Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. At the age of fourteen he removed to Cincinnati and became a pupil of Clevenger, the sculptor. On the departure of this artist to Europe his pupil turned his attention to painting, in which he soon acquired a reputation. In 1840 he removed to Boston, where he married and resided for five years. In 1846 he removed to Philadelphia. He published a small volume of "Poems" in 1847, and a second series in 1848. He subsequently published a romance and an illustrated edition of his poems. He visited Italy in 1850 and again in 1853 and subsequent years. Since 1858 he resided chiefly at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, having become eminent as a painter. Read died May 11th, 1872.

REALF.

RICHARD REALF, the "most unhappy man of men," was born in Sussex, England, in 1834. He was of humble parentage, his father being a day-laborer in the fields and his sister a domestic servant. He came to the United States about the year 1855 and took a conspicuous part in the Kansas and other border troubles. For a time he was associated with John Brown (Osawatomie Brown) in Kansas. He was twice married, and became the father of twins by his second wife, but was made frantic by the persecutions of his first wife, from whom he had been separated since 1872. She followed him to Oakland, California, where, to escape the misery of her presence, he took laudanum and died in 1878.

RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, M. A., art critic, was born in London in February, 1819. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He gained the Newdgate prize for poetry in 1839. Subsequently he devoted himself to the cultivation of the pictorial art, which he practised with success under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. A pamphlet in defence of Turner and the modern English school of landscape-painting was his first effort in the cause of modern art, and it was enlarged into a standard work entitled "Modern Painters," the first volume of which appeared in 1843. This work called forth the highest encomiums, and at the same time the most bitter opposition. Four additional volumes of "Modern Painters" were subsequently published, the last being in 1860. He has also published two great works on architecture, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice." In 1872 he devoted £5,000 for the purpose of an endowment to pay a master of drawing in the Taylor Galleries, Oxford. A collection of his letters was published, with a preface by himself, in 1880.

SARGENT.

EPES SARGENT was a native of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and was born in 1813. He attended the Public Latin School in Boston some five years. In 1827 he went in one of his father's ships to Denmark and Russia, and a few years later to Cuba. He entered Harvard College, but did not graduate. In 1868 he revisited Europe, and passed some time in England and the south of France. He died 1881.

SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, one of the most popular of the humorous poets of America, was born in Highgate, Vermont, in 1816, and was graduated at Middleburg College in the class of 1839. After practising law for a time he abandoned it for literature, editing and lecturing.

SCHILLER.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER FREDERIC VON SCHILLER, one of the most illustrious names in German literature, was born at Marbach, in Wirtemberg, in 1759. After having studied medicine and become surgeon in a regiment, he, in his twenty-second year, wrote his tragedy of "The Robbers," which at once raised him to the foremost rank among the dramatists of his country. It was performed at Manheim in 1782. He then devoted his talents to dramatic composition, and subsequently to romance, philosophy and poetry. He also undertook the management of a periodical called the *German Mercury.* Not long after this he made the acquaintance of Goethe, which soon ripened into a friendship only dissolved by death. Schiller died in 1805.

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771, the same day which gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte. Like Byron he suffered from permanent lameness. His father designed him for the legal profession. In 1792 he was called to the bar, but he subsequently devoted himself to literature. It was as a poet that he first came before the public and achieved an enviable reputation. But gradually the poetry of Byron began to overshadow all other poetry, and Scott, finding Byron becoming master of the field, betook himself to prose fiction, in which he reigned and still reigns without a rival. He died at Abbotsford on the 21st of September, 1832.

SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest poet that ever lived, was baptized in the Parish Church of Stratford-on-Avon, April 26th, 1564, supposed to be the third day after his birth. There is but little known of the facts and incidents in the life of the most illustrious man that ever walked our earth. There has been much dispute amongst biographers as to Shakespeare's occupation before he became a joint proprietor in the Blackfriars Theatre about the year 1589. When he was a little over eighteen years old he was married to Anne Hathaway, of the Parish of Stratford, who was then in her twenty-sixth year. In 1593 he published his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and in dedicating it to Lord Southampton he calls it "the first heir of his invention." This would seem to indicate that the world's greatest intellect could not be styled a precocious one. It is supposed that Shakespeare ceased to act upon the stage after 1603, in which year he was a performer in one of Ben Jonson's plays. He proved that he was not only a great writer, but a shrewd man of business. He engaged in the business of agriculture, and purchased the handsomest house in Stratford, where he spent the latest years of his life. Were we to judge from some lines in his sonnets, the profession of a player would seem not to have been a congenial one to him. Still we think that the greatness of his genius could not have been shown in its fullness except in his position as a dramatist, for it alone could have given us the wide range of character with which we are all familiar combined with the loftiest poetry. Shakespeare died on the 23d of April, 1616—his birthday, it is supposed—and was buried on the 25th at the Great Church of Stratford.

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born on the 4th of August, 1792, in Sussex county, England. Before he had completed his fifteenth year he had published two novels. At the age of sixteen he entered University College, Oxford, from whence, in his second term, he was expelled upon the charge of atheism. At an early age he married a Miss Harriet Westbrooke, who was much younger still than himself. The match did not turn out happily, and Mrs. Shelley committed suicide in 1816, leaving two children. Shortly after the death of his first wife Shelley married again, and this time to a woman of a higher order of intellect and with a mind more congenial. She was the daughter of Godwin, the novelist, and she herself produced the wonderful romance, "Frankenstein." Shelley, however, did not live long, his death resulting from drowning at the early age of thirty.

SHERIDAN.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER SHERIDAN, M. P., was born in Dorset street, Dublin, September, 1751. At the age of seven he was sent to school under Samuel Whyte, the preceptor of Thomas Moore, the famous poet. Here he was pronounced "a most impenetrable dunce." In 1792 he was sent to Harrow, which college he left when about eighteen. He then, although unable to spell English, began translating from the Greek, with which he showed some familiarity; but the poems translated were not of

the purest kind. In March, 1772, he married an English actress—in France. In 1775 he applied himself to dramatic composition. In 1780 he became member of Parliament. He died July 7th, 1816. Sheridan was extravagant and careless, and although he might have lived in affluence, his latter years were embittered by debt and embarrassment, in the midst of which he died.

SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born November 29th, 1554, at Penshurst Castle, in the county of Kent. At the age of twelve years, whilst at Shrewsbury School, he addressed to his father (the President of Wales) two epistles, one in Latin, the other in French. He went to Paris in 1572, and was there at the time of the terrible St. Bartholomew massacre, which occurred in August of that year. Horrified he left France and continued his travels on the continent. In 1576 he returned to England, and six years later (in 1583) he married. In the same year he was knighted by his sovereign. Sir Philip Sidney participated in the memorable battle of Tutphen, and was there fatally wounded. The battle was fought on September 22d, 1586. Sidney died on the ensuing 17th of October.

SIGOURNEY.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, formerly Miss Huntley, born September 1st, 1791, in Norwich, Connecticut, was "almost from infancy remarkable for a love of knowledge and facility in its acquisition. She read with fluency when but three years of age, and at eight she wrote verses which attracted attention among the acquaintances of her family." At the age of nineteen she established a female school at Norwich in conjunction with an intimate friend, Miss Ann Maria Hyde. Two years later she removed to Hartford, where she also taught school. In 1819 she was marrried to Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, where Mrs. Sigourney resided until her death, June 10th, 1865.

SIMS.

GEORGE ROBERT SIMS was born in London, September 2d, 1847, and educated at Hamwell College and afterwards at Bonn. He first joined the staff of *Fun* on the death of Tom Hood, the younger, in 1874, and the *Weekly Dispatch* the same year. Since 1877 he has been a contributor to the *Referee* under the pseudonym of Dagonet. He has produced some plays which at the present day are very popular, such as the "Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," etc.

SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D., was the son of a linen-draper of Bristol, where he was born, August 12th, 1774. He was married to Miss Edith Fricker, of Bristol, November 14th, 1795, and on the same day started for Lisbon with his uncle, who was chaplain to the British Factory at that place. He returned to Bristol in the summer of 1796. About the year 1840 he sank into a state of mental imbecility, from which he never fully recovered, and died in his 69th year, March 21st, 1843.

SPURGEON.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19th, 1834. He was educated at Colchester, and became usher in a school at Newmarket. At Teversham, a village near Cambridge, under the designation of "the boy preacher," he delivered his first sermon, and shortly afterwards accepted an invitation to become pastor at a small Baptist chapel at Waterbeach. Here, while the chapel was filled, crowds contented themselves with listening to the sound of his voice from the outside. Mr. Spurgeon made his first appearance before a London congregation, in 1853, with so much success that an enlargement of the building in which he preached became necessary, and for four months, whilst the alteration was going on, he officiated at Exeter Hall. Even from that large edifice hundreds were turned away from the doors. In October, 1856, a large new chapel was erected for him, called the "Tabernacle," and which was publicly opened in 1861.

STERLING.

JOHN STERLING was born at Bute, Scotland, July 20th, 1806; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1824; removed to Trinity Hall, 1825; left the University without a degree, 1827, and for some years thereafter resided in London, contributing to periodicals. He died September 18th, 1844.

STODDARD.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD was born at Hingham, Massachusetts, in July, 1825. His family removed in 1835 to New York, where he learned the trade of an iron-moulder. In 1848 he began to write for periodicals, both in prose and verse. In 1853 he received an appointment in the New York Custom-House, which he held until 1870, at the same time continuing his literary labors. He was for a short time after leaving the Custom-House City Librarian, and is now on the editorial staff of the New York *Mail and Express*. We might also mention that his wife, Elizabeth D. B. Stoddard, born in Massachusetts, in 1823, is also a contributor to periodicals and has published three novels.

SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER, jurist and statesman, was born in Boston, January 6th, 1811, graduated at Harvard College and studied at the law school in Cambridge. He opened an office in Boston, and was appointer of the United States Circuit Court. He was one of the editors of *The American Jurist*, and lectured at the law school for three winters previously to his tour in Europe in 1837–40. In 1851 he was elected to the United States Senate as successor to Mr. Webster. He subsequently visited Europe for the benefit of his health—the result of an unfortunate affair in the Senate chamber in 1856. He re-entered the Senate in 1859. He opposed President Grant's Santo Domingo treaty and his renomination for the Presidency, but declined the Democratic and Liberal Republican nomination for the Governorship of Massachusetts, which was tendered him by the Worcester Convention. Sumner died March 11th, 1874.

SWINBURNE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, son of the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, was born in Grosvenor Place, London, April 5th, 1837. He entered as a commoner at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857, but left the university without taking a degree. He afterwards visited Florence, and spent some time with the late Savage Landor. Since then he has published a number of volumes, both of poetry and prose, his latest being "A Century of Roundels," in 1883.

TAPPAN.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1794. He entered the service of the American Sunday-School Union in 1826, and continued this connection until his death at West Needham, Massachusetts, in 1849.

TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, traveller, editor and poet, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. He became an apprentice in a printing office in West Chester, Pa., in 1842. For two years he travelled in Europe (1844–46) at an expense of only five hundred dollars. On his return home he published and edited a paper in Phœnixville, Pa., for one year. He left Philadelphia August 28th, 1851, and returned to New York December 20th, 1853, after accomplishing more than fifty thousand miles of travel in Asia, Africa and Europe. He started on a fourth tour July, 1856, and returned to New York October, 1858. In 1852 he became Secretary to the American Legation at the court of St. Petersburg. His death occurred in 1878.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR was born at Ossett, England, in 1807. He was minister of Howard Street Chapel, Sheffield, from July, 1830, to January, 1831, when he resigned on account of ill-health. He died in 1835.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, universally acknowledged to be the greatest of living poets, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1829 he gained the Chancellor's medal for an English prize poem, his brother Frederick having received a medal for a Greek poem in the preceding year. Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as poet-laureate November 21st, 1850, and received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford in 1855.

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the author of "The Seasons," was born at Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11th,

1700. He was designed for the ministry, but this intention he abandoned for the purpose of devoting himself to literature. He proved himself a true poet of nature. He died on the 17th of August, 1748.

TILTON.

THEODORE TILTON was born in 1835, in the city of New York. He received a good education and became early in life connected with the *Independent*, a widely circulated weekly paper. The connection lasted fifteen years. In 1871 he started a new weekly, *The Golden Age*, which did not meet with the success it deserved. He has shown much versatility both in prose and verse.

TIMROD.

HENRY TIMROD was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1829. He wrote some Confederate war lyrics during the late civil war. He also published at Boston a volume of poems in 1860. These were republished with additions and a memoir by Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet. Timrod died in 1867.

WASHINGTON.

THE great "Father of his Country" was born in Virginia, on February 22d, 1732. We could not omit the name of the patriot and hero in our list of biographical sketches, although the incidents of his life are, or should be, known to all. The limits of our space will not allow a detailed account of the offices he held, or the incidents of his life. History gives account of no nobler ruler. He became President of the United States March 4th, 1789, which office he held until March 4th, 1797. He died at Mount Vernon, after two days' illness, December 4th, 1799.

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
To whom nor guilty glory shows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeath the name of Washington:
To make man blush there was but one."—*Byron.*

WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D., was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1674. He studied from his sixteenth to his nineteenth year at an academy in London. He preached his first sermon July 17th, 1698. He was attacked by a violent fever in 1712, from which he never fully recovered. He died November 25th, 1748.

WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, a son of Ebenezer Webster, a soldier of the Old French War and of the Revolution, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1805. He practised law at Boscawen and at Portsmouth. He was Secretary of State under Harrison, Tyler and under Fillmore, until his death at Marshfield, Mass., October 24th, 1852. Webster was one of the greatest orators which our country has produced. John C. Calhoun said of him: "Mr. Webster has as high a standard of truth as any statesman whom I have met in debate. Convince him, and he cannot reply; he is silenced; he cannot look truth in the face and oppose it by argument." A higher tribute to our great statesman could hardly be given.

WELBY.

AMELIA B. WELBY, nee Coppack, was born at St. Michael's, Maryland, in 1821. She removed to Louisville, Kentucky, about 1835, and was married to George B. Welby, of that city, in 1838. Mrs. Welby died at Lexington, Kentucky, May 2d, 1852.

WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, and spent his first twenty years chiefly on his father's farm. In 1829 he removed to Boston to become editor of the *American Manufacturer*. In 1836 he became one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and soon afterwards removed to Philadelphia, where he remained until 1840. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass.

WOLCOTT.

JOHN WOLCOTT (Peter Pindar) was born at Dodbrooke, Devonshire, in 1738. He served an apprenticeship of seven years to his uncle, a physician of Cornwall. In 1767 he accompanied the Governor of Jamaica to the West Indies. After a visit to London he returned to Jamaica as a clergyman and "amused himself by shooting ring-tailed pigeons on Sundays." He died at Somerstown, January 13th, 1819.

WOLFE.

CHARLES WOLFE was born in Dublin, December 14th, 1791, and educated at the University of Dublin. He took holy orders in 1817, and after a few weeks' labor at Ballyclog, Tyrone, became curate of the parish of Donoughmore, where he distingnished himself by the zealous discharge of his spiritual functions. He died at the Cove of Cork, February 21st, 1823.

WOODWORTH.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, January 13th, 1785. He edited a number of magazines and wrote many ballads and songs. Woodworth died in 1842.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE author of "Night Thoughts" was born in Hampshire, England, in 1681. He studied for the bar, but forsook the law—which, indeed, he had never practised—at the age of fifty. In 1728 he was appointed chaplain to the king. He died April 12th, 1765.

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